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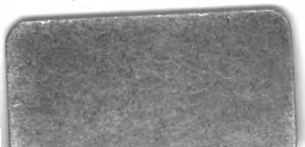
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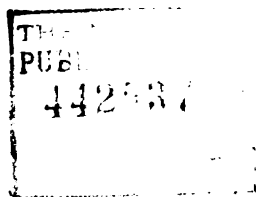
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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. I.

THE HAPPIEST YEAR.

BY J. E. U. NEALIS.

THE year has gone in the still midnight;
It made no sign as it passed away,
Like a breath of mist in the cold starlight,
Or a fleck of foam on the ocean gray;
With its record of mysteries, joys and tears;
It has gone—to swell th' eternal years.

Some day, once more, we shall meet again!
Some day, or night, when our work is done;
When we kneel in trembling, fear and pain,
To learn our doom from the Holy One,
All, all alone, in our sore distress,
And the years of our life are the dread witness.

In that court divine, each year will read
Our record for day and month and year;
For praise, or pity, or blame to plead—
For “nothing hidden but shall appear.”
Graces neglected, misused, despised,
Our meanest hypocrisies, undisguised!

Year by year, they will pass before us,
 (The years we greeted so joyously)
 O God ! will none of them witness for us,
 On that awful brink of eternity ?
 Will none of those faces, so sad and stern,
 Remembering something, relent and turn ?

Yes, one (of the last perhaps) draws nigh,
 And gently lifts th' avenging rod ;
 And smiles as he reads (where we trembling lie),
"I am the year when you turned to God !
 The year of repentance, prayer and tears,
 That blots out the record of other years !"

THE MATERNAL JOYS OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE and unspeakable are the prerogatives of our holy Mother, in that she was chosen of all women to be the Mother of the Eternal Word—the Mother of Him of whom God is the Father from all eternity. This is the root of all her greatness. Hence she was conceived without sin, sanctified above all the children of men, espoused to the Holy Ghost in everlasting wedlock. Thus she was brought into closest relationship with the three persons of the most adorable Trinity—the beloved daughter of the Eternal Father, the privileged Mother of the Eternal Son, the chosen spouse of the Holy Ghost.

Yet these are mysteries which daze the human mind, and overwhelm it with their inaccessible light. There are other more human and home-like relations, if we may so speak, between herself and her divine Son, which are more approachable to us, and which may be said to constitute her maternal joys. These relations consist in that close intimacy which existed between herself and her divine Son, during the thirty years which He vouchsafed to dwell under the same roof with her, and to be the loving object of her solicitude, care and attention.



This intimate relation consisted in the mutual interchange of outward service and in the inward inter-communion of heart with heart.

These external services are but briefly hinted at in the Scriptures. "She brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke ii. 7). By these words, and by the very circumstance of the poverty of the holy family, it is evident that our Blessed Lady waited personally on the divine Babe. There were no servants to wait on Him; and, if there had been, there is little likelihood that His loving mother would have abandoned Him to their care. She certainly claimed this privilege herself, and rendered Him all those little services which the helplessness of childhood demands. She washed and clothed and fed Him; she nursed, fondled and caressed Him; she taught His tongue to lisp His first words, and His feet to walk the first steps; she entertained Him in His waking hours, and watched over His slumbers; she bore Him in His flight to Egypt, and rescued Him from a thousand dangers; and, when He grew up, and "advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men" (Luke ii, 52), she conversed with Him and imbibed from Him the lessons of divine wisdom.

What can be more intimate than the relation between mother and child, considered even from a natural point of view? What simplicity and directness, what candor and confidence, what mutual love and blissfulness! But there was something much more than human in the mutual relation between our Blessed Mother and her only begotten Son. In Him she loved, and served not only her Child, but also her God—the infinitely good and holy and amiable—who was entrusted to her care by the heavenly Father Himself. Nothing can resemble her love but the love of the Eternal Father to His only begotten Son.

Hence we must conclude that His holy Mother rendered those daily services to her divine Son, not only with the most loving care, but also with the greatest reverence. Great is the solicitude of the nurse to whose care is entrusted the life

and happiness of an earthly prince, the heir-apparent to a throne. How much greater, then, must have been the watchfulness of her to whose trust was committed the life and well-being of the King of kings and Lord of lords ! With what prudence and wisdom and skill did she carry out the will of the Eternal Father in His regard ! With what tenderness and reverence did she handle His helpless body ! With what awe and solicitude did she watch over His every movement !

We all know what great reverence is due to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Only consecrated hands are permitted to touch it. It is allowed to rest only on a consecrated linen corporal. It is preserved only in vessels of gold. It is not allowed to touch any profane object. If such precautions are prescribed in regard to the body of Christ under the Sacramental species, how much greater must have been the reverence of the Mother of God towards this sacred body in that human form which it pleased the Son of God to assume for our redemption ? Surely no priest ever handled the body of Christ with the same reverence as did His own loving Mother ; no Christian ever contemplated the Blessed Sacrament on the altar with such awe. But our Lady's awe and reverence for the person of her divine Son were tempered by an unspeakable motherly tenderness and love.

This intimate relation between Mother and Son was mutual. While the Mother showed the greatest love and solicitude, and manifested the greatest reverence towards the Son, He, in His turn, rendered love, reverence and obedience to His Mother. He loved her with a human and divine love. He loved her with the tender affection of His Sacred Heart, the tenderest of all hearts ; He loved her with that eternal love which had no beginning and will have no end ; with " perpetual love " He loved her, according to the measure of her spiritual beauty and loveliness. He revered her as His Mother ; for He, who commanded us to honor father and mother, who is Law and Righteousness itself, was surely foremost in the fulfilment of this holy law. Finally, He was obedient to her, as also to St. Joseph, as the Scripture assures us : " He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and

was subject to them" (Luke ii, 51). To the holiest of mothers He was the most dutiful of sons.

What a blissful relation! What an incomprehensible communion between God and His creature! Who could ever have imagined the possibility of such a union, had God Himself not revealed it? Only the Mother of God herself, of all human beings, could realize this blissful state. No other heart or mind could conceive this maternal bliss, "But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart" (Luke ii, 19, 51). In this consisted her inward intercourse with her divine Son.

Her life was the continual meditation and contemplation of the wonderful mysteries of her divine Son. She kept "pondering them in her heart." She accompanied all His words and actions with the greatest interest and sympathy; she impressed them deeply on her memory, her understanding and her heart. The least details of His daily life were to her of infinite consequence. He was the unceasing object of all her thoughts and affections. Him she contemplated; of Him she thought; Him she loved; for Him she toiled; to Him she prayed; Him she adored at all moments.

From this constant inward and outward intercourse of our thrice blessed Mother with her divine Son we may form an idea of her increase in sanctity. From the very beginning her "foundations were on the holy mountains." As the mountains rise over the plains and valleys, so she, from the very first, was raised in sanctity above the level of humanity; but at the end of her life she stood like some snow-capped peak that hides its head among the clouds of heaven. Here we may also form an idea of her power with her Son. During His earthly life her every wish was a command to Him. Is she less powerful now when she shares His glory? From this intimate relation of Mother and Son we should also learn how to honor both: honor our Lord, and advance the interests of His Sacred Heart, as His Mother did, who knew Him best; and honor her as her Son honored her, who best knew how. This is the infallible standard of true devotion to the Sacred Heart and to our Blessed Lady—the standard of the true Christian and the child of Mary.

AN ALTAR-BOY'S CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Vespers of the third Sunday in Advent were over, and twenty altar boys of St. Joseph's church were struggling their difficult way out of cassock and surplice, in a vestry far too dark and small for convenience. Pious people outside said sometimes: "What noisy boys! and just down from the altar, too!" But those in charge thought, even when sometimes finding fault, that perhaps the recording angel saw grounds for excuse.

Nevertheless the noise was worse than ordinary this Sunday. Christmas would come in ten days. On Friday night would be the final rehearsal for Solemn High Mass and Solemn Vespers. Who would be chosen for acolytes? Who for thurifers? Who to carry the torches?

Not a boy present but was a member of St. John Berchmans' Sodality. There was the rule, plain as words can make it:

"Let them endeavor to check, as far as they can do so prudently, all disorderly conduct in the sacristy or church."

Was nobody thinking of the rule? What a hullabaloo there was!

"Boys!"

It was only the moderator, Stephen Clisson, last year an altar-boy like themselves. However, they all became silent, for they liked him; and, besides, his word might make things go hard with them when the longed-for decision came.

"What's all the talk about?"

"I tell you what, Steve!" spoke out a big curly-headed boy from a corner, where he was busily engaged in lacing up his shoes, after flinging his slippers into his bag, "If I don't get a torch this year, I'll leave and be done with it."

"All right," answered Steve. "Suit yourself. You can't all have torches, that's sure."

"Make him an acolyte, and be done with it?" somebody suggested provokingly.

"Or give him the censer anyhow!" said another. "He has been on the altar just one year Christmas to a day."

"Here's the censer," piped up a gentle voice. And the boy whose duty it was that Sunday to empty it, came suddenly into the noisy throng.

He was very short, very small, very boyish for his years. He was really fifteen and he looked scarcely twelve. He was singularly placid, easy, gentle in his appearance and he made his way straight through the crowd and up to the moderator, holding out the censer to him with a swing.

"Who wants it?"

"Lawrence O'Keefe," a dozen voices answered.

The boy with the censer turned and saw the dark face glowering in the corner, the teeth hard set, the eyes full of a dull fire.

"Lawrence O'Keefe?" he repeated slowly. "Why, I don't think he ever swung a censer in his life."

"No more he didn't!" cried Pat Lynch. "Nor did any thing else worth doing, since he came on."

"That's so!" said Louis Capelle. "That's a fact. He never takes his week-day Mass, or only once in an age, and you know it, Martin."

"No matter," explained Lawrence fiercely. "I'll carry a torch at least, or I'll leave the altar. I'll not stand like a stick with the little kids, before everybody, at High Mass Christmas Day."

Martin was silent a minute, then said gently, "It's rather noisy here, isn't it, Steve? I wonder what St. John would say to it?"

"You are right, Martin. Only I thought it might be best to hear them out and have it over."

"I say, boys, be quiet, and get sense if you can! It will all come square, O'Keefe, if you behave yourself."

"Square or not square, I'll carry a torch," O'Keefe growled as he passed him. "That chap there is always put ahead, and he's nothing but a baby, a grasshopper!"

"I wish we had more such," said Clisson, turning on his heel. "And we'd be better off without you, I'm thinking, O'Keefe."

He strode up stairs, and put away the vestments, covered the altars, and saw that everything was in order for the night. "It's always a bother about positions," he said to himself, "but that O'Keefe is worse than anybody yet. He is no honor to the altar or to the Sodality and I wish he had never come on. I wonder what St. John Berchmans thinks of him? I've been an altar boy eleven years, and never did I see one of us so hard to put up with as he is. Heigho!"

And then Stephen went down on his knees and said "the St. John Berchmans' prayer," which had become to him like familiar music, and which had helped to place him where he was in his well-earned position of trust:

"O St. John Berchmans, so distinguished for thy modesty and purity, for thy reverence for holy places, for thy devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin and St. Aloysius, obtain for us the grace of imitating these thy virtues, that they who behold us in church may think that they see thee, and thus give due honor to thee and to our God. Amen."

He came down stairs again, after that, to the dark silent chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. How peaceful it was, with the red light burning softly before the Holy Shrine, and the intense, unbroken silence after the chatter of those noisy boys to whose ranks, so short a time ago, he had belonged. A faint breath of incense still lingered on the air. Stephen felt in no haste to get away. As he passed the altar in the darkness, he nearly stumbled over a small figure kneeling there.

"Why, Martin," he exclaimed, "ain't you gone yet?"

The placid little face looked up at his kindly one. They had been seven years together on the altar and loved each other well. "I want to say something to you, Stephen," Martin said.

"Right here?" asked Clisson. "What is it?"

"I guess it wont do any harm here. I guess the Sacred Heart knows all about it. Stevie, don't give my name to Father Harkins for any place at all, this time."

"Not give your name! Of course I shall," cried Stephen. "Come into the sacristy, and tell me what's up now. Why,

you love to be acolyte on Christmas Day ! You've earned it too. You're the best boy here, by all odds."

Martin freed himself gently from the kind, firm grasp, that was playfully throttling him. "Yes Stevie," he said, "you will do it. See here : our Lord would like it."

"How do you know?" And then suddenly Stephen's face changed. Something in the sweet young eyes before him seemed to tell its own story to the older boy who had again and again his own talks with the Sacred Heart in the vesper twilight when day was done. "You think our Lord would like it, Martin?" he asked.

Martin spoke slowly, as if he found it a little difficult to put his thought into words, although not at all because he feared to tell it to Stephen who, next to his mother and their pastor, had won his loving heart.

"I was saying the St. John Berchmans' prayers," he said, "the *five* prayers, you know."

Stephen nodded. He was very fond of the short prayer which all of them said together after High Mass, but those "*five* prayers" he knew he did not say nearly so often as this most faithful little sodalist did. "Go ahead, Martin."

"It says, you know, '*That I may ever and everywhere glory in His cross.*' I was saying that and thinking how I would love to be acolyte Christmas, because we get so near the priest and the altar and the Sacred Host ; and oh ! it seems like getting near the Infant Jesus. Suddenly, something made me think that to get near a cross—to *have* a cross—is a sure way to get near the crib. Do you understand?"

Again Stephen nodded.

"It *would* be a little cross to give it up, Stevie ; but perhaps it would help Lawrence to be better, if *he* came up close to the altar that day."

The darkness happily hid Stephen's eyes. Perhaps he would hardly have liked even Martin to see how dim they suddenly became. He remembered how hard he had found it to give up his place at any time. He knew it would be a fight now with himself, if such a thing were even suggested. How simply this child was doing it !

"Lawrence isn't half bad," Martin began again. "Somehow I think if you would let him do it once you could do almost anything with him afterwards; and, if he leaves, his mother will be so sorry just at Christmas time."

"Then you shall be crucifer, or a torch-bearer, anyhow."

"No," Martin persisted gently. "Nothing this year, Stephen, I think—the Sacred Heart will like it."

"Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine." The well-known prayer flashed through Clisson's brain. He stood up silently and they went their way, but a new link was added to the chain that had bound them together for so many years in the service of their Lord. Through snow and rain, in summer heat, at the cost of many little sacrifices, how often they had met in their Master's house! Ah, well! they will meet forever in His heavenly house, one day, please God.

The eventful Friday evening came. Not a boy was absent then. The twenty of Sunday were thirty now. Father Harkins himself was present when Stephen Clisson read out the positions.

"John Shea, *crucifer*;

"John Byrnes and Frank How, *thurifers*;

"Lawrence O'Keefe and Michael O'Brien, *acolytes*;

"Harrington, Daley, Capelle, Smith, Henry Dorr, McGrath, *torch-bearers*."

A look of amazement passed over the boys' faces, but no remarks were allowed on Father Harkins' ultimate decisions. Everybody, however, felt fully justified in staring at Martin, whose face remained utterly oblivious of the attention paid him.

"Martin Schaeffer," said Father Harkins, "take O'Keefe to our Lady's altar and put him through his part. There will be an extra rehearsal of the acolytes and thurifers after the other boys are gone."

There could be no appeal from this. The big boy followed the little boy; and patiently, sweetly, Martin performed his task. He found a more docile pupil than even he, in his gentle charity, had foreseen. O'Keefe, for all his seeming inattention, had not been entirely heedless in past days.

The task was completed before the others were ready. Then, in sheer amazement, Lawrence spoke.

"Haven't I got your place?"

"It's your place," was the reply.

"*Haven't I got your place?*"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"No difference!"

"No."

"And you have'nt got any place."

"Why yes, I have."

"I should like to know what?"

With a sort of holy pride the answer rang out from the little chap whom O'Keefe had often thought too small and meek and quiet for notice.

"*I am an altar-boy.*"

And then the small hand was lifted up with a sudden graceful gesture to the beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother and the divine Child enthroned upon her knee, His loving Sacred Heart laid open to their gaze.

"Isn't it enough," Martin said joyfully, "to be their servant, anyhow? Nothing makes any difference but the will of God, Lawrence."

O'Keefe's dark eyes shone again with a far different fire from what usually burned there.

"See here, Martin Schaeffer," he cried, "is there anything I can do for you?"

Martin paused, then answered gravely, "Yes, Lawrence, go to confession very soon."

Their eyes met, and the big boy's fell before the little one's. He knew Martin had heard him swear that very day. Why had he not told on him? What strange thing had made him have this patience, this kindness, this charity?

"Do it to please the Sacred Heart," Martin pleaded, "and never swear again. You know you cannot stay on the altar if they find that out. But there's another reason. Our Lord loves you."

"I believe He does," cried Lawrence suddenly, "if He's anything like you, Martin."

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITIES.

Pope Gregory XIII., who, by the Constitution *Omnipotentis Dei*, gave canonical existence to the Sodality of our Blessed Lady, was one of the most remarkable pontiffs who have graced the Chair of Peter. He was elected at the age of seventy, and occupied the papal throne thirteen years (1572-1585). His name before his elevation was Hugo Buon Campagno. He was a native of Bologna, and was celebrated as one of the greatest jurists of his time. He succeeded a great and good Pope, St. Pius V.

To Gregory XIII. was reserved the glory of completing and publishing the reform of the Julian Calendar, which was at once accepted by Catholic, and gradually, though reluctantly, also by Protestant nations, and is now adopted by all Christian nations, except Russia. He was a liberal patron of arts, science and letters. He did probably more for the advancement of education than any one man in history. He gave from his own patrimony 2,000,000 scudi (which is equivalent to an almost fabulous sum in modern currency) for educational purposes. He either founded or supported twenty-three colleges and seminaries in various parts of the world—in Rome, Vienna, Prague, Gratz, Olmütz, Vilna, Fulda, Braunsberg, Dillingen, Madrid, and Japan.

In Rome alone he founded colleges for the English, Greeks and Maronites, and a separate college for Neophytes. The Roman College, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, open to the students of all nations, is of his foundation, whence it is also called the Gregorian University. He may be regarded as the second founder of the German College, which had been opened in Rome by St. Ignatius, and which has been the most powerful means of preserving the faith in Germany during the Reformation period, and also in more recent times.

One of the latest acts of this great pontiff was the confirmation of the Sodality—an act of homage to the Mother of God which has probably done more for the Christian education of

youth than any other human agency employed by Christian educators. Since the days of Gregory XIII. hardly any Catholic school or college, worthy of the name, has been without a Sodality, whose work entered deeply into the Christian life of the students. The "Child" or the "Servant" of Mary and the model Catholic student became synonymous.

And in fact there can be no more powerful factor in education than the Sodality. It is a systematic discipline, an education in full. It is the safeguard of morals. It accustoms the student to purity of thought and intention, as well as purity of morals. It keeps before him the highest ideal—the ideal of humanity, the master-work of God's creation, the "Mother of fair love and of holy hope." The Sodality educates, not, indeed, the hand nor the head, at least directly, but the imagination and the heart, those faculties which are but too often neglected in our times. It elevates the imagination and fills it with lofty representations; it chastens the affections and weans them from what is earthly and sensual.

We doubt, then, whether the great Pontiff, Gregory XIII. has rendered a greater service to Christian education in his fruitful pontificate than the Confirmation of our Lady's Sodality.

BONA MORS.

The Art of dying. Why our Lady died.

The death of our Lady! What had death to do with her? Death is the penalty of sin, and sin had no part in her. True; but Mary was to be the most perfect follower of her divine Son. He had entered into His glory through the gate of death; so too would His immaculate Mother pass through its portals.

Moreover, the moment of dissolution is the supreme moment of merit; Mary would lose no occasion of merit, especially the one in which she could offer the sacrifice of her life.

Another reason is that she, whom the Church calls the destroyer of heresies, must by her death confirm the fact that she and her divine Son had true bodies of flesh like our own. For there were heretics in early times who denied that Christ and His blessed Mother had flesh and blood like ours, but

claimed that they had only a body of some sort of heavenly substance, or an airy appearance of a body. These errors are best refuted by the death of our Lady, since it proves that she was of a mortal nature and, though exempt from sin and the spiritual ills of the first man, that she was still his daughter and had flesh like his.

Besides, Mary is the second Eve, the true mother of the living, who live the life of grace, and she would show her children how to die, even as she had shown them how to live. As her divine Son had given the example for those who die painful and violent deaths, so would she be the model of those who pass away quietly and naturally.

She would also close the lips of all who complain of the necessity of dying. If any one would have had a just title to exemption, surely it was she ; not one indeed but many titles. Was not she the mother of the King, who had triumphed over death ? Was not she herself outside the gloomy tyrant's dominion by her sinlessness ; not, it is true, through her own power, but first, by the foreseen merits of her future Son, she had not contracted the slavery of original sin, and then by her own perfect co-operation with grace she had led a stainless life.

She would teach us how the creature that was most beloved by the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, lived always in perfect conformity to the divine will, and died in perfect submission to that same will in the place, in the manner, at the time, and under the circumstances, which it pleased God to select.

One word, one wish of hers might have procured for her immunity from death itself, and a deathless translation to heaven, according to the sentiment of the Fathers of the Church. But no, she, who was to be the refuge, the advocate, and the patroness of the dying, would learn by experience what it is to die, that she might the better sympathize with her children and clients, and that they might have the greater confidence in her.

Just as her divine Son, according to the Apostle, had gained an experimental knowledge of how men live and die, by Himself living and dying, so would Mary pass through all the vicissitudes of human existence.

No wonder, then, is it that the Church looks upon the Blessed Virgin as the patroness of a holy death, and teaches all her children from their very infancy to invoke the Mother of God to pray for them at the hour of death.

We are pleased to notice in the *Sodalen-Correspondenz*, Vienna, Austria, a long and interesting article on the Boys' Sodality of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., under the direction of the Rev. George Quin, S.J. This is a model Sodality of its kind, and deserves to find imitation everywhere. We hope to be able to give something on its working on some future occasion. We are glad to learn, in the meantime, that it is flourishing as ever this year. On September 1, it resumed meetings with 303 active members and 62 candidates on the waiting list. The youngest among them are thirteen years of age. The Young Men's Sodality at St. Joseph's, which has at present 380 members, is recruited chiefly from their number. The total abstinence pledge, taken by them as boys, is usually kept through youth and manhood. The good effect of the Boys' Sodality on the male portion of the congregation is very noticeable. Nowhere is a larger proportion of men seen in the Church and at the Communion table than at St. Joseph's, Troy.

At the Church of the Holy Family, Chicago, Ill., a separate Sodality has lately been started for young girls of fifteen years and over. Every class has now its own Sodality. The number belonging to the different Sodalities of our Blessed Lady in connection with the Holy Family Church is estimated at 6,000.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

St. Monica's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Manchester, Mich.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Celina, Ohio; St. Mary's Church, Jefferson, Mass.

THE BRIDGE.

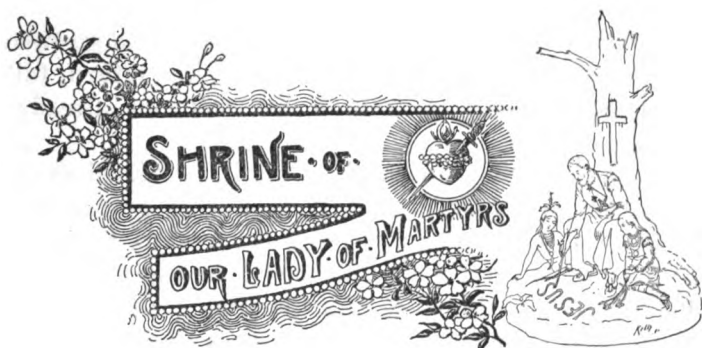
From the French.

BY M. D.

I looked on an abyss—dark as the night,
Shoreless and fathomless—naught met my sight ;
Naught stirred the sombre veil around me thrown,
In silence infinite I stood alone.

But lo ! athwart the gloomy shades afar
God—God appears in radiance like a star.
With rapture I exclaimed : “ O soul, my soul !
Hasten this very night to Him—thy goal.”
Yet how to cross this gulf, canst thou succeed ?
A bridge with million arches it would need.
Who could construct it ?

“ Lord, help Thou,” I cry,
And lo ! a phantom form is standing nigh.
I gazed upon it, open-eyed with fear,
It seemed the living semblance of a tear.
A maiden’s face, fair—tiny hands I see :
’Twas like a lily, clothed in purity :
The hands, when clasped, a light around me cast,
They pointed to the gulf that must be passed,
So deep, that echo there dies silently.
“ Shall I,” it said, “ construct the bridge for thee ? ”
I raised my eyes—the stranger waited there.
“ Thy name, thy name,” I cried. It answered, “ Prayer,”



The PILGRIM was started eleven years ago as the organ of the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs. Since that time it has faithfully fulfilled its mission. No issue of the PILGRIM has gone forth without its Shrine Notes. It has been the chief instrument in God's providence to call the attention of the faithful of the United States to a spot hallowed by the labors of Apostolic men and sanctified by their blood. It will be its privilege this year, which is the 250th anniversary of the death of the Apostle of the Iroquois, to call on the friends of the Shrine at Auriesville for a fitting celebration of the Anniversary. The PILGRIM will, moreover, furnish its readers during the coming year with short accounts of the lives of those whose memory is commemorated at the Shrine on the Mohawk, that their lives may stimulate us to a more faithful service of the heavenly Master.




What shall we say about the Shrine in winter? Though few pilgrims go there bodily when the snow is on the ground, yet many devout souls go thither in spirit to lay their petitions before the Queen of Martyrs. Nor are their prayers and pious devotions left unanswered. We are constantly receiving letters from different States of the Union recording favors granted through our Lady of Auriesville.

One came last week stating that a grace that seemed almost impossible to obtain had been accorded and a thank-offering for the Shrine was sent in gratitude.

A young man last month travelled some hundreds of miles to visit the scene of so many favors. He had strong faith

that his petition would be answered if he would go there at some inconvenience. He stopped on his return full of enthusiasm, having had one of his petitions already answered.

Though somewhat late in recording it, an Associate of the League returns her thanks for the following grace obtained last summer. She had not the means necessary to join some pilgrims from a certain city, although she was very desirous of making the pilgrimage. As the time for starting drew near, she laid her apparently hopeless case before the Queen of Martyrs, and asked her very simply to supply the means if she wished her to go to Auriesville. She promised to publish the favor if it was granted. That very night the necessary money came from an unexpected source.



But a most touching thing happened some weeks ago. A lady who has been most active as a Promoter of the League, came one Tuesday to the office of the Central Direction. She said: "I have disposed of everything I value in the world except one thing. I have brought it now to give to our Lady of Martyrs. It is the engagement ring (a handsome pearl set in diamonds), which my dead husband gave to me. It is the thing I prize the most, and so I make the sacrifice and present it to our Blessed Lady."

She was apparently in good health, but perhaps she had a premonition of her approaching death, and was preparing for it by detaching herself from all earthly treasures. Three days later we heard that she was dead. She passed away on a day dear to all who love the Sacred Heart, a First Friday, which was also All Saints' Day. She had lived a life of rare devotion and self-sacrifice. Perfectly unselfish, she had exercised an influence for good wherever she lived, and her field had been large, for she was the wife of an army officer. We recommend the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary O'Beirne to the prayers of our readers, though we have confidence that she, who made a last sacrifice of what she valued most to the Queen of Martyrs, has been rewarded after her exile here by our Lady with the vision of the blessed fruit of her womb, Jesus.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

I have always thought that what has come down to us, of the lives of the Saints, either by word of mouth or in writing, was the least and most inconsiderable part of what they did. How little indeed, is told of their interior life, which is in truth the most beautiful light in which to view them, for according to the Psalmist, "All the beauty of the king's daughter is from within." Yet this beauty is precisely what their humility has made them hide ; hence they were wont to conceal whatever was rare and extraordinary, such as miracles or great torments and sufferings endured for the love of God.

I was the more convinced of this during the past year, the greater part of which I spent in the company of Father Jogues. The solitude in which we dwelt and the familiar talks we had together, have made me admire his virtue and discover many things which his humility had kept concealed. Nor would I ever have known all that I am about to relate had it not been for the power which obedience gave me over him, who, in all other things, was superior to me. This was the only advantage accruing to me from being his superior, and this was the only matter in which I exercised my authority. I did so for two reasons. First, I wanted to show timid and cowardly souls, such as my own, how wrong it is for us to shirk toil and mortification under pretext of health, since this Father, who endured so much, is as sound and healthy as ever. Secondly, I wanted to give holy and courageous souls an occasion for praising and blessing God, in that He has, even in our times, servants and faithful souls who "fill up in their body what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ." Such is my design in writing these lines.

In this narrative I shall follow the order of time as I know of none better. I shall begin, then, with August 1, 1642, the day on which Father Jogues left Three Rivers to return to the Hurons.

The flotilla of the savage Hurons, with whom he embarked, consisted of from twelve to fifteen canoes, contain-

ing some sixty men. They encamped for the night about thirty-six miles from Three Rivers, near the Islands of Lake St. Peter. Very early the next morning they floated the canoes and rowed away. Scarcely had they made a mile and a half when a savage discovered tracks of the enemy. They at once halted to deliberate what was to be done.

Eustace Ahasistari, one of the war chiefs, said that there was no deliberation to be made, for they must fight; and he carried his point. Scarcely had they advanced more than a mile when the Iroquois, in canoes, came in sight and fired upon the front rank of the Hurons. Those who were behind, becoming alarmed at such a salute (which was, however, more noisy than dangerous), jumped ashore and took to their heels. Eustace and the French, who had been fired upon, put themselves on the defensive, but seeing other Iroquois canoes bearing down upon them they gave way.

Father Jogues alone remained, being unwilling to make his escape, though he could easily have done it, for he saw poor René Goupil and some Hurons already prisoners in the hands of the savages. He considered it a fine opportunity which God gave him of giving his life for His service and for the salvation of the poor Huron captives. He, therefore, remained motionless though not bound nor held; and not to lose time he called a young Iroquois who was guarding the prisoners, and freely gave himself up to be bound with the others, and thus to have the means of instructing them, which he did while the Iroquois were pursuing the fleeing Hurons.

William Couture, with some of his Huron companions, bravely defended himself for awhile, but seeing the hopelessness of it, he fled with them. When he was well in the woods and out of danger, his conscience smote him. "What!" said he to himself, "shall I be such a coward as to run away and desert my dear Father in time of need? Shall I have the courage to appear without him, either at Three Rivers, or among the Hurons? Shall I so love my life as to prefer it to the chance which God offers me of giving my life for Him? No, I will go back and run the same risks as Father Jogues and my comrade, René Goupil."

Acting upon this resolution, the good young man retraced his steps, and soon met five Iroquois. One of them, seeing the Frenchman, armed with his arquebus, making for him, tried to take the lead and fire first; but the priming failed, and Couture fired and shot him dead. He then calmly awaited the other four Iroquois, who threw themselves upon him in a fury. They heaped cruelties and indignities upon him. They stripped him, tore out his nails, beat him with sticks, and pierced his hand with a dull sword.

In this pitiable state he was led to the spot where Father Jogues was prisoner. As soon as the Father saw him he could not refrain from weeping. He escaped from his voluntary prison, ran to the prisoner, threw himself upon his neck, and said, in a voice full of emotion, love and compassion: "Courage, dear William; courage, dear brother. You are dearer to me now than ever before, since God, in His goodness, has granted you the favor of suffering for His holy name. Do not let this beginning of pain and suffering shake your constancy. The torments will be great, but they will soon end, but the glory which will follow shall never end."

Couture replied: "Do not fear, reverend Father. God, in His goodness, gives me too much favor and grace. I do not deserve them; still less do I deserve the constancy that I feel within me. I believe that He who has given it to me will continue it. Beg this of Him for me."

These tender marks of Christian charity, so unknown to savages, at first moved them to compassion; but rage, stifling all feelings of pity, moved them to throw themselves upon the Father. They beat him with sticks and clubs on the head and all over the body. With such fury did they strike him that he fell half-dead; but that was only the beginning of sorrows.

Two young Iroquois, like little demons, or mad dogs, seized his hands, tore out his nails, and, with unheard-of cruelty, bit his fingers and crunched them, as dogs crunch bones. Then each of the young Iroquois present took his turn in crunching the Father's fingers, until some of the small bones came out. After these tortures they relaxed for a while, but it was by a special providence of God that this

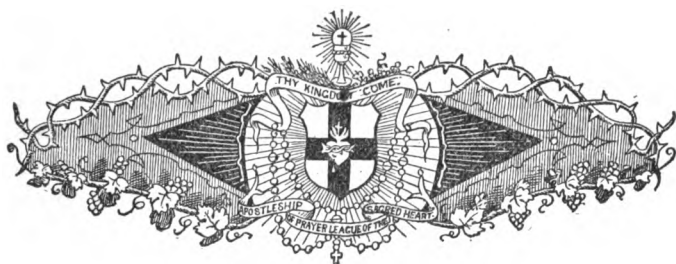
living martyr forgot the pain of his wounds, and even life itself, to think of the salvation of the captive Hurons. He taught and baptized two old men whom they soon after put to death. One was a very aged man, but always gay and cheerful, as he proved at this time. They begged him to get into a canoe, to be taken with the other prisoners to the country of the Iroquois. "Where do you want me to go?" said he. "I am too old to change my country and to accustom myself to Iroquois life." He uttered his death-sentence.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	\$ 2 00	C. F., Boston, Mass.	1 00
J. P., New York City.	1 00	F. D., Leetonia, Ohio, for two intentions	1 00
A Promoter, Phila., Pa., per Bro. O'Neil, S. J., in thanksgiving..	10 00	C. T., Sarnia, Ontario, Canada..	1 00
E. de M., St. Louis, Mo.	1 00	G. A. F., Kipp, Mont., in thanksgiving.	2 00
M. McC., New York City.	1 00	J. H. P., Worcester, Mass., in thanksgiving	5 00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions.	5 00	P. M., Phila., per A. S.	1 00
Rev. J. P. D., Highland, Ind. ...	5 00	Anon., Marysville, Cal., per Sisters of Notre Dame, in thanksgiving	1 00
H. J. Doll, New York City, for two intentions.	2 00	J. M. C., San Francisco, Cal. ...	2 76
L. H. H., Vincennes, Ind., in thanksgiving.	1 00	A Friend, Parsons, Pa.	500 00
K. M., Troy, N. Y. for the crown.	2 00		

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Library, Jamaica Mission.		M. W., Phila., Pa.	3 00
A Promoter, J. C. V. R., New York City.	\$ 5 00	A. McC., New York City.	5 00
For the Zambesi Mission.		For the Most Needy Mission.	
F. A. K., Buffalo, N. Y., stipend	25 00	Anon., Allegheny, Pa.	3 00
A. McC., New York City., stipend	5 00	J. A. C., Creeve, Va.	1 00
For the Madagascan Mission.		M. M. S., Portsmouth, Va.	2 66
A Promoter, Gesù Centre, Phila., for the Lepers.	10 00	For the Ursuline Sisters, St. Peter's Mission, Montana.	
N. M., Fort Worth, Tex., stipend.	3 00	C. R. E., San Francisco, Cal.	5 00



LEAGUE NOTES.

It is of interest to all the members of the League to know of the improvements made in the *Messenger*, the principal organ of the Apostleship of Prayer. To realize what has been done, and to know fully what the *Messenger* is to be in the future, the Associates should secure a copy of the January *Messenger*, and see for themselves. The *PILGRIM* will continue to supplement the work of the *Messenger*, and reaching our subscribers as it will at the beginning of each month, it will contain the usual League news.

Each month there will be a summary of the General Intention published in the preceding *Messenger*, as well as news from Local Centres, Hints from Monthly Patrons and League Notes. This will make the *PILGRIM* as useful to the Associates as it was in the past, and should lead to an increased circulation of this useful periodical.



The beginning of the new year should not pass without each Associate making an offering of the year, with all its labors and sufferings, its disappointments and successes, to the Sacred Heart. The First Friday would be a most suitable time for this offering, if it is not made before. Such an oblation is most certainly pleasing to the Sacred Heart, and in accord with the true spirit of the League. It will be a means of making our lives what they should be according to our nature as creatures. As creatures we belong entirely to the Creator, and the spirit of this offering is to give to God what is His by right. God, in His goodness, rewards us for

giving Him what is His own, and hence this offering makes the year one of blessing to us.



We are pleased to see the attention given in many Centres to the Treasury of Good Works. By action more than by word do we prove our earnestness when we wish to obtain any favor from God. He is more inclined to grant our request when He beholds our little sacrifices and labors offered in supplication for the blessing we crave. But as members of the League, we pray not for ourselves alone, and hence the marking of the good works which we offer in union with and for the intentions of the Associates, begets confidence in all, and stimulates us to greater efforts. We reason thus: if so much is done for us, we should do something for ourselves, while gratitude prompts us to do something for others who are so generous towards us. Hence the marking of our good works in the Treasury becomes an apostolic work. We have remarked an improvement in this League practice, and feel confident that the year just opening will record a far greater number of these spiritual treasures.



All our Associates can aid us much at this time by a prompt renewal of their subscriptions. They can also further the work of the League by recommending the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM* to those of their friends who are not subscribers. Such an interest in our work, while helping us, is at the same time a means of putting in the hands of others suitable Catholic reading which cannot but benefit them.



The General Intention for this month, the Interests of the Church in France, presented as it is on the occasion of the 1,400th anniversary of the baptism of Clovis, brings home to us a strong argument for the Catholicity and apostolicity of the Church, and should awaken gratitude for the great grace of belonging to the true Church, and should stimulate

us to greater fidelity in the observance of all the teachings and commandments of the Church. For a full explanation of the General Intention see the January *Messenger*. The same number of the *Messenger* is full of suitable reading for the season of the year in which we now are.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

The truth of our Lady's declaration that God exalts the humble is proved in the life of the lowly Genevieve, daughter of an obscure French shepherd. Nearly 1,400 years have passed since the close of her long life of fourscore years and ten, yet her example and power with God are factors in the advancement of Christ's kingdom now as they were then, in advancing the interests of Christ with Clovis and the Franks, so truly does God regard the lowliness of His handmaidens.

A great evil of our days is to make small account of heresy. While we should have great charity for those who, through no fault of their own, do not hold the true faith in its entirety, still we should never make light of nor condone heresy in itself. We must love the heretic, but hate his heresy. This was a distinguishing feature in the great Doctor of the Church, St. Hilary of Poitiers. By his part in public councils, and especially by his writings, he refuted and confounded the Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ.

A wonderful example of trust in God's providence is given us by St. Paul, the Hermit, who, rather than remain where his faith was in danger, retired to a desert, trusting that God would supply his needs. If we make sacrifices for the faith, we, too, can, with like confidence, trust to God to make up for all we abandon for His sake.

One of the most powerful ruses of the devil is to try to sadden the soul by temptation. He exerted his utmost power against St. Anthony, the Hermit. But the Saint defied him, saying: "I fear you not: you cannot separate me from the love of Christ." This assurance should animate us with a like fortitude in temptation, knowing that we have it in our power to put the enemy to flight.

To be humble when honored is most difficult; to be poor

in spirit when abounding in riches requires great virtue. King Canute of Denmark learned the lesson at the foot of the crucifix where he placed his royal crown. To keep himself in subjection, he practised fasting, penance, almsgiving, prayer and devotion to Mass.

A pope and a soldier are linked together by the common bond of martyrdom, though the shedding of their blood for Christ did not occur in the same year. SS. Fabian and Sebastian teach us the same lesson of loyalty to Christ, even unto death, in such different spheres—one the Vicar of Christ, the other an army officer, but called the "Defender of the Faith" by the Roman Pontiff.

Death enters into the soul through its windows—the eyes. Never was there greater need of custody of the eyes than in our times. In the streets unseemly placards stare us in the face. Paintings, statues and illustrations are far from chaste. A boldness of manner, a freedom of look are becoming common even in young people. St. Agnes, by her innocence and modesty, says to us: "Turn away your eyes, that you may not behold vanity."

The beautiful equality in Christ is seen in the companionship of Agnes and her foster-sister, Emerentiana. Difference in rank between the noble maiden and her humble attendant did not mar their mutual love. Agnes was the first to win her crown, but Emerentiana, two days later, praying at the tomb of her foster-sister, received the baptism of blood, and her body was laid by the side of Agnes.

The Apostle of the Gentiles gives a good testimony to the pious bringing up of St. Timothy, "calling to mind," he says: "That faith which is in thee unfeigned, which also dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and in thy mother, Eunice; and because from thy infancy thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee to salvation, by the faith which is in Christ Jesus." It would be well for Christian parents to compare themselves with those of whom St. Paul speaks.

The mark which distinguishes St. Paul is the whole soul way in which he gave himself up to the cause of Christ. He gives an idea of what this cost him in the enumeration

of all the trials and hardships by land and sea, from Jew and Gentile which he endured. Yet he considers them all as nought on account of the superabounding grace given to him. Are we among those of whom he complains, "that all seek the things which are their own and not the things which are Christ's?"

The faith should be a strong bond of union between the members of the true Church. This is inculcated by the great martyr bishop, St. Polycarp. "Be firm and immovable in the faith. Love the brethren. Be affectionate to one another, being bound together in the truth."

How devoutly we should assist at Mass, did we realize the truth of what St. John Chrysostom was accustomed to see at the beginning of the Holy Sacrifice, "Many of the blessed ones coming down from heaven in shining garments, and with bare feet, eyes intent, and bowed heads in utter stillness and silence, assisting at the consummation of the tremendous mystery."

A model for those who would win souls for Christ is St. Francis de Sales, whose method was that of his Master Himself. "Were there anything better or fairer on earth," he said, "than gentleness, Jesus Christ would have taught it us; and yet He has given us only two lessons to learn of Him—meekness and humility of heart."

The devil's rage and men's malice combined to torture St. Martina, the noble Roman virgin, but greater was He that was with her than all that could be against her. This was her support in her barbarous torments. Again and again she was led to save herself by sacrificing to the gods, her answer was always the same: "I have my Saviour, Jesus Christ, who strengthens me." How this conviction should animate us in trials!

A striking example of zeal for souls is given us by St. Peter Nolasco, one of the founders of the order for the Redemption of Captives. For twenty-five years he toiled for those in the bondage of the Mahometans, rescuing them body and soul. "Behold eternal treasures which never fail," the Saint would exclaim at the sight of Christian slaves. Had we the like appreciation of souls, we would have a like zeal.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Joseph's Centre, Sioux City, Iowa.—An occasion which called forth the evidences of lively faith and ardent piety was a novena in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary.

The Holy Sacrifice was offered every morning at the shrine erected in the church, and was attended by large numbers of the devoted people. The shrine consists of an altar, on which stands a beautiful statue of Blessed Margaret Mary, and on which is kept a relic of this privileged servant of God.

In the evening a full congregation united in the prayers and hymns of the novena, after which the pastor, Rev. Father Fowler, spoke of the beautiful devotion. His discourses were most interesting. While in Europe he visited Paray-le-Monial, and had the privilege of celebrating Holy Mass on the altar before which Margaret Mary knelt when our divine Lord manifested to her the treasures of His Sacred Heart.

Thus his words expressed sentiments which naught but a visit to Paray could inspire. The evening devotions were concluded by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The close of the novena on the feast, October 17, was indeed a triumph of the divine Heart, through the mediation of Blessed Margaret Mary.

A Mass was celebrated at 5.30 for the convenience of those whose duties prevented their attendance at the High Mass, which was sung at the shrine at 8.15.

It was truly edifying to behold the crowds that received Holy Communion. It reminded one more of an Easter morning than a day of special devotion.

During the afternoon there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; and the beautiful floral offerings which adorned the altar were fitting emblems of the piety that filled the hearts of those who knelt in silent adoration.

In the evening, after the usual devotions of the novena, the Badges were blessed and distributed to new members of the League. Then the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession to the high altar. Surely our divine Lord looked benignly on that throng of worshippers, who had so faithfully performed all that was prescribed for the novena. The solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament moved through the aisles of the church. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by the pastor, and a beautiful canopy was carried by four young men of the congregation.

When the main altar was reached, Benediction was given, and, after the veneration of the relic, all returned to their

homes, bearing with them, we hope, the blessings they had implored during the novena.

—Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama.—The Apostleship of Study has been introduced here with good results. "In the work of the League of the Sacred Heart," writes the reverend Director, "one needs but give the start, and they glide on almost of themselves."

—St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.—The League in St. Anselm's is in a very flourishing condition. There are seven Promoters, having full bands. About sixty belong to the 3d Degree, who hold their Communion of Reparation in a body on the third Sunday of the month, while the first Sunday is the day of general Communion for all. The three grades of the College (the Seniors, Juniors and Minims), as well as the Promoters of the League, have their respective copies of the *Messenger* and PILGRIM, which are eagerly read. The Intention Box and the Treasury of Good Works are well patronized by the students.

—St. Mary Magdalen's Centre, Millville, N. J.—The League of this Centre is in a very prosperous condition. It received a new impulse October 27, 1895, at the close of a very successful mission. Special services were arranged in behalf of the League on this occasion, and nineteen additional Promoters received their Diplomas and Crosses.

The reception of members into the Sodality took place at the same time, and it is with pleasure we call attention to the activity of its members in promoting the interests of the League. The League is now in good working shape, and we may say the whole parish are active members. The large number of communicants on the First Friday, at five in the morning, are but one of the many instances of zeal displayed by our working classes, showing at the same time how intelligently the zealous Local Director manages the work.

—A League Director in a large religious community of young men writes us: "Our League Associates in —— are full of fervor, and by means of the League the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord has become much dearer to all."

—St. John's Centre, Canton, O.—A Promoter writes: "Once a year our Centre has a Mass offered for the living members of the League, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and a Mass for the dead in the month of November. This year, the Feast of All Saints falling on the First Friday, there was a High Mass offered for the dead Associates at 7.30, at which the reverend pastor suggested that the members should

offer a general Communion for the same intention. It was most consoling and edifying to see the crowds that approached the holy table on the occasion.

—Rev. Father Hamilton, S.J., who has charge of the charitable institutions on the Islands in Boston Harbor, Mass., writes us: "It is very gratifying to see the piety that exists amongst the poor people—men and women—at Long Island. Every evening they assemble in the chapel for the recitation of the beads and the Litany of our Blessed Lady, besides many prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I manage to pay them a visit five or six times a week, and you may be sure the priest is always welcome. Most of them receive Holy Communion once a month, and Mass is said for them twice every week and every other Sunday. Deer Island takes up all my time on Sundays. I beg the members of the League to offer up a prayer occasionally for these poor unfortunates (men and women) who are detained at Deer Island principally on account of drink. We number in this institution at present 1,300 men and nearly 400 women, which is not quite up to the average. A large number of these frequent the Sacraments and make their Morning Offering whilst they are here. It's a blessing when our dear Lord calls them to Himself, after giving them some time to repent in prison."

—New Bedford, Mass.—There are two Portuguese Jesuits giving missions to the Portuguese congregations along the New England coast. These missions are remarkably successful. They establish the League in all Centres where they give missions, in order to make the results lasting.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Kate Jones, St. John's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary A. Fogarty, St. Michael's Centre, Flushing, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice O'Brien, Tacoma, Wash.; Miss Agnes M. Fink, Nativity Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Willet, Fancy Farm, Ky.; Martha Cooper and Elizabeth Coffey, St. Joseph's Centre, Kingston, N. Y.; Sarah Grant, Old St. Patrick's Centre, New York, N. Y.; Thomas Fitzmaurice, SS. Peter and Paul's, Detroit, Mich.; Mary V. Fink, Nativity Centre, Brooklyn; Mrs. Sarah King, St. Lawrence's Centre, New York; Kate McCabe and Catherine McMullen, St. Joseph's Centre, Boston, Mass.; Miss Maggie Meehan, St. Teresa's Centre, New York.—*May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.*

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

———— IDAHO.

DEAR REV. FATHER :

About a year ago I had the happy privilege of introducing in St. John's Parish, this city, the League of the Sacred Heart. Shortly after the work of the Holy League had been started a sad misfortune befell me and the parishioners as well, of being robbed of almost all the sacred vessels in our possession. Some of these were doubly precious to me, as I had been presented with them by my relatives and friends at the time of my ordination. I could not bring myself to believe that they were to be lost forever, and I had immediate recourse to the Sacred Heart and, as you may remember, I made a special request, through you and the Associates, that by their prayers I might recover these lost treasures, for treasures they were, not so much on account of their material value, which was not so great, as because they had held and touched so often the Sacred Host and the Precious Blood.

Five months went by without bringing any clue of the stolen articles. I had not, however, given up hopes of finding them sometime. I did not hope in vain. During the month of March, a Protestant lady living in the outskirts of the town, discovered a lot of church vessels in a barn. She remembered having read in the papers about the theft that took place in the Catholic church five months before, and hastened to the rectory to tell the Rt. Rev. Bishop what she had found. Absolutely everything that had been taken was found intact. The Sacred Heart had heard and granted the prayers of the League Associates.

You may think, Rev. Father, that I unnecessarily delayed communicating the reception of this favor to you. Yet I hope that you will excuse this apparent negligence when you will know that, at the very time it was being granted, our dear Lord sent me another serious affliction in the guise of sickness, which brought me very near the grave. Once more I had recourse to the Sacred Heart, and to my prayers were joined those of the faithful members of the local league, and now instead of one grace I have two to record and place to the credit of the Sacred Heart. It is true, my life was only saved at the cost of the amputation of one of my limbs six inches above the knee. This loss compelled me to give up the arduous duties connected with the rectorship of this parish and mission, but it does not prevent me from working for the glory of God and salvation of souls in a humbler sphere. To have been thus selected to suffer I cannot view in any other light than as a signal favor from the Sacred and suffering Heart of Jesus. I feel that my affliction has brought me nearer to Him who suffered and died for us, and with profound gratitude I say : "O Jesus, I thank Thee for all the graces that were made to flow upon me through Thy Sacred and adorable Heart, but especially do I thank Thee for these three late testimonies of Thy divine and unceasing love for me."

J. V. D. H.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Church in France.

IN this year of grace the French celebrate the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, which took place on Christmas Day, A.D. 496. This great event in the history of France has been fittingly called the *Baptism of France*; for with the baptism of Clovis, France, "the Church's Eldest Daughter," takes on the character of a Christian nation. It is natural, then, that the French should celebrate the commemoration of this important event with the greatest possible solemnity. It is for the spiritual results of this celebration that we are asked to pray this month.

The Pope, besides recommending the celebration to the prayers of the Apostleship, has opened the treasury of the Church for the occasion, and grants a plenary indulgence, with all the privileges of a jubilee, to those who, within this year, shall visit the scene of that historic event at Rheims. What with this generous concession and encouragement of the Holy Father and the prayers of the League, we are entitled to expect a great religious revival in France this year.

The event is in every way an inspiring one for the French Catholic, as it brings him back to the ages of faith and to the company of the saints—of St. Clotilde and St. Genevieve, St. Remy and St. Vedastus—to those memorable days to which France owes her nationality as well as her Christianity, which led up to the glories of Pepin, Charlemagne and St. Louis, which has made her what she has always been proud to call herself—the *Grande Nation*, that has been spiritually favored as perhaps no other country on earth.

But who will deny that her glories as a Christian nation have been greatly diminished? Side by side with faith and devotion to the Church, almost overshadowing them, we find, in this once so favored land, all social and moral ills in the most exaggerated form: Freemasonry in its worst phase, liberalism, socialism, communism, naturalism, rank infidelity and open persecution of the Church and her religious orders. For the removal of these evils she asks for our prayers. Let us pray, then, during this month, that God may "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to their fathers," that He may not visit them with the punishment they deserve; but that this may be for them a year of abundant spiritual fruits,

THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 2.

A PRAYER OF THANKS.

BY AMBROSE BEAVAN.

WHILE life is young and full of visions bright,
While hopes are strong and disappointments light ;
Viewing Thy kindness rather than Thy might,
My God, I thank thee.

When gloomy shadows flit before my eyes,
When hopes are shattered and misfortunes rise ;
Then, for the strength Thy mercy e'er supplies,
My God, I thank Thee.

Whether my life should be from sorrow free,
Or overwhelming grief should follow me ;
If joy or sadness draw me near to Thee,
My God, I thank Thee.

THE PURIFICATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

THE story of the purification and of the presentation of our Lord in the Temple, which accompanied it, is told us at some length by St. Luke in his Gospel.

When the days of the purification of Mary were accomplished, that is, forty days after the birth of her Son, she and her spouse, St. Joseph, carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord, according to the law of Moses; and they offered as a sacrifice a pair of turtle-doves and two young pigeons, which was the customary offering of the poor. It was on this occasion that the aged Simeon recognized the divine Infant as the Saviour and pronounced the well-known canticle: "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation. . . . A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel." And addressing himself to our Blessed Lady, he spoke the prophetic words: "Behold this child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

The Saviour was recognized also by the prophetess Anna, who "spoke of him to all who looked for the redemption of Israel."

God, therefore, made use of this occasion to console those faithful souls who had lived in patient and loving expectation of the coming Redeemer, and to reveal His coming to the Jews, according to the words of the prophet Malachias: "The Lord, whom you seek, and the angel of the testament, whom you desire, *shall come to his temple.*"

In the ceremony of the purification and presentation there was question of the fulfilment of two laws. The first law was that every Jewish mother, who gave birth to a son, should after forty days (if she gave birth to a daughter, after eighty days) present herself in the Temple and offer sacrifice, through the hands of the priest, that she might be cleansed from her sin. This was called the ceremony of Purification. Before that rite was performed she was obliged to live in seclusion,

and was not permitted to enter the sanctuary or to touch any thing holy. The second law was that every first-born son was to be presented in the Temple as a thank-offering to the Lord for the deliverance of God's people from the bondage of Egypt, and had to be redeemed by a sacrifice of a yearling lamb and a turtle-dove or a young pigeon. In case of poverty a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons sufficed, which, according to the Gospel, was the sacrifice offered by Mary and Joseph—an evidence of their actual poverty.

In the fulfilment of these two laws our Blessed Mother gave us an example of the sublimest virtues.

With regard to the purification it is sometimes puzzling to readers and hearers of the Scriptures that so many such external rites were prescribed by God in the Old Law for actions and conditions that involve no sin. Why those ceremonies of purification? In order that God's people might realize that He is a God of purity and sanctity, who wishes to have a clean people; that they might not only avoid all defilement, but even the semblance of it; that by this external cleanness they might be constantly reminded of that inward purity which the children of God must needs possess. External purity was the symbol and expression of the internal purity of the soul. The rites of purification were symbolic of the inward process of the cleansing of the soul from sin. They were, therefore, essentially an atonement for sin or a confession of sinfulness.

Hence it is manifest that our Blessed Lady was in nowise subject to this law. In her there was no sin to be confessed or atoned for, no sinfulness to be acknowledged. She was conceived without original sin, free from actual sin, exempt from all depraved inclinations. She never experienced that rebellious law of sin, which, as the Apostle says, reigns in our members. Her purity and virginity were even heightened by her divine motherhood. She could not, therefore, be held to comply with that law which had no application to her.

Neither had the second law, the law of the presentation, any application to her or her divine Son. He was the Maker of the law, the Lord of the Temple and its sacrifices, whom the

Ritual Law of Moses foreshadowed. He was the substance, they were the shadow. As the substance is not obliged to bow to the shadow, so Christ was in nowise bound to submit to this ceremonial law. Yet it behooved Him to fulfil all justice, as He Himself declared ; and "he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." Therefore He submitted to this ceremony—presented Himself before the Lord, offered the sacrifice required by the law for His own ransom as He subsequently gave His blood for our redemption—thus fulfilling all justice, as He underwent the painful and debasing rite of circumcision and the baptism of John.

Like her divine Lord and Son, so also our Blessed Lady wished to fulfil all justice, to observe the law to the letter. Therefore she submitted to the humiliating rite of purification, was reputed among sinners, and presented the divine Infant in her own arms to His Father, although she knew that this was, as it were, the prelude to the great sacrifice of the shedding of His Blood, which was to be consummated on Calvary.

She had read the Scriptures, and understood them doubtless better than any other, even of the most enlightened of God's saints. There she saw minutely traced out the ordeal of her Son's sufferings, who was to be offered because He willed it ; who was to bear our weakness and carry our sorrows, to be wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins—a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmities, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people.

All this the Mother of sorrows bore in her heart when she offered her Son as a holocaust on the altar, not merely in fulfilment of the law, but as a propitiation for the sins of the world, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. At that moment the sword of grief pierced her soul. The ancient Simeon only gave expression to the inmost sentiments of her heart, when he exclaimed : " Behold, this child is set for a sign which shall be contradicted ; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

Yet our dear Lady did not shrink from the sacrifice, but with that same courage which sustained her when she stood at the foot of the Cross, as our mediatrix she bravely offered

her Son for us. In this mystery she gives us an example of love of purity, profound humility and obedience in submitting to the law of purification, and of heroic self-sacrifice in freely offering for us her divine Son, her only treasure.

These should be the characteristic virtues alike of the true Child of Mary and of the devout Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer—purity, humility, obedience, and self-sacrifice. These are the gifts which they should lay at the feet of their heavenly Queen, and on the altar of the Sacred Heart on the feast of our Lady's Purification.

AFTER DARKNESS, LIGHT.

BY J. W. FALLON.

IT was a cold, cheerless afternoon in the early fall. The deserted country road was a sheet of blackish ooze, with here and there a little pool to mark the deeper ruts. A roily stream, swollen and noisy, dashed along over the boulders which hindered its course, until it swept sullenly under a rough log bridge. The first tints of autumn showing in the foliage of the sycamore and the maple were set off by the dull background of the leaden sky.

Well back from the road, a neat white cottage of modest dimensions nestled beneath the shade of widespreading elms. Its front was well-nigh hidden behind a luxuriant Virginia creeper. Some of the hardier flowers, such as the brilliant cockscomb and snapdragon, still lent bits of warm color to the garden. Clustered under an open shed a few fowls, some standing drowsily with damp and ruffled plumage, others making a feeble attempt at preening themselves, were the only sign of life about the place.

Within the house, a mother and her two little sons gathered close around the hearth, for it had misted the livelong day, and the air was raw and chill. Care and sorrow had rested heavily upon the mother's once comely face, whose pallor was now brought out more strikingly by the sombre hue of her widow's weeds.

Four weary months had passed since Robert Palmer had

gone from a bed of suffering to his resting-place beneath the shadow of the cross-crowned village church, and yet Margaret Palmer could hardly grasp the fact that her boys must look up to her as their sole earthly refuge. The neighbors had begun to speak of her as the widow Palmer: what a cold, harsh sound that word had when she first heard it. During his long illness she had striven, with all a wife's tender devotedness, to allay his sufferings, but, although she had borne up bravely under the burden of unwearied attendance at his bedside, her strength had failed when he had been laid in the churchyard and she had returned with her fatherless children to their desolate home. She would never rise from her bed, the kindhearted neighbors thought, as they came with ready sympathy to look after the mother and the little household, but her children seemed to give her strength, for she rallied at last and set about facing the difficulties which stood mountain high in her path.

Her husband's long illness had been such a heavy drain upon their meagre resources that they had been forced to mortgage their home, but both looked forward to his recovery, when industry and economy would speedily remove what looked almost like a stain upon the place.

Old Giles Craven was the only money-lender in the neighborhood. He was a sour, hard-featured old fellow, whose miserly ways were known to all the country round and keenly felt by those who had the misfortune to fall into his clutches. The older people remembered the time when he was a genial, wholesouled neighbor, but that was long ago. In those days he formed one of the little congregation that gathered at irregular intervals when a priest came to administer to the wants of the few scattered Catholic families, but since Mass was celebrated regularly once a month in the neat little church, he had never been seen among the worshippers. Many and varied were the surmises of the neighbors as they saw him grow harsh, crabbed and grasping almost under their eyes, but the true reason was not forthcoming, so they gave up wondering and accepted the fact.

Old Giles had come willingly enough when he heard that the Palmers wished to see him on business, for he knew

Robert Palmer's precarious condition, and, like the shark that follows a ship on the high seas, he scented his prey. He was sorry that Robert was so poorly, and was quite willing to advance a moderate sum of money for a slight consideration. Then he drew up one of those hateful instruments which, from the severity of their condition, country folk insist on calling cut-throat mortgages. When the formalities were over, the chuffy old hunks said a few more commonplaces, with much rubbing of his skinny palms and cracking of his stiffened joints, then clambering up on his old roan nag rode off with many a self-satisfied chuckle.

Her husband's death and her own illness having made it impossible to pay the first instalment of the debt at the appointed time, Margaret Palmer, knowing the temper of the man with whom she had to deal, had set out on that chill autumnal day across the soggy fields, to obtain an extension from the creditor.

Old Giles seemed to surmise her errand, for, after the first civilities, his weazen face hardened and his clawlike fingers worked uneasily.

Margaret stammered forth her errand, but the old man, with manifest impatience in tone and gesture, interrupted her.

"Really, I can't wait, Mrs. Palmer," said he, "the time is nearly up, and I must have my money."

"Your security is good; let the money lie at interest for a few months longer, and you lose nothing."

"That's not the point, ma'am; what I want is the first instalment when it falls due. Just have it on hand betimes, or I'll foreclose, just according to the terms laid down in the mortgage."

"You know, Mr. Craven, that what is sold under the hammer hardly ever brings its value. With a little more time I could save the place and pay you in full."

"Save the place! Pay me in full! Pish, woman, the place will go that way sooner or later, for you can't manage it. Have the payment, or I'll foreclose."

And Margaret had turned sadly homeward, with weary step and heavy heart.

Sad and careworn she sat that afternoon, gazing into the snapping, crackling fire, while the click, click of her knitting needles went on mechanically.

The two boys sat talking together in low tones or listening to the monotonous drip from the eaves. They did not know the result of their mother's visit, but they had caught her pensive mood, and felt no zest for noisy play.

The leaden haze of the afternoon was deepening into the dusk of nightfall, when the two boys, unbidden, started to do the few evening chores and make everything snug for the night. Fresh water from the spring, and armfuls of firing were brought in, and the doors of the byre and the hennery were fastened.

The kettle was soon humming its droning tune, and the cloth was laid for the evening meal. While they were partaking of the dish of brewis, which constituted their frugal supper, the rising wind began to whistle a shrill treble around the gable to the deep sough of the knurly elms, which tossed their heads and waved their gaunt arms to and fro in the gathering gloom. The wind beat in fitful gusts against the window, and the swealing candle felt its breath.

The boys had said their evening prayers at their mother's knee, when the loud slamming of an outhouse door made known that it had not been properly secured. Willie, the elder brother, a sturdy twelve-year-old, at once hurried out to fasten it, but in a moment he rushed back with a blanched and frightened face.

"Mamma, I heard somebody calling for help, down towards the bridge."

"No, child, the moaning of the wind through the trees has deceived you; you know how mournful it sounds after dark."

"But, mamma, I stopped to listen, and I surely heard somebody crying out."

Margaret, wishing to quiet the boy's fears, stepped to the door and listened intently. She was on the point of turning to reassure him, when she unmistakably heard above the whistling of the wind, a plaintive cry for help, which seemed to come from the bridge, down the road. She took

little time for consideration. Woman though she was, her courage was almost masculine, for her experience of the bitter part of life had given her a spirit unknown to most of her sisters. In a trice, she and Willie started out into the night, with nothing save the feeble glow of a lantern to direct their steps. Once they stopped to make sure of the direction, but during that momentary pause, the piteous cry for help urged them at a faster pace toward the bridge. They had nearly reached it when the uncertain light of the lantern showed them the prostrate form of a man near a little clump of staddles, and dangerously close to the bank of the turbid stream. Margaret, repressing a nervous tremor, approached and, despite the slime and flood, recognized at a glance the pain-distorted features of old Giles Craven.

"I'm killed, I know I'm killed," he wailed, apparently not noticing her presence, "and there's nobody to help me."

"Mr. Craven, can you stand up if I help you?" asked Margaret, leaning over the old man.

He seemed half-dazed, but he grasped her outstretched hand, and slowly and painfully reached a standing posture. The slightest movement seemed to cause him pain, for he groaned and muttered inarticulately as he hobbled along, leaning heavily on Margaret's arm.

Panting and exhausted, Mrs. Palmer reached her little home none too soon, for old Giles sunk on the floor unconscious.

Running as fast as his short legs could carry him, Willie sped along the muddy road until, breathless and splashed with mire, he broke in upon the good old country doctor. That benevolent gentleman was not a little astonished to see Willie puffing and speechless from excitement and violent exercise, but he was soon in his gig, on the way to Mrs. Palmer's home.

In the meantime Margaret had done what she could for the sufferer. She applied such restoratives as were at hand, and washed the slime and grime from the old man's face.

Dr. Dawes looked somewhat grave after examining the patient.

"There are no bones broken," he said "but he is badly bruised and his ankle is wrenched, and that gash in his head is no trifle."

"It wouldn't do to try to move him at this time of night, would it, doctor?" asked Margaret, with some hesitation.

"Move him to-night? Of course not, nor to-morrow neither, say I, unless there's a change for the better. That drenching from the rain and that exposure might easily prove the death of him."

So, with all possible care and gentleness, old Giles was transferred to the spare bed-room, and made as comfortable as his condition would allow. He was well under the influence of a sleeping-draught before Dr. Dawes left, with a promise to drop in early on the following morning.

The morning dawned bright, clear and frosty. Dr. Dawes' countenance showed some perplexity, for the patient was feverish and restless.

"See here, Mrs. Palmer," said the physician, "you know as well as I do, that nobody over at his house understands nursing, and nursing is what he needs most of all. If the congestion doesn't develop into lung fever, it will be a blessing, for the old man is in no condition to stand such a siege."

"Well, Dr. Dawes, your opinion is enough for me," replied Margaret, quietly, "and, as far as I can, I'll nurse him, and carry out your instructions."

A look, as closely akin to thankfulness as it could be, came over Giles Craven's stern features when the physician's suggestion and Margaret's ready acceptance of the charge were made known to him.

Mrs. Palmer devoted herself, heart and soul, to her task, and thanks to her careful nursing rather than to his medicines, so the physician said, the old man was soon pronounced out of danger, but his recovery was slow and tedious, for his wasted frame had received a great shock, which time alone could mend.

He said little about his mishap. As he was riding rapidly homeward on that eventful night, his horse must have stepped into a rut with a suddenness which unseated his

rider, and threw him violently to the ground, where he remained stunned and bleeding, until the noble-hearted Margaret came to his assistance.

During his convalescence, Giles talked very little, but he tried to look grateful when Mrs. Palmer deftly smoothed his pillow or adjusted the woollfell under his feet as he sat in the big, roomy rocking-chair. Gratitude was something so new to him that his visage seemed to need some schooling before such an expression could rest easily upon it.

One bright Saturday morning, while the boys were out enjoying the newly-fallen snow, Mrs. Palmer was surprised in the midst of her household duties, by the arrival of Father Flood, on his monthly visit to the "station." He dropped in unceremoniously, as was his wont, for he had many little pastoral calls to make, and his time was short. His ruddy face, all aglow from his brisk morning drive, seemed to impart some of its cheeriness to old Giles, who brightened up and became actually talkative. In the height of their conversation, Mrs. Palmer, breathing a little prayer, slipped out, closing the door after her. How long they remained together it is hard to say, but she busied herself in the kitchen and let that closed door severely alone. Finally Father Flood came out, his face grave and calm, much as it looked when he descended the altar-steps after the Sunday Mass, and, after exchanging a few kindly words with her, continued on his round of visits.

When Mrs. Palmer went in with old Giles' bowl of savory broth, she noted the changed expression of his countenance, which then bore a look of tranquillity wholly new to it. She thought too, though she did not observe as intently as she might, that she detected a tell-tale mistiness in the old man's eyes.

An even month slipped by, a month during which Giles Craven mended so rapidly that Dr. Dawes ceased to consider him a patient, but the old man gave no sign or hint of returning to his own house. Mrs. Palmer noticed too, not without a big heart-throb of joy, that as he sat by the window for hours at a time, he clumsily fumbled a rosary, whose newness was only too manifest.

When Father Flood paid his next monthly visit, there was another long, private talk, at the end of which the good priest remarked simply and quietly to Mrs. Palmer, that her boarder felt strong enough to assist at Mass on the following day.

The arrangements for the little ride were quickly made. Bright and early on Sunday morning a neighbor drove up in his big "bob-sled," and old Giles, bundled up almost like a Santa Claus, was soon snugly stowed away in the depths of the fragrant timothy, with bricks fresh from the oven at his feet.

Great was the wonderment of the little congregation when they saw old Giles entering the church. During the service more than one parent's eye wandered unwittingly towards the pew where he knelt, and more than one child stared with undisguised astonishment at the unusual sight, until a covert nudge from his elders recalled his attention.

There was a hush that was almost breathless when Giles Craven moved forward to the communion-rail, and many a devout "Thanks be to God" soared heavenward from the grateful hearts of the worshippers.

There was much handshaking at the end of Mass, and there were many greetings and congratulations, but old Giles hurried into the bob-sled. The heavy farm-horses started, the sled lurched, the sleigh-bells jingled, and the snow-covered fields glided past, until he was once more ensconced in the rocker by Mrs. Palmer's hearth.

The way in which Giles Craven improved after his Sunday outing warranted him in saying that it was the one thing needed to set him on the road to complete recovery. And when the day for his return to his own house came, he seemed younger by whole years, and kindlier beyond expression. He choked up a little, it is true, and stammered when he said good-bye to Margaret, for he knew what he owed her. He was well on his way down the road before she re-entered the house, and then it was that she noticed the crisp new bank-notes which he had thrust into her hand at parting. They seemed like a fabulous sum to her as she saw foreshadowed in them the settlement of many an old

account. And the mortgage? Almost the last words on his lips when taking leave of her were to lay aside all uneasiness about the time and terms of payment, since his debt to her was so great that money could not cancel it.

There is now another house on Father Flood's visiting list, and there is another unfailing attendant at the monthly Mass.

At the Palmer cottage the Virginia creeper is donning a new robe of green, and the wood-lilies and jonquils are coming forth, full of life and light, after their winter confinement under the snow. And Margaret Palmer's whole being seems to share in this re-awakening, for the darkness of affliction is giving way to the roseate dayspring of a happy and contented existence. What seemed a crushing burden was transformed by the marvellous touch of grace into a far greater blessing.

"BLESSED ARE THE CLEAN OF HEART."

BY W. J. B.

UNDERNEATH my window daily
Little children come to play,
Romp, shouting, laughing gaily,
Blithesome all the live-long day.
Happy eyes and ringlets fair,
All aglow with nature's air.

Pleasure theirs unmixed with sadness
Unalloyed with sinful woe,
Brightened by the simplest gladness,
Through life's path they onward go.
Would all hearts like these could be
Robed in matchless purity!

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

Its Apostolic Character.

As we noticed on a former occasion, there is a wide difference between the Sodality and the League of the Sacred Heart, or any of the existing confraternities. The latter are pious associations that have no control over their members, but only offer them a certain direction for prayer and the performance of other good works. The Sodality, on the other hand, is a strictly organized body, governed by a regular constitution and staff of officers. It is controlled by living authority more than by written statute.

This fact makes the Sodality eminently fitted for apostolic work, inasmuch as the governing authority can always direct its energies according to existing circumstances. Now it is the teaching of the Christian doctrine that claims the attention of the members; now, the visiting of prisons and hospitals; now, the care of the sick in poor families; frequently, in our own country at least, they render good service in collecting money for church, school and other charitable purposes; the reclaiming of sinners and of those who have fallen under evil influences has always claimed their solicitude; they have rendered excellent service in the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the organization of the Apostleship of Prayer; they are capable of doing much for the Apostolate of the Press.

These apostolic works, both spiritual and temporal, have been the object of the Sodality's care from the very start. Though its main purpose has always been the spiritual advancement of its own members, yet it always devoted itself to spiritual and corporal works of mercy outside its own membership. In the history of the Sodality we find that many local branches have been formed with a view to special apostolic works—to teach Catechism, to assist galley-slaves, to secure the timely administration of the last Sacraments to the sick, to ransom slaves, to supply a dowry for poor girls, and other similar good works.

It is chiefly with a view to this apostolic purpose that

separate Sodalities are established for separate classes—for boys and girls, young men and young women, married men and married women, business men and professional men—because each class is best suited to aid the members of its own social rank and surroundings. Hence, we find in some European cities, as in Rome, Naples, Cologne, Vienna and Lyons, ten or more different Sodalities have existed for different classes of Sodalists—from Cardinals and Prelates down to the humblest among the faithful.

It is also owing to this apostolic character of the Sodality that its membership should be limited to the elite among the faithful. It is only those who are conspicuous by their virtue that are fit to influence their fellows for good. A Sodality consisting of a few dozen such exemplary Christians will do infinitely more good than as many hundreds of indifferent Catholics, who are satisfied with barely complying with the most essential Christian duties. *Non numerantur, sed ponderantur*. Not numbers, but quality—this has been the principle of all successful Directors of Sodalities. This is the secret of success.

If, therefore, Sodalities in our day would tread in the glorious footsteps of their predecessors in bygone times, they must keep this apostolic mission in view. In order to attain to this apostolic end they must look to a perfect organization, an efficient staff of officers—from the Director down to the door-keeper;—they must strictly separate the different classes, so that each Sodality form a homogeneous body of congenial Associates; they must practise discrimination in receiving members, and not receive any one who has not been well tried and found faithful.

NEW AGGREGATIONS.

Holy Trinity Church, Paula, Kansas; St. Magdalen's, Newark, N. J.; St. Vincent de Paul's, New Hope, Ky.; Good Shepherd Convent, Helena, Mont.; St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wheeling, W. Va; St. Patrick's Church, Stoneham, Mass.; Our Lady of Lourdes, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Augustine's, Elkridge, Md., two aggregations; St. Bernard's, Watertown, Wis., two aggregations; St. John Baptist's, Summit, Wis; St. Patrick's, Sparta, Wis.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying.—How Our Lady Died.

How hard it is to be separated by death from those we love. Imagine then what must have been the feelings of Mary at the foot of the Cross. Though her divine Son rose again from the dead on the third day and appeared to His Blessed Mother, though He conversed with her from time to time during the great Forty Days, yet with His ascension came the separation. True she was ever united to Him in spirit, but she lacked His visible presence.

How long her earthly exile from Him lasted is not certain. It certainly covered many years. Not that she was not worthy of her reward, nor that her divine Son was not anxious to crown her, but because she was to be the model of those who are left to wait.

Before the time of her release she returned to Jerusalem, that she might visit again the spots hallowed by the passion and death of her Son. Her chief solace was to assist at the Holy Sacrifice in the Cenacle and receive sacramentally into her heart, Him, who, years before had become incarnate there by the power of the Holy Ghost.

What a spectacle for the angels to behold the Beloved Disciple offering up His divine Master as a victim and giving Him as the bread of angels to their queen.

But the time at length arrived when our Lord came to His Blessed Mother in viaticum. The long exile was about to end. The news spread abroad, the Apostles and other Christians gathered to be present at an event both joyful and sorrowful. For the last time she spoke to them of the kingdom of God, gave her parting counsels and assurances of her never-dying love.

"Weep not" she said, "for me or for yourselves. Not for me should you weep, since you know whither I am going, and that I shall exchange this mortal life for one glorious and immortal. How long have I been separated from my Son and my God? How long have I sighed for this hour? If then, you love me, rejoice with me and help me praise the goodness of God. Nor should you weep for yourselves; if

I have helped the Church while on earth, more powerfully shall I help it when in heaven, at the side of your Saviour and mine. There shall I be an advocate for the needs of all the faithful. There shall I watch over all with a mother's love." Tears were in the eyes of all, tears of sorrow mingled with joy.

Suddenly the chamber was flooded with light, for her Son, attended by a multitude of angels, came from heaven to receive her blessed soul. Then the fire of divine love, which inflamed this matchless soul, severed the bonds that held it in the body. It was not sickness nor decay that caused our Lady's death, but the supreme effort of her love to unite itself with God. So was her intense longing "to be dissolved and to be with Christ" fulfilled. Her earthly mission was at an end, she could truly say "it is consummated," for "I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do," and there is a crown of justice laid up for me, which the Lord, the just judge, shall give me at that day."

WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

Father Barnum, S.J., whose interesting sketch of Alaska appeared in the *Messenger* thus writes to us :

REVEREND DEAR FATHER :

Far away in the dreary northland of Alaska, on the bleak coast of Bering Sea, stands the lonely little mission station where the Jesuit Fathers labor among the Eskimo.

Only once a year can any communication be held with the great outer world.

Here in this remote and desolate region, amid boundless ice fields, removed from all human aid, deprived of all civilized food, exposed to the rigor of the Arctic climate, for eight years the Jesuit Fathers have struggled on in their efforts to evangelize the natives.

At present their means are entirely exhausted, and hence we beseech you by the love and zeal you have for the Faith, to aid us in continuing its propagation in this remote and inhospitable territory.

Any donation which your charity may prompt you to offer will be most gratefully appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

REV. FRANCIS BARNUM, S.J.,
Eskimo Mission,
Norton Sound, Alaska.



Many of the patrons of the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville are anxiously enquiring about the celebration of the 250th anniversary. It is gratifying to see the interest in and the devotion towards this hallowed spot. It is, however, too early for us to give anything like a definite plan. The pilgrims to the Shrine during August next may be certain of having every opportunity to satisfy their devotion, as those who visited it in the past years can amply testify. Whatever programme will be determined on will be duly announced in the pages of the PILGRIM.



No notes could be more acceptable to the lovers of the Shrine than the interesting account, which the PILGRIM now offers, of the Apostle of the Mohawks. This simple and edifying narrative gives us an insight into the saintly life of Father Jogues, and draws us more strongly to the spot, the Shrine at Auriesville, where he closed his life of sacrifice by a heroic death, in testimony of the Gospel he preached to the savages. We are confident that our readers will be pleased to learn that we intend to give Father Buteux's full account in the pages of the PILGRIM.



An evidence of the admiration which our readers feel for Father Jogues is given from month to month in the list of "Contributions to the Shrine." May these contributions increase, and make it possible to erect, ere long, a fitting memorial to this holy missionary, who was one of the first to give up his life for the souls dear to the Sacred Heart.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

After the murder of the two Huron prisoners, the Iroquois distributed the spoils, and then embarked. Father Jogues and his two French companions, although maimed and bleeding, were obliged to get into the canoes. The heat was intense, and their crunched and mangled fingers, for want of dressing, began to putrefy and breed worms. Their agony was indescribable. They passed the nights without sleep and the days without food. The mosquitoes that infested the river banks tormented them, but a still greater torment came from the Indian boys, who now and again, with cool cruelty, would pluck out hair from the heads and beards of the captives; then they would dig their nails, sharp as awls, into the poor prisoners' wounds, and renew and increase the pain.

The only consolation of Father Jogues was to feel that it was the will of God. In the evening he would gather all the captives together to encourage and console them. Sorely did they need his help, for, besides their present sufferings, news was brought of the approach of a band of 200 Iroquois warriors, who were on a little island, distant about a day's journey. This meant a renewal of all that they had previously undergone, and as the tormentors were more numerous so would the fresh torment be greater.

Their course was directed towards the island. As they drew near it they saw a scaffold on which the victims were to be exposed. The Iroquois awaited them. Their welcome was expressed by blows of heavy clubs with which each was armed.

Father Jogues was the last to land, as they wished him to receive as many blows as all the others together. His body was all bleeding. They beat him even on the face with sticks two feet long and two inches thick. As there was no part of his body without wounds, the young savage imps dug their long nails deep into them to renew all the pain.

One of the Father's fingers still remained, and this was seized by a savage, who crunched it until the bone came out. The victim's courage did not fail in consequence of the agony he endured, but the body succumbed from weakness, and he fell to the earth. In all the eight days he had not had as much food as would have been sufficient for one day. It was a spectacle to excite pity, but on the contrary it aroused the cruelty of these Iroquois. They approached him as he lay upon the ground and burned his arms and his legs with their pipe, into which they blew with all their might.

His own sufferings could not make the good shepherd forget his flock. Forgetting himself when he saw them in danger, he exhorted the Frenchmen and the Hurons to endure their torments with patience. He encouraged the brave Eustace especially, for they had cut off his thumbs, and, as if this were nothing, had sharpened a stick which they were forcing between the skin and the flesh from the hand to the elbow. The Father, who had seemed not to feel his own torture, was moved to tears of compassion for the sufferings of the good neophyte.

Eustace, seeing his tears, wanted to make a return for this affection. In spite of his agonizing pains, he turned to the Iroquois and said: "The tears which the Father is shedding are tears of courage and of affection for me. They are not signs of weakness, for though he weeps for me, he did not weep for himself."

"It is true," said the Father, "I do not feel my own sufferings as much as yours. You see me all covered with wounds and blood, but I count them as nothing in comparison with what I see you suffer. Take courage, my poor brother, and remember that there is another life, and God, who beholds all, knows how to recompense all that we now endure for Him." "I shall try to persevere," replied the good neophyte—and in fact he endured all his torture with heroic courage.

Having thus tormented their prisoners, the Iroquois gave them some rest and respite. But there was none for the Father. A savage, wild with rage, approached him, knife

in hand. With his left hand he seized his victim's nose and tried to cut it off. But, as if repelled by some hidden power, he could not succeed and was compelled to give it up. The Father was not surprised at the fury of the savage, whom he looked upon as the instrument of the justice or mercy of God, to whom he said: "*Lord, not my nose only, but my head.*" But God was satisfied with the good will, and the savage went away baffled.

After some time, as if he had been reproached for missing his object, though not a word had been uttered, he returned, more enraged than ever to the Father, and renewed the attempt to cut off his nose. It was vain. He seemed powerless to wield the knife. God's hour for His servant's death had not come, but had they cut off his nose, they would not have allowed him to live, for they could not have given him away in their country thus mutilated, nor could they have restored him to the French.

They spent only one night on this island. The next morning they started, the warriors making for Richelieu, and the others setting out towards the country of the Iroquois. They met new bands every day to the dismay of the prisoners, who feared for their fingers and their lives; as for blows and bruises they dreaded them less. The third day after they had left all the bands of warriors they reached the place where they were to leave their canoes. They landed and each one took up his load. The savage who had charge of Father Jogues, unable to carry all his booty, put part of it on the Father's back. Worn out with suffering, fatigue and fasting, he could scarcely drag himself along. But charity gave him strength to help the savage to save his spoils. This, however, entailed great pain, for the heat was intense and they had no victuals except such as they could find on the way, such as berries and wild fruit. For three days did he drag himself along with his heavy burden.

On the evening of the third day, when all had taken their places around the fire, a huge caldron was hung up and filled with water. The Father, who was very weak and had eaten nothing for a long time, thought that they were preparing for a feast, and made up his mind to partake of it

in order to have strength for more suffering. But his hope proved vain. The repast consisted only of hot water, of which all drank freely to stay their hunger. So this night, like the preceding nights, they went to rest supperless. The next morning they started without breaking their fast. Hunger quickened the gait of the Indians, so that the Frenchmen, on account of the sufferings they had endured, could not keep up with them.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions.....	\$10 00	H. O'D., London, Canada....	1 00
H. P. M., Durr, La., for the statue.....	1 00	C. M., Phila., per Bro. O'N....	5 00
M. O. L., New York City....	4 00	A. R., Holyoke, Mass.....	1 00
N. O. S., Fredericktown, Ohio.	1 00	Rev. E. W. J. L., Doylestown, Ohio.....	10 00
N. N., Little River, Conn., for the statue.....	1 00	C. T., Phila., Pa.....	1 00
Anon., New York City, in thanksgiving.....	1 00	P. H., Moberly, Mo.....	1 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.....	1 00	J. R. M., Chicago, Ill.....	1 00
M. L., Flushing, N. Y., a gold ring.		Rev. J. H. McM., New York City, in thanksgiving.....	1 00
Mrs. S., New York City, one gold brooch, a pair of earrings and an agate.		"Anon." a gold ring, in thanksgiving.	
Miss A., per Rev. J. F. X. O'C., one silver bracelet, two gold diamond rings and a small watch-chain with diamond and pearl.		J. R., Bluefield, W. Va., a gold ring for the crown.	
		E. C., Newark, N. J., sundry precious stones.	
		M. I. O'D., Brooklyn, N. Y., sundry pieces of gold and silver collected from several persons.	

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Zambesi Mission.		For the Most Needy Mission.	
M. J. C., Lamine, Mo.....	\$ 25	J. McC., Grand Forks, N. D..	3 00
E. K., Lowell, Mass., stipend.	4 00	J. J. R., Somerville, Mass....	5 00
For the Japanese Lepers.		C. M., Phila., per Bro. O'N....	10 00
Rev. A. J. C., Grande Ronde, Ore.....	1 50	C. R., Holyoke, Mass.....	1 00
P. C., New Britain, Conn.....	2 00	For the Madagascan Mission.	
For Heathen Children.		"Anon." New York City....	1 00
J. C. N., St. Joseph, Fla.....	1 00	For Father Bapp, S.J., Jamaica Mission.	
		C. M., Phila., per Bro. O'N....	5 00
		For the American Indian Mission.	
		S. T. K., Chicago, Ill.....	1 00



LEAGUE NOTES.

The "Revival of the Christian Spirit" is the General Intention for which we are all to pray in a special manner during this month. For this we must not only pray but work. The most effective work for this end which the Promoters of the League can do is to discharge faithfully the duties implied in the name and promote the practices of the League. The Associate can best work by fulfilling these practices. If these practices were adopted and adhered to by all, prayer, devotion to our Blessed Lady and the frequent reception of the Bread of Life would infuse into us that Christian Spirit which was the distinguishing mark of the first Christians and for the revival of which we are now praying.



The few notes from Local Centres which we give this month but confirm what we have just said and cannot but console the clients of the Sacred Heart. These short accounts are but samples of those daily received by us and which we will continue to publish from time to time to encourage and console the Associates, Promoters and Directors of the League.



In many of the larger Local Centres special annual reports are printed for the benefit of these Centres. We have lately received some of these annual reports and they indicate that the character of the League as a pious work has been thoroughly grasped. Among these reports we have the

Calendar and Annual for 1896 from St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, New York City. This is a neatly printed little book giving the calendar and short sketches of the lives of the principal Saints of each month. There is a gratifying account of the work accomplished during the past year, and the Rev. Local Director is to be congratulated on the work done through the effective organization which he has secured. The work of the present year is outlined and there is no department which has been neglected. There are committees for all the principal works of charity, such as visiting the sick, visiting prisons, instructing the ignorant in Christian doctrine, circulating good literature, besides attending to all the departments of League organization. St. Patrick's is a model Centre, and we feel confident that greater blessings will follow the labors of the League in this parish during the coming year.



A similar report of the work accomplished during the past, and work outlined for the present year is found in the *Directory of St. John's Local Centre, Utica, N. Y.* The little pamphlet gives a simple account of the different degrees of the League and its practices for the instruction of the members and applicants, as well as a full explanation of the organization of that model Centre. Such reports show the possibilities of the League in a parish, and should encourage Associates to co-operate with the Rev. Local Directors in all their zealous efforts to obtain through the League all the blessings which, through its instrumentality, the Sacred Heart designs for all.



The feast of the month, the Feast of the Purification, teaches us the generosity with which we should make the offering of ourselves to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our model is the generosity of Christ, offering Himself, and the generosity of the Blessed Virgin, offering her divine Son. Labor and suffering may accompany our labors; disappointment may be our reward for all we do to bring

others to the faithful service of the Sacred Heart, but this should not deter us. The sword of sorrow that was to pierce the virgin heart of Mary, did not prevent her from making a perfect offering of her divine Son for the redemption of the world.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

A perfect example for Associates of the League is given us by St. Ignatius, Martyr Bishop of Antioch and disciple of St. John. When asked by the Emperor Trojan : "Who art thou, poor devil, who settest our commands at naught?" Ignatius replied : "Call not him, 'poor devil,' who bears God within him." He explained these words by declaring that he bore in his heart Christ crucified.

All can and should imitate our Blessed Lady in her virtues ; but to St. Bridget it was given to resemble her even in outward appearance ; so that she was called "Altera Maria" and "Mary of the Irish ;" for she was looked upon as a living image in soul and body of Mary the Virgin Mother of God.

A model for all fathers of families is set us by St. Cornelius, the centurion. Holy writ describes him as "a religious man, and fearing God with all his house, giving much alms to the people and always praying to God." What was the consequence? "His prayer was heard and his alms were had in remembrance in the sight of God." St. Peter was ordered by God Himself to receive Cornelius and his household into the true church, the first fruits of the Gentiles, and "the grace of the Holy Ghost was poured out upon them."

In St. Blaise we have an instance of the way in which God sees fit to confer on the saints special powers in particular lines. So our saint has shown his influence for those who invoke him in cases of throat trouble.

In St. Andrew Corsini we see the beauty of those who are peace-makers. Though hard to himself and unsparing in his penitential exercises, he was all gentleness and kindness to sinners. Thus he gained them to God and brought peace and reconciliation into families.

One of the chosen companions and fellow-laborers of the Apostle of the Gentiles was St. Titus. He combined strength of character with patience and joyousness. He could inspire a salutary fear, while by his forbearance, kindness and sympathy he brought about the good of souls entrusted to him, so that St. Paul "gave thanks to God who had put such carefulness for them in the heart of Titus."

In St. John de Matha we have a pattern of those who devote their lives to the redemption of souls. He was called by God to assist in the establishing of the Order of the Holy Trinity to ransom Christian slaves and to care for the sick and prisoners. Has not every Associate a call of this kind each in his own way?

Where shall we find a more beautiful picture of Christian affection between brother and sister than in St. Benedict and St. Scholastica? They loved each other in God and for God, and their delight was to converse about the things of God. Of them it may truly be said that their "conversation was in heaven."

B. John de Britto teaches us to be faithful to the call of God. Every effort was made to thwart his vocation by his mother and the Court of Portugal, of which he was an ornament. But he was resolute. His desire was for mission work in India. He felt that it came from God. "Not to answer the vocation as I ought would be to provoke the justice of God." He labored fourteen years in that arduous field, and being banished returned to Portugal. When the occasion offered he went back to India and laid down his life for Christ.

In our age of compromise it is hard to realize the staunchness of the Christians in the time of persecution. They could save life and property by yielding, but instead they put their trust in God, and, like the Virgin Martyr, St. Agatha, prayed: "O Lord Jesus Christ, all that I am is Thine; preserve me against the tyrant, for Thou alone art my life and my salvation."

The Holy Souls had a remarkable advocate in St. Catharine de Ricci. She felt that they were the precious legacy left to us by Christ, and that their release from purgatory was

entrusted to us. So in her sufferings, willingly accepted, she would say: "I long to suffer all imaginable pains that souls may quickly see and praise their Redeemer."

All who have devotion to the Incarnate Son of God should cherish the memory of the great St. Cyril of Alexandria, Patriarch of that city. In the Council of Ephesus he defended and maintained the title of "Mother of God" for the Blessed Virgin, thus destroying the Nestorian heresy, which denied the unity of person in Christ. The Church puts this privileged title on our lips whenever we recite the *Hail Mary*.

We have in the Epistle of St. Paul to Philemon a striking exposition of the charity and humanity that masters should have for their servants. Onesimus, while a Gentile, had robbed his master and then run away. He was converted by St. Paul and then sent back to Philemon, "not now as a servant, but a most dear brother, especially to me, but how much more to thee both in the flesh and in the Lord?"

It is hard to combine great learning and humility, for, as the Apostle says "knowledge puffeth up." St. Peter Damian learned the secret of the combination. One of the greatest lights of his age, the adviser of seven Popes, a Cardinal Archbishop—he kept himself ever in humility, and was permitted at his own urgent entreaty to end his days in a hermitage.

We see exemplified in St. Matthias, the successor of Judas, the continuity of the Apostolic office, and the proof that the promise of Christ to be with the Apostles even unto the consummation of the world was to the holder of the Apostolic office and not to the individual man. The office remains, but the man passes away.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Joseph's Centre, Pittsfield, Mass.—Some months ago the *Messenger* complained of the lack of generosity of Associates in offering good works, saying that the number of Intentions far surpassed them. This set me at work examining the reports of our Centre to see if we were delinquent in this respect, and it gladdens me beyond telling to be able to

say that our good works each month far outnumber the favors asked for. This month there is a surplus of 3,245 good works.

—Holy Trinity Centre, Trinidad, Colo.—The League in this place is doing very well, thanks to the Sacred Heart. I have had a meeting of the League once a week since last September, in order to explain well all the points; and it is a pleasure to see the earnestness of the people once they have understood the workings of it. I have at present eighteen Bands—fourteen of Americans and four Mexicans—and I have great hopes that in a short time, with God's help, I shall be able to reach twenty or thirty Bands. The Friday devotions are indeed very well attended, many of the people coming from a very great distance.

—St. Peter's Centre, Stanley, Ky.—The Treasury of Good Works is improving. The League also continues to grow rapidly and the interest in it to increase apace.

—Holy Ghost Centre, Athens, Pa.—The feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother was celebrated with great solemnity and devotion, the majority of the congregation receiving Holy Communion at the early Mass and returning to assist at the late Mass. The evening devotions began at 7.30 with the singing of the *Veni Creator*, by the children's choir. The Rev. Pastor then addressed the new Sodalists and Promoters in a few well-chosen and encouraging words, after which twenty-two new members were received into the Sodality of Holy Angels, and Crosses and Diplomas were bestowed upon twelve new Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed. The services closed with the singing of the *Holy God we Praise Thy Name*. The day will long be remembered by all present.

—St. Joseph's Centre, Hammond, Ind.—We wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the establishment of the League in this parish. The Forty Hours' Devotion opened on Monday, November 1. The following Sunday the first reception took place. The reception opened with a hymn, followed by an act of consecration, during which those present were moved to tears. A second reception took place on the Third Sunday, the League and all its degrees having been explained at both Masses. The number received about 500.

—Sacred Heart Centre, Worcester, Mass.—Rev. Dr. Conaty writes: "I send you the December report and I am pleased with it. The increase in special communions is

very marked, as also in visits to Blessed Sacrament. Our daily Perpetual Communion, I think, averages about four or five. You will notice a marked increase in all Intentions, and especially in the Treasury of Good Works."

—St. Joseph's Centre, Shelbyville, Ind.—A solemn reception of Promoters was held on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, at which nine were received. The League is constantly increasing here. There are 160 belonging to the 2d Degree and a good number of them practise the 3rd Degree also. Many temporal and spiritual favors have been received. We are very thankful to the Sacred Heart.

—Immaculate Conception Centre Boston, Mass.—The Promoters of this Centre hold annually a social reunion strictly confined to their own members. It is a very enjoyable occasion. The last annual reunion, held December 26, in the young men's building, Boston College, was attended by 300 Promoters. Such social intercourse between Promoters deserves every encouragement.

—St. Joseph's Centre, Boston, Mass.—The League has made remarkable progress in this Centre during the past year. Forty new Promoters and 800 new Associates have been received during the year. The number of First Friday confessions and communions is becoming enormous. Two stereopticon lectures on the "Passion Play" and the "Madonna in Art" have been given during the year for the edification of the members, which were attended by some 3,000 people. The boys and girls have a special organization known as the "Knights" and "Young Ladies" of the Sacred Heart. They receive Holy Communion in a body on the First Friday. A retreat was given to the members of the League early in the spring, which was attended by over 2,000.

—St. Mary's Centre, Aurora, Ill.—We close the year with forty Bands in good working order. We have two weekly Bands of Perpetual Communion of Reparation. The Apostleship is working incalculable good among old and young, but especially among the young.

—St. Vincent's Centre, Chicago, Ill.—The Rev. Pastor writes: "The League is a valuable success in our parish. All have reason to be grateful to the Sacred Heart for many graces received during last month."

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Portsmouth, N. H.—I have made special efforts during the past six months to

increase the membership of the League of the Sacred Heart in my parish, and now, with God's help, I see some 650 members instead of about 200, as heretofore. The League has had, as it were, a second birth among us, and will bring many blessings upon its members in the future as in the past.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Fort Smith, Ark.—We are numerically rather strong, having now about 300 members, of whom about 100 practise the 3d Degree and nearly all say the Decade. We have the Holy Hour in Common, the Sunday night preceding the First Friday. The First Friday, Mass and Stations are always well attended, nearly all the congregation approaching the holy table. One week before Christmas each year we have had a donation to the poor. Our first was in '93, when we assisted thirty-five families. In '94, and again this year, we assisted fifty families. Besides this the children belonging to the League had a pound party for the poor children, which made many little ones happy. The League has taken up every interest connected with the parish. Our Bands were assigned certain days for attending Mass during Lent, May Devotions, June Devotions, to recite the Rosary publicly in October, and for Requiem Masses in November. Many of our members made an extra communion on Holy Thursday for those who neglect the Sacraments, and also on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and on Christmas Day. We have nine subscribers for the *Messenger*. We distribute twenty sets of *Decade Leaflets*, and every one seems to want a copy of the *League Devotions*.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Mother Louise O'Niel, Sister Mary Dominica Swayne, Sister Joanna Dolan, Sister Cecilia McCann, of the Order of St. Dominic, Dominican College, San Rafael; Sisters Barbara and Isidore, Convent of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Rochester, Minn.; J. Purcell, Rochester, Minn.; Mrs. Ellen Keely, Mrs. Harriet Hannigan, Miss Ida Giblin, Schenectady, N. Y.; Letitia Cassidy, Miss Lucinda O'Connell, Bucksville, Pa.; Mary Conaghan, St. Mary's Centre, Waltham, Mass.; Michael J. Considine, St. John's Centre, East Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Kate Hart, Taxarkana, Ark.—*May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.*

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Revival of the Christian Spirit.

THE Christian Spirit is the spirit of Christ, which is the reverse of the spirit of the world. The spirit of the world is summed up by St. John in the three-fold lust—"the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life;" that is, sensuality, avarice and pride. The spirit of Christ is self-denial, detachment from earthly goods, and humility.

The world seeks riches, pleasures and honor; Christ sought the contrary. Being the Creator and Lord of all things, He came into this world in the poverty of the crib; He lived in poverty, He died in poverty. While "the foxes have their holes and the birds of the air their nests, the son of man had not where to lay his head." He preached poverty and detachment from all earthly things: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." "Woe to the rich." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Christ practised and preached self-denial. He bore all the hardships incident to a life of poverty and hard labor; freely chose the way of suffering and the painful and ignominious death of the Cross. "Having joy set before him he endured the Cross, despising the shame." The same way He has pointed out to us: "If any one will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

In like manner, Christ condemned the spirit of pride by His self-abasement. He concealed the glory and majesty of His divinity. "He emptied himself, taking the form of a servant. . . . He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; that is His teaching.

This is the true Christian Spirit—contempt of the world's riches, pleasures and honors. It is the spirit of Christ and of all His followers, the spirit that regenerated the world, that animated the saints and martyrs, that produced all that goodness and greatness and sanctity and enlightenment which the world has witnessed since Christ blessed it with His visible presence. "Send forth thy spirit, and they shall be created; and thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

REVIVAL OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, February 16.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M.—*Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. S. *St. Ignatius*, Bp. M. (107)—*St. Bridget*, V. Ab. (Ireland, 523)—All for Jesus; Directors' Intentions.—Pr.
2. S. *Septuagesima*.—*St. Cornelius*, Centurion (90)—Spirit of sacrifice; 60,660 thanksgivings.
3. M. *Purification* B.V.M.—*St. Blaise*, Bp. M. (316)—Faith; 22,657 in affliction.—A. I., A. C., S., B. M.
4. T. *Prayer of our Lord*—*St. Andrew Corsini*, Bp. (O. C., 1373)—Patience in trials; 21,331 dead Associates.—2d D.
5. W. *Three Japanese Martyrs* (S. J., 1597) *St. Philip of Jesus*, M. (Minorite)—Respect the poor; 15,166 League Centres.
6. Th. *St. Titus*, Bp. (94)—*St. Dorothy*, V. M. (394)—Unselfishness; 9,695 First Communions.—HH.
7. F. *First Friday*—*St. Romuald*, Ab. (1207)—Pray for Missions; 38,220 departed souls.—1st D., A. C.
8. S. *St. John de Matha*, F. (Trinitarians, 1213)—Pray for sinners; 83,584 employment, means.
9. S. *Sexagesima*—*St. Apollonia*, V. M. (249)—Pray for sufferers; 53,047 clergy.
10. M. *St. Scholastica*, V. (O. S. B., 543)—Simplicity; 97,353 children.
11. T. *Seven Servites*, FF. (1233)—*B. John de Britto*, M. (S. J., 1693)—Love our Lady; 255,948 young persons.
12. W. *St. Agatha*, V. M. (257)—*St. Eulalia*, V. M. (304)—Spirit of prayer; 54,898 families.
13. Th. *St. Catharine de Ricci*, V. (O. S. D., 1590)—Avoid bad company, 87,015 perseverance.—Pr. H. H.
14. F. *St. Cyril of Alexandria*, Bp. D. (444) *St. Valantine*, M. (376)—Persevering prayer; 20,260 reconciliations.
15. S. *BB. J. B. Machado*, S. J., and *Comp. MM.* (1617)—Mortification; 57,847 spiritual favors.
16. S. *Quinquagesima*—*St. Onesimus*, Bp. (Disciple of St. Paul)—Confidence in God; 50,219 temporal favors.
17. M. *St. Finlan*, Ab. (560)—Trust God's mercy; 51,743 conversions to the faith.—C. R.
18. T. *St. Simeon*, Bp. M. (107)—Suffer cheerfully; 48,583 schools.
19. W. *Ash Wednesday*—*St. Conrad of Placentia* (1351)—Reparation; 27,126 sick, infirm.
20. Th. *St. Eucherius*, Bp. (718)—*St. Mildred*, V. Ab. (650)—Pray for the Pope; 16,700 missions, retreats.—H. H.
21. F. *Holy Passion of our Lord*—*B. Diego Carvalho*, M. (S. J., 1624)—Forget self; 9,225 pious works, societies.
22. S. *St. Peter's Chair at Antioch*—*B. Isabella*, V. (1270)—Pray for Bishops; 14,472 parishes.
23. S. *1st in Lent*—*St. Martha*, V. M. (252)—Love of the poor; 123,911 sinners, intemperate.
24. M. *St. Peter Damian*, Bp. D. (1072)—Vigil of *St. Matthias*—Fear no idleness; 55,920 parents, superiors.
25. T. *St. Matthias*, Apostle (65)—*St. Walburga*, Ab. (780)—Seek to be unknown; 22,783 seminarists, novices.—A. I. B. M.
26. W. *Ember Day*—*St. Margaret of Cortona*, Penitent (O. S. F., 1297)—Spirit of penance; 739,965 religious, vocations.
27. Th. *St. Leander*, Bp. (Seville, 596)—Sorrow for sin; 24,936 special, urgent.—H. H.
28. F. *Ember Day*—*Holy Crown of Thorns*—*St. Oswald*, Bp. (York, 922)—Gentleness; 73,463 varicous.
29. S. *Ember Day*—*St. Dositheus*, Solitary (VI. Century)—Love solitude; Messenger Readers.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 1st of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at LaSalette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

MARCH, 1896.

No. 3.

ST. JOSEPH.

BY H. V. R.

BUT once in yearly course the Holiest Place
Could God's anointed High Priest enter in
With blood of spotless victim shed for sin,
Atonement there to make for Adam's race.
God's presence did this sanctuary grace,
Enthroned betwixt the golden cherubin ;
Whither in awe the High Priest came to win
Mercy and peace before God's veiled face.

* * * *

O Blessed Joseph ! wondrous portion thine—
Thy earthly home became a heavenly shrine
Wherein the Godhead dwelt in mortal guise.
So flowed thy life in converse all divine,
Until in Mary's arms thou didst resign
Thy soul, while Jesus opened paradise.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

A PIOUS pilgrim thus describes his approach to the privileged scene of the Annunciation and of the Incarnation of the Son of God.

“For hours I rode along a spacious plain. No house, no road was in sight. At length I arrived at the foot of a mountain. My Arab pony climbed the rocky road that reflected the rays of the hot noon-day sun. Near the top of the hill the path wound along a rippling brook that flowed through a deep ravine. The poor beast exhausted with heat and fatigue tried to drink of the refreshing streamlet ; but not until he knelt down on his forelegs like a camel could he reach the water as it had carved its narrow course a foot deep into the limestone.

“As I rode along the steep cliffs began to recede and gradually opened into a wide grassy valley. Around the hillside clustered a hamlet, its houses leaning upon the rocks and sometimes having entire apartments hewn from the solid stone.

“In this town live Turks and Christians side by side. The most conspicuous building is a Franciscan convent. From the beautiful convent church descend a few steps into a grotto, where many lamps are kept continually burning, and many men and women kneel in deep silence and devotion. I saw a man take off his shoes from his feet before entering the grotto, because he knew the place where he trod was holy ground. No Christian enters without prostrating himself and kissing the ground. From great distances, from all parts of the world, Christians journey to this place, and there pray with such intense devotion as they nowhere in the world experienced before.” (Alban Stolz.)

What is remarkable about this place that it has become such a great centre of attraction? The stupendous fact which made the spot holy is there recorded. Before the pilgrim stands an altar hewn from the living rock, and encased in marble. It is called the altar of the Annunciation. In front of it is a marble tablet worn with the kisses of the

faithful, on which are carved these words: VERBUM CARO HIC FACTUM EST (here the Word was made flesh).

Here the Archangel Gabriel, at God's behest, came down, appeared to our Blessed Lady in human form, and saluted her "full of grace" and "blessed among women." Here the Holy Ghost came upon her, and the power of the Most High overshadowed her. Here she spoke the words: "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word;" and she conceived of the Holy Ghost Him who was to be called the Son of the Most High, who was to "rule in the house of Jacob forever, of whose kingdom there shall be no end."

It was a marvellous and mysterious work that was here effected—a work which created mind cannot fathom—the Incarnation of the Son of God. Let us briefly consider the agents that were employed in this wonderful mystery.

First, it was the Angel of the Incarnation, Gabriel, one of those arch-spirits, whom God employs for extraordinary messages to man. He was, doubtless, one of those who, next to St. Michael, had shown greatest zeal in the cause of God. Only such a one was regarded worthy of such a message to so holy a creature as Mary was. Thus as a fallen angel was the cause of our fall, so a blessed angel was made to co-operate in the work of our Redemption.

He appeared to our Blessed Lady in visible form, as is manifest from the words that passed between them. We may well fancy with what reverence he introduced himself to her, who, in that moment was to become the Mother of God and the Queen of angels as well as men. This reverence is manifest from his words: "Hail full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women!" This was the first and doubtless the most devout recital of the beautiful prayer which all true Christians and children of Mary have been taught to lisp from their infancy.

He addressed her also with great tact and tenderness. He reassures her, dissipates all her doubts and misgivings; he explains to her the mystery of the Incarnation, as far as this can be done in human words "Fear not," he said, "thou hast found grace with God; the Holy One which will

be born of thee, shall be called the Son of the Most High. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. Behold, thy cousin Elizabeth hath also miraculously conceived."

While thus reassuring the Blessed Virgin the angel also gives a magnificent description of the Messiah and his priestly and kingly office—Jesus, the Saviour of His people, the eternal Ruler in the house of Jacob.

Our Blessed Lady in this mystery presents to us the grandest spectacle, the sublimest example of virtue. She is altogether unconscious of her own worth and merits. She cannot realize how such an honor should be conferred upon her. She stands abashed at the very sight of the angel and at the words of his greeting. "She was troubled and thought with herself: what manner of salutation is this?" She was concerned for her virginity, which she had vowed to God, and said: "How can this be whereas I know not man?" And after being assured that she was to conceive, not of man, but of the Holy Ghost, she submits in holy obedience to the divine will, saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Here she gives us an unparalleled example of humility, love of chastity and obedience. By these virtues she merited to become the Mother of God.

The Holy Trinity, at this moment, enamored of the beauty of her soul, descended to effect in her that wonderful mystery of love—the Incarnation of the divine Word. *THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.* The Holy Ghost, her Spouse, came upon her and prepared the abode of the eternal Son, arraying her soul with new beauty and lustre. The power and majesty of the Father shone upon her, conferring upon her supernatural fruitfulness. The Son took up His abode with her, became the blessed fruit of her womb—blessed is the fruit of thy womb, JESUS! She is truly the Mother of God; the Son of God, Himself God, is truly her Son, so that we can truly and confidently say: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us!" How, then, should we honor her whom God has thus honored in the Mystery of the Annunciation, not only by the message of an angel, but by His own closest and most mysterious union with her!

MISS SYBILLA'S CONVERT.

BY E. C. SHIPMAN.

“SYBILLA ! Oh, Sybilla !” called Mrs. Sprigg, “who is that coming up the garden walk ?”

Mrs. Sprigg was eighty and felt justified in spending most of her time close to her window looking out upon the prospect. And, indeed, there is not a prettier prospect in the world than at St. Blaise's Bay. It was too bad, for Mrs. Sprigg, who was vivacious and observant, that few creatures came within her range save her own ducks waddling contentedly for the blue water or old Uncle Jason, the negro, scraping up oysters. Miss Sybilla understood perfectly the note of excitement in her voice and even shared it a trifle as she came to the window.

“I don't know, mother,” she said, glancing between the muslin curtains, “I never saw him before.”

“I reckon it is some one who has put up at the wharf for vegetables,” suggested Mrs. Sprigg.

But Miss Sybilla did not confirm her in this surmise. She let the curtain fall and turned back to her work.

“Sybilla, it can't be the tax-collector. That man's not coming back for more money !” Indignation mingled with the excitement.

“No, indeed, mother. The taxes are paid and they aren't due for another six months now.” Miss Sybilla went on measuring the breadths of gingham. She was terribly matter-of-fact, her mother felt, and emphatically belied her mystic name ; she had been matter-of-fact in her youth when she insisted upon wearing thick-soled, high shoes instead of delicate sandals such as her mother delighted in ; she never worked herself into a fever of surmising as Mrs. Sprigg did, she waited until matters solved themselves, and now having attained the age of forty odd and gray hairs, she was still matter-of-fact. Such a solid quality is often a trial to a mother who feels that her years justify her in returning to the delightful inconsequence of earlier days.

"Well, I'm thankful you've got your father's head for calculating ; I never could keep track of such details. In *my* young days there was always a man handy to look after those things. Well, Lucindy," she added sharply, "why don't you speak up and not stand there with your mouth open like a chicken with the gapes ? "

Lucindy was waiting for her breath which she had outrun in her rapid scamper upstairs. She stood just inside the door casting alternate glances from one lady to the other.

"Please'm, a man downstairs wants to see Miss S'villa."

"A *man*, a *man*, Lucindy ! "

"To see me, Lucindy ? "

The sentences were simultaneous, but Lucindy was politic enough to address herself to the elder lady.

"A gemman, Miss Jane, downstairs on de poach."

"That's something like ! Anybody would take you for a field-hand, Lucindy, instead of the great-granddaughter of my father's own body servant, one of the politest negro men I ever saw. 'Gen-tle-man' is the word, Lucindy."

"Yaas'm. 'Gen-tle-man,' Miss Jane."

"Why didn't you ask the gentleman into the parlor ? "

"He 'clar he wouldn't come, Miss Jane, so I ast him to take a cheer en' I brung him a pa'm-leaf fan." Lucindy felt during her recital a comforting conviction that her mistress could find no field-hand behavior here.

Miss Sybilla had gone to the little, dim, mahogany-framed mirror to smooth her shining hair ; she looked steadily at the grayish locks, or at the brooch beneath to see that it was straight and did not glance at her large, cheerful features. Then she went out of the room composedly.

Mrs. Sprigg, sitting in her great chair, felt more fluttered at the thought of the stranger downstairs ; she bobbed up to take a glance at the rows of little white curls falling from under the cap on either side of her face and pulled up the ruffle of lace around the neck of her white gown.

As Miss Sybilla stepped out on the porch, a gentleman, sitting on one of the side benches in the shadow of the vines, rose and took off his broad-rimmed hat with a deferential bow.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, madam," said the stranger in his turn, "a fine morning;" then they both sat down.

"The weather is delightful," answered Miss Sybilla.

"And one of the prettiest views here I ever looked at, madam, and I have seen some of the finest sights our American continent affords."

Miss Sybilla looked at him with some interest. He differed slightly from the St. Mary's type; he was more expansive, more exaggerated, with an air of provincial cosmopolitanism, if one may say so, about him, although an unprejudiced observer would have found, I think, a St. Mary's basis to the man. The heartiness in his voice was also on his bluff, middle-aged face.

"Our view is very nice," again observed Miss Sybilla with her accustomed moderation.

Who of us can forget that view—the green lawn sloping under its locusts to the waters of the bay, a long slope well planted with flowering shrubs and soft to the foot with its thick, close-shorn, homely grass; beyond, almost as far as the eye reaches, a vast, unquiet, shining plain of bluish silver water?

"I called to ask, madam, if you could show me through the church to-day?"

Miss Sybilla brightened perceptibly; above her independence, above her delight in farming, above her unaffected pride in her own ancestry, rose superior her pride and delight in the church, where she was sexton and where more than once at benediction, when no boy was handy, she had swung the censer outside the altar-rail, as correctly as an acolyte.

"Certainly," she said, "if you will kindly wait a minute while I get my hat."

She ran upstairs more lightly than the agile Lucindy and came into her mother's presence a little flushed with haste. Mrs. Sprigg let a beam of approval brighten her blue eyes.

"Who is it, Sybilla, child? Not a photographer, I hope. I won't have a picture of the house taken while those chimneys are uneven. They have been uneven ever since

they were built, a hundred years ago, but I won't have a picture taken. You may as well tell him no."

"It is not a photographer, mother; it is a gentleman who wants to see the church. I don't think he lives about here."

"To see the church! Well, I reckon he can't live about St. Blaise's. Why didn't he wait till Sunday?"

"I don't know, mother," Miss Sybilla was tying on a huge, black hat, known as "sundown," because of its eclipsing qualities.

"Mercy, child, don't wear that fright!" urged her mother. "Do, pray, Sybilla, put on your hat with the black lace and yellow roses."

"Why, mother, just to cross the fields."

"Certainly. You're going with a gentleman, remember."

"He wants to see the church, mother. He won't know whether I wear lace or straw."

She went out and presently Mrs. Sprigg saw them crossing the meadow to where the church lifted its spire airily from the flat expanse of field. St. James the Less was not an imposing building, but it was new and had Gothic windows (a late American Gothic, in pine), and a spire, besides other points that were as unusual in the square, evangelical churches of the county as its ritual was different. Miss Sybilla, in addition to her duties as sexton, was man-of-all-work for St. James'. If the churchyard presented an appearance of having triumphed over weeds and broomsedge, it was owing to the efforts of Miss Sybilla, together with the wielding of Uncle Jason's scythe. If the fence and tree-trunks dazzled one's eyes in the hot sun with a coat of brilliant whitewash, you knew that Miss Sybilla, her sun-bonnet on her head, and brush in hand, had spent Saturday decorating the beloved domain.

The stranger stepped apologetically about the building trying to soften his footsteps to a semblance of Miss Sybilla's hushed gliding. The brilliant summer light was chastened by the papered windows (artfully deceiving one into the belief they were stained glass) and tinted the white walls delicately with color; the altar stood withdrawn into its

recess and clear of all its ornaments which were laid away until next Sunday. The visitor looked with awe at the crucifix on the top of the little Gothic tabernacle, genuinely interested and holding his hat against his breast boyishly enough. He clumsily imitated Miss Sybilla's swift, reverent genuflection and was absorbed in her softly spoken explanations of the stations, or about the organ, which the Archbishop had given them; he even peered up into the belfry to see the dark open mouth of the bell yawning over him, till something of pride rose in his guide's breast at her own powers of conversation.

When they had come out into the yard, the chirp of the birds, the droning of the insects, even the rustling of the leaves seemed too noisily cheerful. The visitor put his hat on and smiled at the wide, green landscape; he resumed his ordinary expression and turned to Miss Sybilla.

"You have a mighty nice little church here. I've seen 'em something like this in California."

"You have?" she tried to keep the pride out of her voice. She knew it was as pretty as any church.

"Yes; I am very glad I saw it, for I don't mind confessing, now you have been so kind, that I made a bet I could see it on a week day."

The reaction was too great; Miss Sybilla sank down upon the church steps.

"A bet! A bet about the house of God! Don't you know that the church is a consecrated, a holy place?"

She was white with indignation, whether at the trifling with herself or the church she did not clearly know then.

"Indeed, Miss Sprigg, I oughtn't, perhaps, have mentioned the fact to a lady—I have always thought a bet a very harmless little thing, and my brother-in-law, a good fellow——"

"You have done a very wicked thing, I consider," she interrupted, "and I was very wrong to show you the place. Don't you know that this is a sacred spot, where men come to pray, where children are baptized, where people are married, and where the last blessings are given to the dead?"

She let her hand fall into her lap and looked up at him very bitterly. He hung his head.

"I wish you would let me explain, Miss Sprigg," he said, scraping the turf with his embarrassed foot.

"Explain! You cannot explain more fully. I know what a bet is—it is pure gambling. That is what it is!"

"But, Miss Sprigg——," he began.

"Don't try to soften it, sir," she said, severely; "if a church is not a sacred spot to you, it is to me, and I have been more shocked than I can say. I shall content myself with saying good morning, sir, hoping that you will some day look into a church with a vastly different intention from to-day."

She made him a majestic bow and walked down the steps. He followed close behind her, dismay written on his florid, wholesome face. At the gate he began again, humbly.

"Indeed, Miss Sprigg, I beg your pardon; but it was a very innocent little bit of a bet. However, my brother-in-law Calderwell has lost a new saddle by it."

Miss Sybilla stiffened instantly on detecting a faint note of triumph.

"A bet, sir, is a bet, and it is all gambling."

He was gratified at the sound of her voice, even such a frosty sound as that, and took heart enough to say,

"I won't, madam, I vow I won't use that saddle!"

"Don't add swearing to your gambling, sir. I wish you good morning." And Miss Sybilla marched across the meadow, holding her shoulders very erect and letting her frock trail over the stubble instead of holding it up thriftily as was her wont, for it behooved the Spriggs to be thrifty—a new dress was not to be had every season.

But in spite of Miss Sybilla's disdain she was destined to see every Sunday near the right hand aisle, the large figure of the man, Mr. Alexander Brewer, as she found him to be named. At first, it distinctly angered her, the sight of those square shoulders and thick grayish hair; she used to stiffen her back perceptibly and walk to her pew holding up a very haughty head upon which reposed her black lace and yellow roses. The yellow roses would quiver with sympathetic

indignation too. It was almost as vexatious as the Latin pronunciation of the choir which Miss Sybilla (her own pronunciation was not above reproach) drilled into it on Saturday, only to hear poured out on Sunday with a strong Maryland tide-water infusion. And Father Yorke, who, if he couldn't sing, knew a discord when he heard it, invariably asked after Mass, who had sung G instead of C, and each member as invariably refused to take upon himself the responsibility.

Meantime, during the week, they heard, as one does hear in the country, as from the air about, that Mr. Alexander Brewer was the rich brother of Mrs. Calderwell, that he had gone away from St. Mary's when very young, and now came back from Oregon, having made his fortune there ; that he was a bachelor, and was desirous of settling in his native county. Mrs. Sprigg was interested hugely. She made Miss Sybilla describe him again and again, and wanted to know all he had said and why he had not called since. But Miss Sybilla was discreet and made her descriptions as short as possible.

"Mercy, child ! you might as well go into a convent at once. Don't you know how he looked ?"

"He is rather portly, mother."

"I hope he is at his time of life, and as comfortably well off as he is. A pretty figure he'd make thin ! I knew his mother intimately, Maria Brewer, and I would like to know what her son looks like, but young women, it seems, have no eyes nowadays."

A further surprise was in store for Miss Sybilla. One Saturday morning early, as she came from the church where the children sat in attentive, miserable rows (it was Father Yorke's day for examining them, which that hard-worked missionary priest had to snatch when he could get it), she saw looming up at one end of the pew Mr. Alexander Brewer. His ruddy face was quite serious as he bent over the little, dog-eared catechism he had borrowed from the nearest child. Her heart beat for a moment with sincere respect for his earnestness and simplicity. He looked at her quietly as she walked along surveying her charges, for Miss

Sybilla was also superintendent of the Sunday-school, but he did not explain his appearance. There he sat as the questions came along the shuffling embarrassed line.

"What do you mean by grace?"

No answer. Father Yorke shook his head and repeated his question, but there was still a profound silence.

"By grace I mean a supernatural gift of God bestowed on us through the merits of Jesus Christ, for our salvation," supplied Father Yorke, adding, "That was very badly said, very badly said. Sybilla, these children will never be ready for confirmation next spring."

Half a dozen pairs of eyes looked expostulation at Miss Sybilla, but the mouths below did not open even in protest. The shyness of the little rustics would not relax; to Miss Sybilla alone they could have repeated their questions "word for word without the book," now the combined presence of their pastor and Mr. Brewer was too much for them. Wise Miss Sybilla! who began the preparation at least a year in advance, so that the sheer force of knowledge cured their dumbness. The questions went on down the pew sometimes answered, sometimes not, as the child was able to find his tongue, till one was flung at Mr. Brewer, and Father Yorke, lifting his spectacled, absent eyes, found they rested on a broad, cloth-clad chest, and was obliged to lift them higher.

"Why, what is this?" he asked, a little bewildered.

"I came for instruction, sir," answered the other, "I understood it was to be had in the Sunday-school."

"I am glad to see you. Sybilla, you never told me of this gentleman in your report."

"I didn't know, Father Yorke." A distinct flush was mounting to Miss Sybilla's face. "This is Mr. Alexander Brewer, who has only lately returned to St. Mary's."

So Miss Sybilla found herself with a special pupil on her hands, a docile and tractable one, who had only one drawback, that what he apprehended so perfectly one week seemed to have vanished by the next. Perhaps all would have gone smoothly had not Miss Sybilla, in her zeal, undertaken to initiate him in Church history; at least the defect did not appear till then. He was genuinely moved by the

stories of the martyrs and the catacombs, but the list of popes seemed to weigh upon him. He studied conscientiously the names and dates, yet when Miss Sybilla bent her brows upon him with an inflexible query as to certain great characters among them, every name fled except the first and the last.

"To which of the popes is our beautiful chant attributed, Mr. Brewer?" Miss Sybilla would ask in a short, business-like tone.

"To which of the popes? Ah—ah—," stammered Mr. Brewer, "it couldn't have been the first one, could it, Miss Sybilla?"

"The first one, Mr. Brewer!" Rigid disapproval arched Miss Sybilla's eyebrows by way of emphasis.

"Oh, no, no; of course not," he hastily corrected himself, "I ought to have known. It must be our present one, Pope Leo the —."

"Now consider, Mr. Brewer, do!" urged Miss Sybilla, "our Gre-go-rian chant."

"Gre-go-rian chant," repeated the pupil still unenlightened, "now let me see."

At this point a fifteen year old girl who had been bobbing up and down in great impatience mouthed half audibly to Miss Sybilla,

"Pope Gregory the Great."

"That is correct, Rosa," said her teacher as severely as ever, "but it was not your question nor did I call on you. As a punishment for your impolite behavior, be prepared to stay after the others have gone and repeat the chapter on the articles of the Creed."

As for poor Mr. Brewer he looked at Rosa with a mixture of admiration for such attainments and of compunction for her punishment. There is no knowing how many more fragments of history he might have had to learn had not Father Yorke chanced unexpectedly on the scene as he was blundering among the list of popes.

"Tut, Tut, Sybilla!" was his comment, "Mr. Brewer will have plenty of time afterwards to learn that. There are more essential things just now. I'll examine him a little,"

and the kindly gentleman took up the examination which resulted in pronouncing Mr. Brewer ready and fixing the day for his baptism.

On the morning before that event he walked up Mrs. Sprigg's garden path as he had done six months ago. His face was thoughtful and preoccupied for he considered that he had a duty to discharge. He did not notice the autumn change in the trees and flowers nor how the leaves of the sheltering vine over the porch had vanished save a few which hung like vivid scarlet shreds; behind him the level, shining floor of the bay was dulled by an imperceptible mist which softened almost to effacement, the sharp blue lines of distance. Lucindy appeared in answer to his knock, grinning and in her chronic state of breathlessness. She knew him now as did the others of the household, and wished him a good morning as politely as the most well-bred servant in St. Mary's county. He presented his compliments to Mrs. Sprigg and desired to see Miss Sybilla; he would wait for her on the porch as the morning was mild.

"Yaas sah," and Lucindy sped away showing a pair of very flat heels in her swift retreat.

Miss Sybilla was washing the breakfast china at a table in the dining-room, a task she left to no one.

"Please'm, Mr. Brewa's out on de poach," announced Lucindy, "he say give his compliments to Miss Jane and he want see you, Miss S'villa."

"Why didn't you ask him in, Lucindy?" Miss Lucindy was wiping her hands in some agitation.

"He wouldn' come in; I ast him."

"How is my hair?" asked Miss Sybilla smoothing its satin folds.

Lucindy rolled her eyes up to Miss Sybilla's height.

"Hit's jes' lak glass Miss S'villa."

"And, Lucindy, don't you touch that china till I come back. Now mind!" was the final command as Miss Sybilla opened the door.

"No'm," Lucindy murmured guiltily; she was meditating that very minute the delight of fingering the delicate, fine stuff her mistresses had never yet entrusted to her hands. •

Miss Sybilla walked out in stately leisure upon the porch, but inwardly she was quaking ; Mr. Brewer had not since his offence called upon her alone ; what could be the occasion to-day, she wondered.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, madam," Mr. Brewer bowed humbly.

"Beautiful weather," she remarked.

"Beautiful, indeed," he answered. There was the customary silence for a second and Miss Sybilla was about to inquire concerning his health and his sister's health, according to the rural code which is, apparently, as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when Mr. Brewer began with some hesitation,

"I came, Miss Sybilla, to ask your pardon for—for the wager I made last summer. I apologize most deeply," he looked at her earnestly.

Miss Sybilla's face crimsoned, then tears came into her eyes, tears that increased every minute.

"At first I could not understand how I hurt you, it seemed such a little thing," he went on, "but now I see, it was an insult to your devotion and reverence, not to you personally, and it was coming to understand the force of that piety and reverence that made me wish to enter the church."

Miss Sybilla's tears came in a gush now.

"Oh, Mr. Brewer," she sobbed, her words muffled by the handkerchief, "you must not ask my pardon, it—it is I who beg you to forgive. Oh, I have been wicked ; wickedder than I ever thought I could be. I made a personal affair of that—that bet. Not that I don't think betting harmful ; I do," coming out of her handkerchief to enforce her principles and giving Mr. Brewer a glimpse of reddened eyes.

"My dear Miss Sybilla!" he said, distressed beyond measure at the outburst his words had occasioned.

"Yes ; I have been heartless and full of pride," Miss Sybilla sobbed on, "I even hardened myself against your humility, which, let me say it here, Mr. Brewer, I reverence and admire. I said to myself it was for effect and I determined to punish you and tire you out. It was partly that

which made me give you such hard lessons. Can you forgive me?"

"My dear madam, I have nothing to forgive, nothing. I came this morning to tell you that it was your example of reverence and strong sense of right that put me where I stand now —."

"Don't say that, sir," she interrupted, "I have had a wholesome glimpse into myself. I have seen that I have absolutely no humility—none at all. I don't know what it can be unless it is having authority over so much, the farm, the Sunday-school, mother, old Uncle Jason, Lucindy and all of them. It has bred sternness and pride in me. I've been almost un-Christian. Will you forgive me?"

"Will you forgive me?" he asked, in his turn, smilingly.

"If you insist upon my repeating the words, I will do so I forgive you."

"My words are only a repetition too," he warned her. "I have nothing to pardon; I forgive you."

They shook hands and he went away while Miss Sybilla stole upstairs with such a very deep flush and a look of agitation that they bred the liveliest and most pleasurable curiosity in her mother, who chanced to catch a glimpse of her. Lucindy, having waited in vain, washed the china contrary to orders and was delightedly surprised when Miss Sybilla, at dinner, said not a word of disapproval, but remarked to her mother that Lucindy was growing very neat and really fit to be trusted.

St. James the Less is the most improved church in St. Mary's county. Besides being rebuilt in brick, it has an ample churchyard well set with trees, some beautiful new statues and delicately sculptured Stations; it has real painted glass windows, and a fine organist from Baltimore, who, by dint of daily classes in Latin, has been able to introduce a more correct pronunciation among the choir. The choir, too, has changed; for when I was last there, at Easter, a train of surpliced boys sang the triumphant words of the *Gloria in Excelsis* with fresh and vibrant voices. But these novations, pronunciation as well as music, are, I believe, frowned upon by the more conservative parishioners of St.

James. Mrs. Sprigg, I know, says that boys' voices are only fit for shouting at play, and that as for her, the chanting sounds rather dull, and if it hadn't been Alexander Brewer's choice, she would speak her mind rather more frequently. It is to be noticed, too, that there are thick volumes of Church History in the library which are seldom troubled by the frequenters of that neat little room ; indeed I think it is chiefly the donor who consults them to read over now and then with zest the long list of Pontiffs, although he does not attempt to pronounce the names aloud. The saddle, won in Mr. Brewer's never-to-be-forgotten wager, was bestowed upon Father Yorke's young assistant, who had to ride often and far between his three mission churches, and Mr. Alexander Brewer himself is universally acknowledged to be the good genius of St. Blaise's Bay. It is he who finds work for the poor in winter upon his great farm ; it is he who first took up the idea of a mission among the barbarous oystermen ; it is he who is ever good tempered and cheery in the worst of times. They whisper—the long winter evenings in the country encourage such whisperings—that Miss Sybilla will some day marry her “convert,” but no one has yet dared mention it in her presence and, as before, Uncle Jason and Lucindy feel the weight of her authority. Her mother, however, acknowledges frankly that it would set her mind at rest if there were some one else than Uncle Jason about the place to depend on in case of fire or thieves and any how to look after Sybilla when *she* is gone.

THOSE who fail to subscribe for the *Messenger* now are losing a golden opportunity. We began a new series in January, which is greatly enlarged and improved in every respect. Expressions of the highest appreciation of the *Messenger* are literally pouring in upon us from day to day. Those who cannot afford to subscribe for the *Messenger* themselves cannot render their well-to-do friends a better service, than by inducing them to subscribe for it. They have only to put their names and address upon the subscription coupon in our *Advertiser* and forward it to us with their subscription.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

The approaching festival of the Annunciation, March 25, is the titular feast of the *Prima Primaria*, or Mother of all Sodalities, at Rome, and should therefore be celebrated with special solemnity by all duly aggregated Sodalities. This Mother Sodality, as is known to many of our readers, had its origin in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus, and was organized by a young Belgian scholastic, who is known in history by the name of Leon. His real Flemish name, as has been recently discovered by the Rev. Father Delplace, S.J., was *Leunis*.

Father Sacchini, S.J., historian of the Society, records the origin of the Sodality as follows: "In the year 1563, a pious association of the students of the lower classes was organized by a Belgian, by name John Leonius, who was teacher of the lowest grammar class. Accordingly, all the students of those classes, whose endeavor it was in a high degree to combine piety with proficiency in letters, met daily, after the classes were dismissed, in a class-room where there was a beautifully decorated altar of the Blessed Virgin. There they prayed in common for some time, and a passage was read from a pious book. On Sundays and feast-days, they also held evening devotions, with singing in accordance with the rite of the Church. From these small beginnings the Sodalities, devoted in a special manner to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, and for the great benefit of youth and of the faithful at large, developed and were organized under certain statutes and propagated over the whole world."

All the numerous favors and privileges granted to the Sodality by the Holy See have been conferred directly on the *Prima Primaria*. The other Sodalities partake of them only when aggregated to this Centre Sodality. The Supreme Director of this Sodality is the Father General of the Society of Jesus and as such he alone, by concession of the Holy

See, has power to aggregate other Sodalities to the *Prima Primaria*, and thus make them partakers of all the advantages and privileges granted to this latter.

Many other Sodalities have since surpassed the *Prima Primaria* in numbers as well as influence and activity, yet it always will be looked up to as the venerable parent and model of all Sodalities. From its organization and pious practices were taken all the constitutions, the statutes and regulations by which the Sodality is now governed.

RECENTLY AGGREGATED.

Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, New York City ; St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart Church, Omaha, Neb., two aggregations; St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.; St. Philomena's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, Mass.; SS. Peter and Paul's, Detroit, Mich.; St. Mary's, Burlington, Iowa.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—Death of St. Joseph.

Next to the Mother of God, who was so dear to our Lord as St. Joseph? Chosen from all eternity to be the guardian of the Holy Family, as spouse of the Blessed Virgin and foster-father of her Son, he is the pattern of householders, and the patron of God's great household of faith. But we shall here consider him as the patron of a happy death.

Why has the Church given him this office? Because she would have all her children die the death of the just. She would have them breathe forth their soul, as Joseph did, in the company of Jesus and Mary. This was his glorious privilege and appreciating it to the full, he would obtain a like happiness for all who commend themselves to him.

Think what it must have been for Joseph to die! It meant leaving Jesus and Mary! It meant severing the purest and holiest ties that ever bound mortals together. It meant to be deprived of the habitual presence and conversation of those whose company constituted a heaven upon

earth. It meant not what a Christian death now means—"to be dissolved and to be with Christ"—but to be dissolved and to be apart and away from Christ's actual presence. It meant to go to Limbo, and await the hour of Christ's advent there, when He, having triumphed over death, should open the gates for the prisoners detained there, that He might lead them with Him into heaven now opened to them.

Thus death affected St. Joseph as no other mortal, for none save our Lady was privileged to live in the company of the God-man for so many years. When the moment of dissolution was to come to Mary, heaven would have been long open and there would be no delay, no expectation; her blessed soul would wing its way at once to meet her Son. But St. Joseph is to teach us resignation to the will of God in leaving this earth when our hour comes, and accepting the separation from the dearest objects of our love.

For many years, well-nigh thirty, it may be, he had lived in the intimacy of Jesus and Mary, had shared their joys and their sorrows; the end had come. His eyes should no more look upon them, his ears no more listen to them; what a feeling of desolation must have taken possession of him. He had guarded and supported the divine Child. He had seen Him grow to boyhood and manhood. He had heard the wonderful prophecies in regard to his foster-son; and yet he must die before their fulfilment! But the spirit that animated that household at Nazareth was expressed by: "Be it done to me according to thy word." So, just as he had arisen at once to depart into Egypt at the warning of the angel, so now his soul is ready to depart to that land of exile where, as of old, he is to await God's further summons, to be given, not by an angel, but by the King of angels.

Thus is St. Joseph eminently fitted to be our patron at the hour of our separation from all earthly things. And as he had the supreme grace of having Jesus and Mary to assist him in his last moments, so will he use his power with them to obtain for us a like privilege. Let us try to live in the company of Jesus, Mary and Joseph in life, that in this same holy company we may breathe forth our souls in peace.



As the time approaches for the celebration of the 250th anniversary it is gratifying to see an increase of interest in the Shrine. The patrons of the Shrine and those who receive favors, both spiritual and temporal, through their devotion to the Queen of Martyrs, and in memory of those who gave their lives for the faith at Auriesville over 200 years ago, continue to send their donations that a suitable memorial may mark a spot dear to their hearts. Of course, this devotion and zeal is itself a memorial, but we hope that the day is not far distant when it will receive an enduring expression on this hallowed spot.



We are pleased to be able to record in this number a great spiritual favor, obtained through the prayers of the pilgrims who visited the Shrine last August. Several of them joined in a novena to the Queen of Martyrs in honor of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwitha, in order to obtain for an old man the grace of dying in the true faith. The prayers were faithfully recited every day at the Shrine in common, and many private acts of devotion were performed to obtain this favor. A few days ago the lady who suggested the novena at the Shrine called at the office of the Central Direction of the League to inform us that the favor had been obtained. The old man who was over ninety years of age, was taken ill about a month ago, called for the priest, was baptized and died strengthened by the sacraments of the Church. This conversion was more marked, because

his wife did not disguise her disapproval of the step her husband was taking. This is but one instance of many favors the clients of the Shrine have frequently to chronicle.



We have been asked by friends of the Shrine to have some memento of the 250th anniversary. We propose to have a souvenir medal made. On the face of the medal there will be in relief a figure of Father Jogues teaching two Indian children the holy name of Jesus. On the reverse there will be an appropriate inscription.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

As the savages hurried on, Father Jogues and René Goupil could not keep up with them, and were left alone. The Father suggested to René to make his escape, "though myself," he said, "could not in conscience do it." The young man at once answered: "Neither can I do it. Let me be the faithful sharer of your sufferings." So on they went, at some distance from the others, left quite to themselves.


An insolent young Indian, noticing that they were not walking as quickly as he saw fit, bade the Father take off his clothes, as they must be the cause of his slow movement. There was nothing to do but obey. So, clad only in a shirt, the Father reached the first of the two rivers to be crossed before arriving at the Iroquois villages. They pointed out to him a good place for crossing, where the current was supposed to be less swift, but had he not known how to swim, his sufferings would then and there have come to an end. He escaped this danger, and soon after reached the second river, less than a mile distant from the first village.

On the opposite bank of the river a crowd of Iroquois, men, women and children, had assembled to give them a

cruel welcome. A Huron, formerly captured in war, but whose life had been spared, was among them, and cried out: "You Frenchmen are dead men, you will be burned alive, there is no hope for you." This was not a very encouraging greeting. The prisoners had to cross the river, and climb up a steep bank. The Father, being the most important person, received the warmest welcome in the shape of beating with clubs, kicks and cuffs, so that he was covered with blood. His guard, though a savage, felt compassion for him in such a pitiable state, and, wiping off the blood, said: "Brother, you are badly treated."

They then moved on to the village. Before entering it they halted, and the Indians thanked the sun for having been propitious to them during the whole journey, for having given them prisoners, and especially Frenchmen. They next put these unfortunate men in line in order to make a better show in their triumphal entry. Iroquois were placed between every two prisoners to prevent their walking fast to escape from the blows. Then the young people were exhorted to receive the prisoners warmly after the fashion of the country, though there was no need of such an exhortation.

First in line, and stripped to the skin, walked William Couture, as being the most criminal, since he had killed an Iroquois of high standing. So well did they fulfil their order that the poor fellow was bleeding all over. After him came René Goupil, who was so cruelly beaten that he fell to the ground fainting, and so disfigured that he could not be recognized. He was all livid and bloody, and the whites of his eyes were the only white spots visible. They had to carry him to the scaffold prepared for the victims. Father Jogues, who came last, had not the least cruel reception. The first blow aimed at him came from a big piece of lead, weighing about two pounds, attached to a cord. This hit him in the back with such force that he fell to the earth as if dead. He arose, however, and moved on, amid a shower of blows, to the scaffold, which he mounted with his fellow sufferers. There he had good reason to say: "We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men."



In spite of this a chief cried out that they were treating the Frenchmen too kindly, that these were traitors, who had broken their faith, had killed some Iroquois, or at least had fired upon them. Incited by these calumnies, an Iroquois sprang upon the scaffold and gave each of the prisoners three good blows with his club. Perceiving that the Father had still two nails left, he tore them out violently. Scarcely had he got down before another savage, an old man, took his place. He commanded an Algonquin woman, who was with him, to gnaw the Father's fingers. At first she refused, but ended by taking the thumb of his left hand, bit it off at the root and spat it on the ground.

In all these tortures the Father spoke not a word, "like a lamb before his shearers." He picked up the finger, raised his eyes to heaven, calling to mind the Masses that he had said, and offered to God this finger in satisfaction for the little respect that he had shown to the Son of God when touching His Sacred Body.

Good William Couture, fearing that the Iroquois would make the Father eat it, begged him to leave it on the scaffold. Next the torturers turned on René Goupil and cut off his right thumb with an oyster-shell, that the pain might be keener. Blood flowed copiously from the wounded hands of the victims, but no one paid any attention to them. They remained so long in this condition that the Father was on the point of falling from weakness, owing to the loss of blood, when a savage, perceiving it, mounted the scaffold, wiped the wounds, tore off a piece of the Father's shirt and bound up the fingers of the Father and of René. Such was the only remedy and treatment offered them.

A woman, noticing that Father Jogues still had on something not absolutely necessary—his shoes and a pair of old socks, removed them and took possession of them, so that nothing now remained to him but a shirt, of which very little was left; thus did he resemble his divine Master in His extreme poverty on the Cross.



LEAGUE NOTES.

The General Intention for this month should awaken the interest of Promoters and Associates in the devotion to the Holy Family. This is one of the most salutary devotions, because it goes to the very root of society. The family is the foundation of society. As are the families, so shall be the states and society at large. The Holy Family is the model of the Christian family. The father, the mother, and the child, have respectively their pattern in St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the divine Child. In the Holy Family there was peace, happiness, contentment, because there were piety, charity, self-sacrifice, purity, humility, obedience and industry. Promoters and Associates of the League can do much to foster those virtues in their own homes and among those they come in contact with. They can also do much towards the spread of the Society of the Holy Family, where it has been introduced, in accordance with the ardent wishes of the Holy Father; also by having pictures of the Holy Family exposed in their homes, that they may always have the ideal of the Christian family before them.



We wish to remind our readers of the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier, beginning on the 4th and ending on the 12th of March. This novena has been called the Novena of Grace on account of the extraordinary graces which God is wont to give to those who thus honor the great Apostle of the Indies. It is customary in this novena to ask for some one special spiritual or temporal favor. The

historic origin of this novena and appropriate exercises for its celebration, whether in public or private, will be found in *League Devotions*, page 115. Promoters will do a work of zeal in recommending to their Associates to join in this novena.



The season of Lent will afford an opportunity to Promoters and Associates to renew their fervor in the fulfilment of their respective duties. It is a time of penance and self-denial, when, besides the observance of the Church's laws, we are exhorted to deny ourselves many things not unlawful in themselves. Members of the League should set a good example in this regard. They can also practise apostolic zeal in many ways by inducing their friends to attend the Lenten sermons and other services of the Church, and by exhorting those that have been remiss to comply with their Easter duty and the precept of hearing Mass on Sundays and days of obligation.



We have received various letters asking whether the Twelfth Promise of our Lord, in favor of those who receive Holy Communion on nine consecutive First Fridays, extends also to the case in which they are interrupted by Good Friday falling on the first Friday of the month, as happens this year. To this question we answer that we do not feel ourselves justified in extending the privilege beyond what is conveyed in the words of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. Our Lord said : *The First Friday of nine consecutive months*. But the months cannot be *consecutive* in this case ; and consequently we have no evidence that the privilege holds. The wording of the promise is : "I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine *consecutive months* the grace of final penitence ; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their sacraments ; My divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment."

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

In St. Casimir, King of Poland, we have a brilliant example of devotion to Mary, Queen of Virgins. In an atmosphere of luxury and magnificence the young prince fasted, wore a hair-shirt, slept upon the bare earth, and prayed and watched by night. Thus did he remain pure. While he thus worked to preserve this virtue he constantly had recourse to the protection of the Blessed Virgin as he tells us in his beautiful hymn to our Lady.

The great St. Thomas exclaims: "Why, O man, pursue a multitude of transitory goods? Love the universal goodness, source of all good, and it suffices." This is the principle of action in every true Associate of the League and the test of this love is given by the same great Saint: "If love be true it must labor; where labor is refused, there is no true love." This proof is given by the zealous Promoter who always feels the honor of laboring for the glory of the Sacred Heart. Of such labor St. Thomas says: "The highest position, the most noble profession, is that of a man who instils the truth in his fellow-men, and who, by elevating them, brings them nearer to God."

St. Frances of Rome points out the way in which we are to reach the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "If you desire to enter into the Heart of Jesus, you must strip yourself of every affection, interior and exterior."

From the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste we learn the great blessing of final perseverance, for which we should pray daily. As they were exposed to a cruel death on a frozen lake they cried out with one voice: "Forty we have come to combat; grant that forty may be crowned." But an angel was seen to come from heaven with but thirty-nine crowns. At the last moment one of the martyrs lost courage and the martyrs' crown. But a few minutes more and he would have gained heaven, but after all he had borne and when within reach of his reward, he gave up and lost all, while his companions who persevered to the end were crowned. A soldier standing by, seeing the failure and moved by grace, took his

place, confessed Christ, and completed the forty crowned for which the martyrs had prayed.

The Promoter of the League catching the true spirit of the apostle will be animated to greater deeds for God's honor and the salvation of souls by those words of St. Gregory, the Great, "In very truth no sacrifice is so pleasing to God as zeal for souls." The great Pontiff knew well that zeal implied sacrifice, and the Promoters will find it so—but "no sacrifice is more pleasing to God."

As the Apostolic Spirit is the spirit that should animate the Associates of the League, they will look with pride to the great apostle of the Irish race, St. Patrick, as a model of a zealous life and a patron of their apostolic work. If there is one lesson which the Apostolate of St. Patrick leaves us, it is that we should prefer the loss of all earthly goods, rather than admit the least compromise in matters of faith.

St. Joseph is for all fathers of families the pattern according to which they should rule their houses. He was a just man. Innocent and pure as became the husband of Mary ; gentle and tender as one worthy to be named the father of Jesus. He was prudent as the master of the holy house of Nazareth. He was faithful and obedient to divine calls, and relied implicitly on God's providence. As a model in life he is no less a model in death. Dying in the arms of Jesus, assisted by Mary, he should be frequently invoked for the grace of a happy death.

The spirit of zeal is inculcated by the principal feast of this month. We behold the Angel Gabriel addressing the Blessed Virgin: "Hail full of grace" This is the message of salvation to the human race. We behold the zeal of the maker to save the fallen race of men and see the first act in the great scene of Redemption. This love of God for men which led Him to take our human nature and, as it were, annihilate Himself, should stimulate our zeal to lead men to a closer union with their Redeemer. This is the work of the Promoter of the League and the Feast of the Annunciation will but serve to quicken that zeal, and advance the interests of the Sacred Heart.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Peter's Centre, Danbury, Conn.—This is one of the best organized League Centres in the State. The League has a membership of 3,000, besides the Apostleship of Study, which numbers 903 boys and girls. Fourteen hundred women and 700 men are reported as belonging to the 3d Degree. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Name Society and other associations here have also a large membership. This is another proof that the League does not interfere with other societies and pious works of a parish, but rather aids them, if properly directed.

—St. Mary's Centre, Bethel, Conn.—The League has made a very successful start here with some thirty Promoters. Bethel promises to be a very flourishing Centre.

—Emmet, S. Dak.—A very distinctive feature of the League at this Centre is the distribution of the *Messenger* and PILGRIM among the members by the Promoters, the expenses being paid from the League funds.

—St. Andrew's Centre, Roanoke, Va.—A remarkable feature of the League at this Centre is that it is run altogether by the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, who have organized themselves into various committees for this purpose. We have no doubt the system will work well.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Lowell, Mass.—Our League is as flourishing as ever. The Promoters are zealous and take great delight in attending the meetings held every third Sunday of the month.

—St. Paul's Centre, Oswego, N. Y.—The League has been inaugurated at this Centre with seventy-five Promoters, and promises to be very successful. Rarely in our travels have we met a more appreciative people than those of St. Paul's. St. Mary's and St. Peter's Churches, Oswego, have also been recently aggregated.

—St. Vincent Ferrer's Centre, New York.—A very promising Centre was recently established at St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York City, in charge of the Dominican Fathers. One hundred and twenty-five Promoters, recruited from the very best Catholic element in the congregation, presented themselves at the first meeting, and entered at once upon their apostolic work.

—Our Lady of Sorrows' Centre, Corona, L. I., was likewise recently aggregated, and started with about twenty Promoters.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Jane Smith, St. Mary's Centre, Elizabeth, N. J.; Sisters Mary Basil and Mary Gabrielle, Convent of Mercy, Hartford, Conn.; Rev. Thomas Cleary, Millwood, Mo.; Sister Mary Teresa Moran, Convent of Mercy, Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. L. Mattermore Mulderry, St. Joseph's Centre, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Brady, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Teresa Emerick and Miss Marie Egan, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. C. M. O'Connor, St. Vincent's Church, South Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Sarah Tunnler, St. Alphonsus' Centre, St. Louis, Mo.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A Friend, New Haven, Conn.	\$ 1 00	K. V. M., Troy, N. Y., for the Crown	\$ 1 00
C. J. W. Altoona, Pa.	1 00	Mrs. H., per H. V. R., S. J., one pair of Mosaic earrings.	
E. W., New York City	5 00	H. P. M., Durr, La., one pair jewelled earrings, one gold handkerchief holder and one gold ring.	
J. F., Washington, D. C.	1 00	A. J. C., Durr, La., per H. P. M. four gold rings and a gold spectacle hook.	
M. A. C., Kenwood, N. Y.	2 50		
A member of the League.	10 00		
Mrs. C., for the Crown.	2 00		
J. R. M., Ridgeland, S. C.	2 00		
A Servant of St. Anthony, Morganfield, Ky.	50		
L. B., Canton, O.	1 00		
A <i>Messenger</i> Reader, Alton, Ill., .	1 00		

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Most Needy Mission.		For Father Pouget, S.J., Muditanandel Miss.	
M. J. C., Holyoke, Mass.	\$ 1 00	O. F. W.	\$ 3 00
B. H. P.	3 00	For Father Fortier, Rockport, Tex.	
S. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., stipends, .	5 00	G. F. A.	\$ 3 00
J. E. D., Babylon, N. Y.	1 00	For the Mangalore Mission.	
For the Most Needy Mission of the Rocky Mountains.		S. I. B.	\$ 3 00
S. M., New York City.	\$ 5 00	For the Madagascar Mission.	
For the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains		C. O. N.	\$ 3 00
S. M., New York City.	\$ 2 00	For Father Sveinason, S.J., Iceland Mission.	
W. O. C.,	3 00	M. M. M.	\$ 3 00
For Father Daignault, S.J., Zambesi Mission,		For the Alaskan Mission, Father Barnum, S.J.	
R. C., Minnesota, Minn., stipend\$	2 00	M. K., Phila., Pa.	\$ 5 00
F. S. W.	3 00	Mr. F., per Father O'Sullivan, S.J.	
J. C., New York City	2 00	M. L., Phila., Pa.	10 00
H. D., So. Boston, Mass.	5 00	T. F. S., Roanoke, Va., stipend,	10 00
For the Japanese Lepers.		S. B., Dundee, N. Y.	10 00
G. J. P.	\$ 3 00	M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
Rev. D. M., Canton, Mass.	1 00	M. A. C., Kenwood, N. Y.	2 50
For the Madura Mission, Father Baumal, S.J.		A. R., Phila., Pa.	1 00
M. F. S.	\$ 3 00		

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Devotion to the Holy Family.

OUR Holy Father proposes this intention in order that by prayer we may obtain a secure foundation for "The Revival of the Christian Spirit." The family is the social unit, and if the Spirit of Nazareth reigns in each household the Christian Spirit will reign throughout the world.

The family is made up of the father, the mother and the child. Each of these elements of family can find in a study of the family of Nazareth a model to imitate, and, by devotion to this model, give an example of a true Christian life.

The father is the head of the house and must rule. This must be done with mildness and love as Joseph did. He must be a prince of peace, not a tyrant in his little home. The father must labor for the support of the family. He will learn cheerfulness in his toil by studying St. Joseph at the work-bench at Nazareth. As Joseph trusted in God's providence on that long and trying journey to Egypt, so, too, the father of the family must not lose heart when difficulties present themselves in his efforts to provide for his family. He must remember that it is a duty imposed on him by Almighty God, whose providence watches over him. The father of the family must, above all, learn from the example of Joseph, who brought his family to the Temple for the feasts, as we are told in Holy Writ, to lead his family to the house of God, and teach them that God's law is above all other laws.

The mother must learn from the example of the mother of Jesus that she is the helpmate of her husband. As Mary welcomed Joseph every day as he returned from his work, so must the Christian wife welcome her husband after his day of toil, and see that, as far as their means will permit, everything is prepared that can give him rest and refreshment. She should learn from Mary those interior virtues which are the adornment of the Christian Mother.

The parents should direct the attention of the child to his little Brother at Nazareth that he may there learn the lesson of obedience to parental authority.

All this will be more easily secured if our Promoters become apostles of the consecration of families to the Holy Family, a practice recommended by Leo XIII. in 1892, and which has resulted in great good to the faithful.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FAMILY.

General Communion of Reparation—Sunday, March 15.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap—*Apostleship* (D—*Degrees*, Pr—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M. *Roma Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. S. 2d in Lent.—*BB. M. Carvalho, S.J., and Comp., M.M. (1624.)*—Love suffering; Directors' Intentions.
2. M. *St. Chad, Bp. (Litchfield, Eng., 673.)*—Love poverty; 83,908 thanksgivings.
3. T. *St. Cunegunda, V.E. (Germany, 1040.)*—Love chastity; 33,292 in affliction.
4. W. *St. Casimir, K. (Poland, 1484.)—St. Lucius, P.M. (252.)*—Love our Lady; 50,310 dead Associates.
5. Th. *BB. Paul Navarro and Comp., M.M. (S.J., 1622.)*—Use kind words; 79,556 League Centres.—H. H.
6. F. First Friday.—Holy Lance and Nails.—Fidelity to duty; 65,923 First Communions.—1st D., A. C.
7. S. *St. Thomas Aquinas, D. (O.P. 1274.)—SS. Perpetua and Comp., M.M.*—Know God better; 84,003 departed souls.
8. S. 3d in Lent.—*St. John of God, F. (Hospitaliers, 1550.)*—Comfort sufferers; 147,515 employment, means.
9. M. *St. Frances of Rome, W. (1440.)*—Accept God's will; 393,065 clergy.—Pr.
10. T. *The 40 Martyrs of Sebaste (220.)*—Defend the faith; 85,596 children.
11. W. *St. Sophronius, Bp. (Jerusalem, 638.)*—Study the Bible; 175,618 young persons.
12. Th. *St. Gregory I., the Great, P. D. (604.)*—Pray for Missions; 84,498 families.—A.C., H. H.
13. F. The Five Wounds.—*St. Gerald, Bp. (700.)*—Honor the Passion; 89,829 perseverance.
14. S. *BB. L. Chimura, S.J., and Comp., M.M. (1619.)—St. Matilda, E. (968.)*—Despise the world; 36,538 reconciliations.
15. S. 4th in Lent.—*St. Longinus, M. (80.)—B. Hofbauer, C.S.S.R., (1820.)* Prepare for death; 76,029 spiritual favors.—C. R.
16. M. *St. Columba, V.M. (383.)—St. Finian, the Leper (610.)*—Fear sin; 76,157 temporal favors.
17. T. *St. Patrick, Bp. (Apostle of Ireland, 464.)*—Constancy in faith; 169,605 conversions to the Faith.
18. W. *St. Gabriel, Archangel.*—Heed inspirations; 46,411 schools.
19. Th. *St. Joseph, Spouse B.V.M.—Honor St. Joseph*; 35,595 sick, infirm.—Pr., A.I., A.C., B.M., H. H.
20. F. Most Precious Blood.—*St. Cuthbert, Bp. (687.)*—Pray for sinners; 28,707 missions, retreats.
21. S. *St. Benedict, Patriarch of Monks, (O.S.B., 543.)*—Retirement; 15,777 pious works, societies.
22. S. Passion Sunday.—*St. Catharine of Genoa, W. (O.S.F., 1510.)*—Mortification; 31,130 parishes.
23. M. *St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bp. D. (386.)* Trust God above all; 174,930 sinners, intemperate.
24. T. *St. William of Norwich, M. (Boy of 12 years, 1137.)*—Pray for the Jews; 70,741 parents.
25. W. *Annunciation, B.V.M.*—Practise the Angelus; 116,768 religious.—A.I., A.C., B.M., S.
26. Th. *St. Ludger, Bp. (O.S.B., 809.)*—Pray for students; 39,612 seminarians, novices.—H. H.
27. F. *Seven Dolors B.V.M.*—Honor Mary's sorrows; 22,969 superiors.
28. S. *St. John Capistran (Minorite, 1456.)*—Pray for seamen; 32,973 vocations.
29. S. Palm Sunday.—Pray for sinners; 33,486 special (urgent).
30. M. *St. Zosimus, Bp. (660.)—St. John Climacus, A.B. (606.)*—God's Mercy; 68,205 various.
31. T. *St. Nicholas of Flüe (1487.)*—Suffer willingly; Messenger Readers.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)


XII. YEAR.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

EASTER HYMN.

BY M. A. TAGGART.

 'ER the mountains' purple slumber
Breaks the light of coming day
Myriad stars no man can number
Shrink before its golden ray.
Watching priest on temple tower
Sounds on high the silver horn :
Waken, Israel, in thy power,
Wake to greet the Easter morn.

CHORUS:—Lo, our alleluias ringing
Set the ice-bound rivers free,
Earth from winter's torpor springing,
Joins the Church's ecstasy ;
Earth and seas and heavens sing :
"Christ is risen, Lord and King."

Empty tomb, and seals all broken,
Heavy boulder rolled aside,
What the myst'ry these betoken ?
Where is He ye crucified ?
Budding earth that bursts her prison,
Quiring angels sing on high :
"He's not here, for He has risen,"
Rolls through time the glad reply.

Who ascends? the King of glory,
Who hath conquered death and pain.
Hear, ye men, the wond'rous story,
Swell in triumph its refrain.
Lift your heads, ye gates eternal,
Mountains bow, and oceans part,
Christ is King, aye, King Eternal,
Royal through a broken heart.


By the light of this glad morning,
All life's mystery is read ;
We in darkness see the dawning,
Dare to follow where He led.
All unsatisfied desires,
All the hearts that empty cried,
Catch the strength that hope inspires,
Live to-day because He died.

Tears are dried through His sore weeping,
Death in conq'ring now is slain ;
If He rose not from His sleeping,
All our hope had been in vain.
God who gave Him, Christ arisen,
Holy Ghost who taught us this,
Help us rise from sin's dark prison,
Bring us safe to share His bliss. Amen.



THE MOTHER OF SORROWS.

Oh how sad, and sore distressed
Now was she, the Mother Blessed
Of the sole-begotten One.

“ ALL ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow . . . To what shall I compare thee, or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as the sea is thy destruction, who shall heal thee?” These doleful words, which the prophet Jeremias spoke of the fall and destruction of Jerusalem, the Church borrows to describe the sufferings of our Blessed Lady. Thus she invites us to contemplate these sorrows and tries to give us an idea of their greatness and intensity.

Great were the sorrows and sufferings of the Martyrs, yet if these were all accumulated together and weighed against the sorrows of Mary they would be found light in the balance compared with her sorrows. “Attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.” As the high sea presents to the eye of the spectator an immense waste of water commingling with the horizon, and an unfathomable abyss burying in its unsearchable depths the untold tale of countless woes and the ruins of a thousand wrecks, so the sorrowful heart of the Mother of God is a boundless and fathomless ocean of sorrows unutterable. “Great as the sea is thy destruction.”

These nameless sorrows sprang chiefly from two sources: first, her great love to her Son; and, secondly, the greatness of His sufferings.

The love of the Mother of God for her divine Son cannot be guaged by the standard of human affection. Her love was tender and intense in proportion to the purity, tenderness, and sensibility of her immaculate heart. Now, if motherly love controls the most savage heart, and increases with the degree of refinement and goodness and sanctity of the mother, how great must have been Mary’s love for the divine, yet

true, fruit of her womb, JESUS? Who can measure that love? Only He who can scan the depths of her spotless heart.

But Mary's love for her divine Son was not merely a human love; it was at the same time a divine love, a supernatural love—a love which had God for its author, and God for its object. She loved Him in virtue of that divine gift that was infused into her soul; in Him she loved her God as well as her Son. Her love was, therefore, most tender and affectionate, and, at the same time, most intense and appreciative. She loved Him most intensely as she loved Him above all things.

From her great love and tender sympathy we may form some estimate of the intensity of her sorrow. It is well known that all the aches and pangs of a suffering child are reproduced in the heart of a loving mother who stands by his bedside. What, then, must have been the pangs that pierced the immaculate heart of the Mother of Jesus as she stood by the Cross, contemplating the sufferings of her divine Son? It was then particularly that the "sword of grief" transfixed her soul.

That sword, it is true, rankled in her heart from the beginning when she thought of the coming sufferings of her Son as described by the prophets. That ruthless sword pierced her heart when the prophecy was uttered by the aged Simeon, when she presented the new-born child in the Temple, when she fled with Him into Egypt, when with St. Joseph she sought Him for three days sorrowing, when she parted with Him in Nazareth, when she saw Him sought and persecuted by His enemies, when she heard Him reviled and calumniated. But all those griefs were only the shadows of events coming in the distance. Now she is confronted with the dread reality.

She beholds her Son with the crown of thorns on His head. In His face, which was fair above the children of men, there is no comeliness. He is bent under the weight of the Cross. She follows His blood-stained footsteps to Calvary, witnesses the fall beneath the Cross, she sees Him stripped of His garments, stretched out on the Cross. She hears the sounds of the hammers that nail Him to the Cross, and every blow sends a thrill of pain through her wounded heart. She hears the

scoffs and scorn of the infuriated mob. Yet she continues to stand at the foot of the Cross, lest any detail of her Son's passion should escape her.

She goes through the entire ordeal of the three hours' agony with Him. She is nailed to the Cross with Him; wears the crown of thorns with Him; is reviled with Him; prays with Him; forgives with Him; she is forsaken with Him; thirsts with Him; tastes the bitterness of the gall and vinegar with Him; and it is only by miracle that she does not give up the ghost with Him. "There stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother."

Why did the Mother of Jesus submit herself to this martyrdom? It was for love of Jesus and for love of us. She loved her Son and wished to be with Him, to suffer with Him, and to console Him by her loyalty to Him, like the loving mother that wakes the weary watches over the death-bed of a dying son.

But she stands there also for our sake, to take part in that great sacrifice of our redemption, to offer up, as it were, with her own hands the saving victim of our reconciliation. As the first Eve had a share in our destruction, so the second Eve was to take a part in our redemption. Therefore, she stood by the Cross and reproduced in her own heart the dread ordeal of the sacrifice of Calvary.

Here it was that by a new title she became our Mother. True, she became our Mother in the spirit by the very fact that she was made the Mother of God; by the very fact that she gave us Jesus, the fruit of her womb, who is the life of our souls, our eldest brother according to the Spirit. But here she is expressly given to us as our Mother in the person of St. John, the Beloved Disciple, who may justly be regarded as the representative of all of us on Calvary. "Woman, behold thy son; behold thy mother." Thus her universal spiritual motherhood is, as it were, sealed by words of the divine lips. As Eve is the mother of all of us according to the flesh, so Mary is our Mother according to the spirit, and like St. John, we all "take her unto our own." Here under the Cross, in suffering and agony, she brought us forth to new spiritual life. Without ache or pain, by the miraculous in-

tervention of the Holy Ghost, she became the Mother of God ; but to consummate this spiritual motherhood, she had to stand for three hours in unspeakable suffering under the Cross. Jesus is the child of her joy ; we are the children of her sorrows.

But her sufferings are not yet complete. She sees the sacred side of her Son opened with a lance, and the last drops of blood flow from His Sacred Heart. The lifeless body of Jesus is taken down from the Cross and laid on His Mother's lap—one livid wound ! Behold, and see if there be a sorrow like to hers. The sacred body is prepared for burial. She does not abandon it until it is laid in the grave. Now she imprints the last kiss on His pallid lips ; the huge stone is placed upon the sepulchre and the grave is sealed.

Now, may she also say : *Consummatum est*, "it is consummated." She has gone through the entire tragedy of the passion. There is no more that she can do but wait the hour when she, too, shall say : "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." May we all persevere with her under the shadow of the Cross !

Mine with thee be that sad station,
There to watch the great salvation,
Wrought upon the atoning tree.

HER EASTER OFFERING.

BY I. A. MUNDY.

ANNIE CLEARY was a little kitchen girl, fifteen years old, and just from Ireland. She had bright red hair, a round freckled face, and a short plump figure, around which her blue calico apron flatly refused to meet. She worked for a Catholic lady in the little village of Cloverfield. The events I am about to relate, happened as Annie would say, "this-a-way."

She arose at four o'clock that Easter morning, and lit the stump of a candle in her little attic room, by the light of which she dressed as quickly as her cold hands would permit. The cook lay snoring in the bed next to hers, for she was going

to the six o'clock Mass, obliging little Annie having agreed to go to the first Mass to accommodate her.

The light of the candle revealed a very humble room, but one that was faultlessly neat and clean. The walls were decorated with several religious pictures, by the combined resources of Annie and the cook. They were of rather a vivid character. A holy water font and a rosary hung at the head of each bed, and a big brass crucifix hung between them. The two beautiful young ladies downstairs, sleeping in their richly furnished room, beneath their exquisitely carved ivory crucifix, that came from Rome and had been blessed by the Holy Father, were not a whit better Christians, perhaps, than were simple Jane Flaherty and little Annie Cleary.

Blowing out the candle and wrapping a warm gray shawl around her head and shoulders, Annie started downstairs on her way to the kitchen door. Such an Easter morning as that was! It was a regular March day, the wind howled and the snow fell; there was ice under foot and a storm overhead; but Annie thought it was the brightest, happiest day of all the year except Christmas, for had she not been to confession the night before, and was now about to make her Easter duty, and receive her risen Lord?

There were a great many people at the five o'clock Mass, early as it was, and they were mostly of the humble sort, like Annie herself. The richer folk would come at eight and nine o'clock, and perhaps there were some who would make the storm an excuse for delaying their Easter duty till the following Sunday, and only come to the High Mass, in the laxity of their devotion. But Annie would plough through snow-drifts as high as her head before she would miss a Christmas or Easter Communion.

After she had received Holy Communion she knelt before the Blessed Virgin's altar, her hands clasped tightly across her breast, where the Badge of the Sacred Heart was pinned, to still the tumultuous throbbing of her own heart that had received Him, in a state of rapture that would have surprised those who knew her best. Entirely forgotten was her daily life, her irksome duties and the tyranny of the cross old cook that made her life a burden. She remembered only that she

had received her Lord, and with Him her soul arose to heights of bliss.

There were so many communicants that the good priest had only time for a few hurried words on the great festival, but Annie heard each one, and they sank deeply into her heart. The good old man, his face shining as brightly as the now rising sun whose rays fell through the gold and crimson window, crowning his white locks with glory, spoke earnestly and eloquently on the mystery of the Resurrection, and in conclusion begged all present to make an Easter offering.

Annie did not quite catch his meaning. She took his words literally, and in her simple fashion tried to think of some way in which she could carry them out. Then she shook her head. She only had a ten cent piece to put in the plate, and that was not worthy the name of an offering. She knew that her mistress, Mrs. Nelson, had given the beautiful lilies that decorated the high altar in such profusion, and the young ladies had embroidered new vestments for the pastor, and the cook had proudly shown her a dollar bill that *she* was going to give at High Mass, but Annie had nothing at all, "sorra a bit," as she murmured mournfully on her way home. Her bright face was sad for a few minutes, then the joy of her Communion returned, and she resigned herself to the inevitable and undeniable misfortune of possessing "sorra a bit."

The cook scolded her for being a few minutes late, forgetting that she had gone out early to oblige her, but Annie said nothing, only transferred her Badge from her shawl to her dress and hung the former on its hook behind the kitchen door, and began to make the fire and get breakfast. While washing the dishes that morning she sang as blithely as a bird in her rich Irish voice, so that "the Master" hearing it, opened the parlor door and left it ajar. The family went to High Mass, and the cook went too, on the strength of her being older and longer with the family than Annie, who would have dearly liked to attend High Mass that day. But the cook did not think it necessary to return any favor Annie had done her in the matter of early Mass, so she left her washing dishes, her hands as red as her hair, and her eyes

too, if the truth is told, for she wanted to go. But in a few minutes she cheered up, and peeled the potatoes and prepared the other vegetables for dinner, and swept up the kitchen, and there being nothing else for her to do till the cook came back, she sat down by the window with her little brown rosary, and told her beads as she watched the falling snow. That quiet hour gave her strength for the rest of the day. Then came the bustle and worry of getting the dinner, when the cook and even her mistress found fault with her every other minute, till she was so bewildered that she could scarcely work at all. But she was much surprised to hear one of the family at the dinner table call it "a dismal Easter Sunday." It had been a glorious day to her.

That afternoon after the dinner dishes were washed, Mrs. Nelson came into the kitchen with a basket in her hand, from which stole the scent of Easter lilies. "Annie," she said, "would you like to take the lilies for me to Father Cameron, and tell him they are for Benediction to-night? There were not enough lilies on the altar this morning, and these are fresh from the hot house, and will fill the church." She spoke a little proudly, for she knew she had been most generous in her offering of flowers, and the entire congregation had admired her lilies that morning. *That* was why she was sending still more—to dazzle the eyes of the people at Benediction. Annie was delighted to go, forgetting that her feet were tired, as she donned her gray shawl, observing to Jane as she did so, "Shure, how glad I'd be to give just one lily!"

"It is not for the likes of you to be giving flowers to the church, Annie," was the rebuke. "It's only rich ladies and saints like Mrs. Nelson," she added, in hearing of that lady, who was just leaving the room, and who had given her two new aprons that morning. The "rich lady and saint" heard her of course, and resolved that she *would* give Jane the evening out after all.

Annie took her basket and trudged off. The snow had stopped falling, and only a light covering lay on the ground, but the sky was gray and it was cold and windy. The church was two miles away, but it was only three o'clock and she did not have to be back till supper time. She would deliver

the lilies at the rectory and go into the church for half an hour's prayer.

When she was half way to the village she saw a figure coming towards her up the road, reeling and staggering. It was a woman. "God pity her!" murmured Annie, who saw she was intoxicated. Nearer and nearer she came, and then the girl saw that she had a baby in her arms. The child was crying pitifully, whether from cold or pain she could not tell. Annie accosted the woman as she came up to her, and through her rags and dirt she recognized her as Nora Black, or "Black Nora" as she was called, the hardest drinker of the village, and the worst Catholic. Many times had the parish priest implored her to at least let him baptize her children, but she seemed utterly indifferent, and would not take the trouble to bring them to the church for that purpose; so they grew up without any religion. The neighbors would offer to have them baptized and instructed in their faith, but she would either postpone the time or grow angry at their interference. She had a bad temper and a vile tongue, and it was hardly safe to speak to her in liquor, as she was now. Yet Annie was not afraid. There was work for God to be done, right here in the middle of the road, and she was going to do it. Truth to tell, if she had had her choice of encountering the devil or Nora Black she would have chosen to face the former, but there was no choice in the matter, so in the interest of the Sacred Heart she stepped up to the woman and said in her kindest tones, "Well, Nora, what's the matter with the baby?"

"Sick, I suppose," said the woman crossly, with a mind-your-own-business manner, and about moving on.

"Just let me look at it, Nora dear," went on Annie in her persuasive way. She was anxious for the child, whose tiny face she could see was drawn with pain.

"You'd better take it straight to the doctor," she said sternly, as she saw its condition. Her manner frightened Nora, who was evidently uneasy herself. She tried to soothe the child, who only cried in greater distress.

"Shure, the doctor drove me from his door only two days ago," she whined, "and he won't do anythin' for me."

"But he will for the poor baby," said Annie. Nora shook her head. "The sight of me is enough for him. I don't dare show my face near him? O dear, what'll I do?"

"I'll take the baby to him, if you like," said Annie.

"Do you mean that," asked Nora, opening her eyes wide.

"Shure, I do," replied Annie, taking the child from her arms. "Now go along home, and I'll bring the baby to you, after I've been to the doctor. And, for God's sake, don't touch another drop this Easter Sunday, Nora!" The woman scowled but did not answer, for fear Annie would not do her the favor she desired.

"Have you given the baby any of it? Speak the truth, for I must tell the doctor."

"No, I have not," said Nora. "It's been sick for a week or more, and I don't know what's the matter with it at all."

"It's a very young baby," said Annie pityingly.

"Just one month," said the other briefly, and resumed her journey. Annie hurried on. She would go to the doctor's first. She knew well that Mrs. Nelson would not object to an act of charity such as that. But she had not gone far when she noticed that the child cried less and was becoming paler. She hastened her steps—not towards the doctor's, but to the rectory. "Shure, the poor baby is dying and is not baptized," was her thought. She must get it to Father Cameron. But within ten minutes she saw that it was sinking rapidly. Its breath came short and quick and it trembled convulsively. She became frightened. It might die at any moment now. She must baptize it herself. She looked around in search of water. There was a clean little puddle by the wayside, where the new fallen snow had melted. Kneeling down beside it, she took off her shawl and laid it on the road. Placing the baby gently upon it and pulling off her mittens, she locked her hands tightly together and filled them with the crystal drops that were to bear the fleeting soul into the presence of God. Slowly and reverently she pronounced the words of the Church that she had learned on the cover of her catechism: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." A

feeling of joy filled her simple heart as she realized what she was doing, and bowing her head, she thanked God for the honor conferred upon her in permitting her to confer this great sacrament upon one of His creatures. Yes, she, a poor ignorant girl, who could just say her prayers and read her catechism, was privileged to prepare a soul for its immediate entrance into heaven and for the vision of God !

She wrapped the shawl around the baby and stood with bared head rocking it softly in her arms, and crooning to it. The basket of lilies lay at her feet, and their sweet fragrance made her think of heaven and wish that she too were as near its gates as the little sufferer on her breast. The end was near. She knelt down in the snow, holding the child as easily as possible, while tears of compassion streamed down her honest face as it entered its death agony. It only lasted a few minutes, and with one deep sigh, the little thing opened its blue eyes wide, and smiled straight into Annie's face. Then the tiny head sank back on her shoulder, the smile faded away, and she knew that there was another angel with God.

She took the lilies from the basket, gently smoothed the tissue paper at the bottom and laid the baby down, closing its eyes and crossing its little hands on its bosom. She drew her well-worn rosary from her pocket and placed it around the child's neck. Then she laid the lilies loosely upon the sleeping form. A fitting pall for a thing as pure and holy as lay beneath them ! Taking the basket in both arms she stood irresolute for a moment.

"I dursn't take it to poor Nora, God help her !" she said. "I will take it to Father Cameron for Christian burial, and he can send for Nora and break the news to her. Perhaps he can convert her now." So on she went, wiping her eyes with the back of her rough red hand as she thought of Nora, who, at that very moment, was drowning her anxiety in liquor.

A sharp ring at the rectory bell brought the priest himself from his study, before the servant had reached the head of the kitchen stairs. He was familiar with the voice of that bell, and it told him when he was needed, or when there was

only an ordinary caller at the door. He opened the door and beheld Mrs. Nelson's Annie with a basket in her arms.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" he asked. For answer she knelt down on the steps and drew the lilies away from the top of the basket. He saw the dead child, smiling as peacefully as though it reposed in the arms of angels. He stepped back and uttered an exclamation.

"It's Nora Black's baby, Father," began Annie with a sob.

"Come into the house, child," and he led her into the study and closed the door. Annie placed the basket on the table, and told him how she had met Nora and all that had happened. When he heard that she had baptized the child a glad smile lit up his grave face, and he thanked God that this poor servant girl was a true daughter of the Church, and of the League of the Sacred Heart.

"I will send for Nora at once," he said, as she finished. "I pray God this may bring her to Him at last. Now go into the Church before you go home, and thank the Sacred Heart that He has allowed you to make Him such a glorious offering as this." Annie's face lit up in rapture.

"Indeed, Father, do you mean that?" she asked anxiously.

"You have offered Him a soul fit for His embrace, that but for you would be in Limbo. That soul, sparkling with the dew of baptism, is an Easter lily that will bloom for all eternity at His feet. God bless you, Annie." The girl was too delighted to speak.

"Shure, Father, I did want to give just one lily to the Church," she said at last, and added, remembering her errand, "Mrs. Nelson sent these for Benediction to-night."

"These are the baby's lilies now," said Father Cameron. "Tell Mrs. Nelson I shall use them for the child. She will not object."

So Annie, after a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, hurried home through the snow that was again beginning to fall, with a heart divided between pity for Nora Black and gratitude to God for allowing her to make Him an Easter offering.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

Few institutions of any kind can point to such a glorious record as our Lady's Sodality. She has given at least nine Popes to the Church. The following Supreme Pontiffs, ranging from the year 1621 to our own time, were active members of the Sodality: Gregory XV., Urban VIII., Alexander VII., Clement IX., Clement X., Innocent XI., Clement XI., Benedict XIV., Leo XIII.

In the year 1640 there were in the city of Antwerp, in Belgium, ten sodalities for different classes of the population; in each of the cities of Vienna, Lyons, Naples and Rome there were from twelve to thirteen similar sodalities. In Rome there was a special Sodality for Prelates, numbering among its actual members twenty-eight Cardinals, the others being all Archbishops and Bishops, the most distinguished prelates of the age. These great personages did not regard it beneath their dignity to assemble at stated times to offer to their blessed Mother the tribute of their childlike devotion.

Sodalists should regard it the highest honor to be admitted into such company, and with them to take their station in the guard of honor which for the last three hundred years has kept watch before the glorious throne of the Mother of God.

Sodalities in St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated in St. Joseph's church, Troy, as a regular Sodality feast.

At the solemn High Mass, Rev. Dr. Delaney, of St. Joseph's seminary, preached the sermon, a scholarly exposition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a beautiful tribute to the Virgin Mother, in whose honor every altar was beautified with innumerable lights and fragrant flowers.

At half-past seven in the evening the church was again

filled, and the beautiful ceremony, witnessed by those assembled, was a fitting conclusion to a day in which devotion to the Immaculate Mother had been the keynote of prayer and song and sermon.

In April, 1894, the society that has since become widely known as "St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Boys," was organized under the care of Rev. Brother Benedict, of the Christian Brothers. This day, chief of our Lady's feasts, was chosen as a fitting occasion for the simple but impressive ceremony of reception of new members into their ranks. In the hymn, *Mother Mary, ah, how Blissful*, it was sweet to hear the clear, boyish voices blend with or rise above the deeper tones of the organ. As the long line of boys came from the sacristy into the sanctuary, singing the processional hymn, those who were to be received as members, carried a surplice upon the left arm. Rev. Father Quin, S.J., delivered a short sermon, in which he spoke of the great amount of careful training and teaching involved in the work, whose good results are shown by the deportment and efficiency of the altar boys' society of St. Joseph's. These living and youthful temples of the Holy Ghost, beautify the sanctuary in the house of God, more than any ornament of painting or statuary. Of the benefit to the boys themselves of the early associations with the sanctity of the altar, the Rev. Father spoke most eloquently. The grace of these early associations, he said, often brought the desire of serving God in the religious life. Of their patron St. John Berchmans, Father Quin also spoke. He had visited in Diest, Belgium, the house in which the Saint was born, and at Montaigu, the chapel of our Lady, where the holy youth loved to pray to her whose virtues he imitated in all his ways. From the life of their patron, the Rev. Father drew much to inspire the boys with a deeper love of their calling, and to incite in them new fervor in the observance of every rule and the performance of every duty connected in any manner with their society.

After the sermon, fourteen boys, after six months' probation, were received as professed members. Their places were quickly filled by as many more candidates, who were

promoted to the dignity of novices, on whom were conferred the ribbon and cross. During the ceremony of reception, Dr. Guy and his splendid choir, filled the church with the triumphant strains of the English *Te Deum*. When the newly-surpliced boys retired to their places the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and Benediction closed the beautiful ceremony.

St. Joseph's is justly proud of her "Sanctuary Boys." In the excellence of their choral service and the grace of their deportment, they have grown to be a source of pleasure and edification to the entire congregation.

In this parish, indeed, the boys form a very important element of the church militant. Gathered together under the name and patronage of St. Aloysius, are four hundred hearty, happy lads, who are known far and wide as "Father Quin's Boys." They are in the schools, in the stores, in the collar-shops, in offices—everywhere throughout the city one may meet them, alert and good-natured, and always to be recognized by the "button" or badge of their sodality. Wednesday evenings they meet in the church, where a short office is recited, and a pleasant and practical instruction given by the Rev. Director. They sing many beautiful hymns, and have mastered the litany of the Blessed Virgin and the hymns for Benediction. They are responsive to every effort of their Rev. Director, and in this willingness on their part, or the faculty of securing it on the part of their Director, lies the secret of the wonderful success of the most interesting of St. Joseph's numerous societies. They have an annual field day, an annual torch-light parade, and many other pleasant events during the year.

Monthly communion is religiously observed, and total abstinence is an essential requirement of membership. These are the boys with whom the hope of the future rests.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying.—The Crucifix.

It would go against our Catholic instinct were we to turn our thoughts at this season to any death-bed but the Cross. This is the great pulpit from which the divine Teacher preached, not so much by words as by example.

His eternal Father had declared Him publicly to be His well-beloved Son. See Him hanging there raised from the earth and drawing to Him all who can appreciate His wondrous sacrifice.

What Christian, when looking at a crucifix, can complain of any kind of suffering? Has God sent you bodily pain? Can it compare with that of His only-begotten? Has He sent you mental anguish? What can the keenest be in comparison with that which Christ felt in His seeming abandonment? Is it the pang of separating from those you love? Who ever loved as Jesus loved His blessed Mother? Is it that you die dishonored without a cause? Christ died on a felon's gibbet. Is it that a brilliant future is cut short? Think of the possibilities of Christ's earthly ministry. Are others dependent on you for support? A St. John will be provided for them. What possible argument then can you urge that the death on Calvary will not refute?

We do not meditate sufficiently on those words of the Crucified: "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." In early times the disciples rejoiced to be accounted worthy to suffer and to die for the name of Jesus. Degenerate disciples that we are, we fain would forego the sufferings and the cross, and would not drink the bitter chalice, but the cup of gladness.

When tempted, then, in our own case, or in that of those we love, to repine at our lot, let us call to mind the reproach of St. Bernard—that the members of that body whose head is crowned with thorns should not be delicate.



Letters like the following which we receive daily give us a clear idea of the interest in the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs. "As this year brings the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, S.J., I must write and tell you I have received many graces through our Lady of Martyrs. I am very happy to know that the Apostleship of Prayer is in possession of so dear a Shrine. In thanksgiving I subscribe to the PILGRIM which tells the history of the Shrine so eloquently. It will be for me a pleasing duty to make known to all my friends the history of this holy spot. Please send me a list of the pilgrimages for this year." Although three large pilgrimages have been determined upon already, the dates have not been settled. It would therefore be premature to announce any plan ; but as soon as all arrangements have been determined upon, announcement will be made in the PILGRIM.

The patrons of the Shrine will be pleased to read of the following favor, an account of which just reached us. We publish it as it was sent. "A novena to our Lady, Queen of Martyrs, in honor of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwitha was made in February to obtain the grace of a happy death for a man who was dying of pneumonia and who was too delirious to make his confession. We promised that, were the favor obtained, it would be published in the PILGRIM. The man recovered consciousness, received all the last sacraments, and died on the following day."

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(*Continued*)

For a whole day did Father Jogues and his companions remain exposed on the scaffold, and as on the preceding days without food or drink. At nightfall they were taken to a hut and a little corn cooked in water was given them. Some pieces of bark were the only beds provided for them.

But night did not bring rest. How could they sleep when their wounds were so painful. Moreover, they were tormented by insects which without finger-nails they could not catch. Then, too, their position did not induce sleep, for they were stretched on their backs and bound hand and foot in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross.

But all this was nothing in comparison with the tortures inflicted by the young savages. These little devils, seeing the prisoners thus tied, threw hot coals or red ashes on their stomachs and were amused at seeing them burn. What could the victims do? They could not throw them off, as their hands were not free, nor could they shake them off, except with intense pain; so they had to bear it patiently.

Poor René suffered terribly, for his stomach was horribly burned after such torture for many nights.

Thus were the captives more cruelly tormented by night than by day. At sunrise they had to mount the scaffold, and there they remained all day without any food, except an ear or two of roast corn and a little water whitened with flour. For three days were they exposed in this village; then they were taken to other villages for similar treatment. Soon after they had begun their march, an Indian seeing the Father's shirt, stripped him and obliged him to go on in this state. This exceeded all former trials, until some one gave him a bit of rags. He proceeded in this state for a while, until he thought it opportune to complain to his savage keeper. "Are you not ashamed," he said, "to see me so naked? You who have charge of me, and yet have taken what I had away from me."

The Indian thereupon gave him a piece of coarse, gray wrapping cloth. He at once put it on his back to protect it from the burning rays of the sun, for his neck, arms and shoulders had been flayed by the cruel beatings he had received. But the rough cloth instead of soothing, rather irritated the open wounds to which it adhered. So he had to remove it and go without covering to the village.

Before they made their entry, the villagers were exhorted to give them a warm reception. The young people especially were bidden to strike the prisoners on the shins with clubs. This was a new torment and the more painful, as they could see the blows before they felt them. As before, they had to mount a scaffold that the Indians of the village might have a better view of them.

A savage, scrutinizing William Couture, perceived that he had still all his fingers. He rushed upon the platform and tried to hack off the right forefinger with a dull knife. Not succeeding he pulled off the finger, dragging out the nerve about a palm's length, which caused the arm to swell fearfully. If this was agonizing to the victim, it seemed not less so to Father Jogues, who forgot his own sufferings in those of his companions.

After enduring the torture of great heat, they next had to suffer from great cold, so that they could say : *we have passed through fire and water*. For while they were exposed naked on the scaffold a cold heavy rain began to fall, which was not less painful to their wounds than the heat of the preceding days. But they were not allowed to take shelter from the storm, but were compelled to remain whole days without any consolation, except that given them from heaven. If they were taken down at night, it was only to be tried by the fire which the children threw upon their bodies bound and stretched on the earth. Thus they had no rest either day or night in this village.

Still greater torments awaited them in the next town, twice as large as the other two villages. As the Father was being led thither, a savage noticed his naked condition and threw an old piece of coarse gray drugget over his wounds. What a remedy ! He accepted it, however, but not without

great suffering, as the stuff poisoned and inflamed the sores. The cruel Indians paid no attention to the sad plight of the prisoners and compelled them to march to the town where they had to endure the usual tortures, besides fresh ones not before experienced. The young people thrust sharp-pointed sticks into the wounds and up the fingers. For Father Jogues was reserved a special kind of torment, which he accepted with great consolation, although the pain was very keen. Some young devils tied the Father to a sort of cross made of poles; as the cross-piece which they had put at the bottom was too short, all the rest of his body was up in the air, so that the suffering was excruciating. At the end of a quarter of an hour, feeling that he was about to faint, he said: "Loosen these cords a little if you want me to live." But the savages, on the contrary, tightened them the more. A certain Indian, who happened to be there, seeing this, took a knife and cutting the cords released the prisoner. How this charitable act was to be rewarded, will be seen later on. All these sufferings and this blood that was shed were not to be in vain and without effect. The savages had no other intention than to satisfy their cruelty by dragging the prisoners from village to village to be tortured. But God, for whom His servants endured so much, had His own designs for His greater glory and for the consolation of Father Jogues.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. A. O'S., Catonsville, Md., per	Eugene, Phila., Pa.	\$2 00
Rev. F. X. B., S.J.	K. B., per W. E. W., Cumber-	
A. D., Chicago, Ill.	land, Md., a gold watch and	
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for	chain.	
two intentions	A Friend, Cumberland, Md., a	
J. H., Los Angeles, Cal., in	gold ring and a gold cuff-button.	
thanksgiving	T. E. D., Babylon, N. Y., 1 pair	
"Anon." Frankfort, Ky. . . .	diamond earrings.	
A Subscriber, Sewickley . . .	A. D. E., West Quincy, Mass.,	
"Anon." Rolla, N. Dak. . . .	3 gold rings, a pair of brace-	
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	lets, a locket, two crosses and	
A. B.	a pair of earrings.	



LEAGUE NOTES.

The Associates of the League should endeavor to bring about the realization of what the Holy Father desires in presenting the Apostleship of the Press to our prayers this month. They will do this by encouraging the reading of good books, magazines and papers. Good wholesome instruction is thus brought to many who would not go to church to hear an instruction. It will at least do good negatively, if nothing more. People wish to read something. If they are supplied with wholesome reading matter, the poisonous productions of the day will not be sought after. Moreover, the time spent in good reading is not given to anything bad. But it will accomplish a positive good. Still we must have broad views in this matter. Not broad in the sense that we should encourage the indiscriminate reading of all we can put our hands on, but broad in the sense that we should be willing to encourage good reading, if only a small amount of good is accomplished or evil prevented. The reading of magazines devoted to some devotion results in great good in another way. We learn the devotion better, practice it more faithfully and spread it more zealously for the benefit of those around us. The *Messenger* and the *PILGRIM* have been instrumental in forming hundreds of zealous Promoters of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and through them of leading many a lax Catholic to a fervent life. Every Associate should read these organs of the devotion and encourage others to read them, not only for the instructive and edifying matter they contain, but also to spread more widely a devotion so suited to our own time, and which is at present drawing so many to the faithful practice of their religious duties.

We again call attention to the fact that League supplies, such as *Decade Leaflets*, Badges, etc., must be secured by Promoters and Associates through their respective Local Centres, not directly from us. Any departure from this rule, besides other inconveniences, would deprive Promoters and Associates of the benefit of that close communication which should exist between members and their Local Director, if the League is properly conducted. Neither can we undertake to receive individual members or single Bands at the Head Centre, but invariably refer them to the nearest or most convenient Local Centre. It is also our wish that, where this is feasible, members join the Centre attached to their own church.



We have more than once called attention to the fact that we cannot undertake to publish Intentions in the *Messenger* unless they are forwarded to us in proper form. The Intentions and Treasury of Good Works of each Centre should be summed up under the proper headings and neatly copied out on one of the small *white* Intention Blanks printed for that purpose. The name of the Centre should be written at the top. This Blank thus filled out should be sent us enclosed in an envelope stamped with a *two cent* stamp. It is one of the duties of the Secretary of the Local Centre to make out this summary. We then do the summing up of the returns from the different Centres, which in itself entails much labor, considering that there are between 3,000 and 4,000 such slips coming to this office every month.



Associates of the League should not fail to study in the events commemorated during Holy Week the love of the Heart of Jesus for each one of us. The more deeply we fathom the love of the Sacred Heart for us, the more we will realize that gratitude demands of us a greater fidelity to the practices of the League by which we testify in a special manner our loyalty and love for so good and generous a benefactor.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

The "Angel of the Judgment" was the title given to St. Vincent Ferrer on account of the command which he received from God "to preach the judgment to all nations." He fulfilled this mission in the spirit which is thus expressed by him: "Whatever you do, think not of yourself, but of God." What a valuable lesson for us in this age so characterized by self-consciousness.

How much glory can be procured for God by an apparently weak instrument is seen in the Blessed Juliana. God committed to her the important and seemingly hopeless task of instituting a feast in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. A nun in a monastery how was she to accomplish it? She confided her commission to her spiritual director. She in turn consulted other theologians, among whom was the future Pope Urban IV., who in time instituted the great solemnity of Corpus Christi. We cannot help recalling the similar case of Blessed Margaret Mary. Thus does God use weak agents to produce mighty effects.

A wonderful example of penitent life is given by St. Mary of Egypt, or as she styled herself "Mary the sinner." After a shameless life of seventeen years she retired to a wilderness to do penance. For forty-seven years she expiated her sinful past in silence and fasting, thus avoiding the occasions that had caused her falls.

One of the most charming of saints is Mechtilde, like her sister St. Gertrude especially devout to the passion and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. From this divine source she drew such sweetness and sympathy that no one could resist her influence, and she was called the universal refuge and consoler.

What greater honor can be conferred on a man than to be called by Christ "My faithful witness." And well did St. Antipas deserve it for he bore witness to the truth even with his blood. Let us ask ourselves, in these times of compromise, how far this glorious title could be bestowed upon us? What sort of testimony to Christ do our lives bear?

Our faith is founded on a rock ; it is a certainty of belief, not an opinion. It has God for its sponsor. Therefore, when St. Justin Martyr, was asked by the pagan prefect: "Do you think that by dying you will enter heaven and be rewarded by God." He answered: "I do not think, I know."

The devout use of holy images had a noble defender in St. John Damascene, who in consequence suffered the loss of his right hand. But the Mother of God, to whom he was most devoted, restored it to him. "The deeds and sufferings of the saints," said he, "I express in pictures ; and I grow holier from the sight, and am strengthened to imitate them."

Holy Scripture tells us how God loved the beggar Lazarus and how, at the poor man's death, his blessed soul was borne by the angels to Abraham's bosom. God gave like proof of His love to the voluntary beggar, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, "The poor man of the forty hours," so called from his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The lesson he teaches is that we can give glory to God no matter how lowly is our state or abject our condition; in fact that the very lowliness and abjection may be used as stepping stones to heaven.

That the loyalty to Pope and country are perfectly compatible is instanced in St. Anselm. He carried out the decision of Christ: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." Therefore, he asserted and maintained the rights of the Church against the usurpations of the King. There can be no lawful clash between the spiritual and temporal authorities, for both "are ordained of God."

St. George is the earthly type of St. Michael. So both are similarly represented as vanquishing the dragon, the evil one. How much we need the spirit of these two champions nowadays, when the devil is prowling about so boldly seeking to devour souls. We have the same weapons at hand as they had, and the victory would be ours if we only wielded them as they did.

In St. Fidelis we have a model of zeal for souls. Though threatened by heretics with death if he did not desist preaching, nothing could deter him from proclaiming the faith and exposing their errors. Waylaid by a band of Swiss

Protestants, the minister offered him his life if he would embrace their reform. He answered: "I came to refute your errors, not to embrace them; I will never renounce Catholic doctrine, which is the truth of all ages, and I fear not death." They then killed him with their poignards.

We are indebted to St. Mark for some of the most graphic descriptions of our Lord, which he had learned from St. Peter, whose spiritual son and faithful companion he was. Read his Gospel and study the divine life therein depicted so vividly.

In B. Peter Canisius we have an indefatigable champion of orthodoxy. By word of mouth and by numerous writings he was ever on the alert to defend the truth and refute error. Hence he was named "The Hammer of Heretics." Perhaps his chief monument is his great catechism. He bids us prepare ourselves to give a reason for the faith that is in us.

When the cross is laid upon our shoulders in the shape of some trial or suffering, it would be well for us to call to mind the saying of St. Paul of the Cross: "God does us great honor when He is pleased that we should tread the same road which was trodden by His only begotten Son." The cross becomes light if we realize that Christ is bearing it with us.

How genuine, thorough, and hearty was the devotion of St. Catharine of Sienna to the Church. "O Lord," she prayed, "let all the parts of my body, all my bones, all the marrow within my bones, be beaten and pounded together in a mortar; only restore Thy Holy Church to her comeliness and beauty." Compare with this our lukewarmness and apathy.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—Hampton Roads, Va.—The Rev. Father Chidwick, Chaplain of the Navy, is doing excellent work among the men of the Atlantic Squadron. "He came on board the Columbia to-day," writes a correspondent, "and said Mass. The Captain put his own cabin at his disposal for a confessional and in the afternoon he gave a rousing address on the devotion to the Sacred Heart to 400 men. He intends to enroll every Catholic of the squadron in the League. God bless him!" We second the good wish of our devout correspondent.

—St. Peter's Centre, New Brighton, Staten Island.—The Apostleship of Prayer was established in St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., about four years ago. It has a registered membership of over 2,000, whose interests are carefully attended to by 100 zealous Promoters. Nearly one-half the number on our registered list practice the three Degrees.

Three years ago a sewing circle was established at the suggestion of the Rev. Director. This circle is under the supervision of the Promoters of the League. They assemble twice a week, every Monday and Thursday evening, from 7 to 9 30, in a large, spacious room, fully equipped with six sewing machines and all the other requisites which go to make up a dressmakers' outfit. The session begins the first Monday in November and ends the last Thursday in March.

The object of the sewing circle is to make clothing for the poor children of the parish.

During the three years of its existence over 500 pairs of shoes and an equal number of suits of clothing were distributed to the poor children, both boys and girls.

Source of Revenue.—We announce it from the altar a couple of times during the year, that each member of the League will be taxed the nominal sum of five cents per month, provided their circumstances will permit them to give that amount, and that the five cents per month from each member will go towards making up a fund, the object of which will be to procure shoes and clothing for the poor children of the parish, during the winter months. The Promoters collect this little tax every month when delivering the *Rosary Leaflets* to their respective members, and are cautioned by the Rev. Director not under any circumstances to accept one cent from the poor people, but, on the contrary, to offer them assistance, if acceptable.

The plan works exceedingly well, and the people not only cheerfully give the five cents per month, but also send rolls of flannel and dress goods to the sewing circle. The good Promoters are untiring in their efforts, many of them giving their time in the evenings after the hard labors of the day. They take more than a pleasure in their work, and the "God bless you" of the poor mothers, and the assurance of the prayers of their little ones, whose hearts they gladden, cause them to redouble their efforts, knowing that they are helping God's little ones.

It is with feelings of delicacy I make the above facts known, as what we do, we do in a spirit of charity. But the hope that the League Centres in other parishes will be prompted to take up the good work, and thus act, as it were, as an auxiliary to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, prompts me to publish these few remarks.

—Sacred Heart Centre, Worcester, Mass.—The Rev. Dr. Conaty, in his Parish Annual, says this for the recommendation of the League, which just hits the nail on the head :

"Every person in the parish, at least every one who has received First Communion, should be a member of the League of the Sacred Heart in some one of the Degrees. It is a devotion so simple that it appeals to every one, and especially to men. You have so little to do and you have so much done for you. Join the League. Come to the First Friday evening exercises. Men, young men, come to these devotions and become better acquainted with this simple, sweet devotion to the Sacred Heart.

"Every First Friday there is exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5 A. M. to 8.30 P. M. Be sure to visit the Blessed Sacrament that day and wear your League Badge, as also whenever you receive Holy Communion. There is a special Indulgence for it."

The same bulletin gives also a list of the Bands of the League, numbering eighty-three, with their respective Promoters. Each Band is under the special patronage of a Patron Saint.

—A Promoter writes the following edifying items :

"Ever since I became a Promoter of the League, I felt within me a burning desire to save souls with the help of God, especially those of bad Catholics. I always think of the Good Shepherd who leaves the ninety-nine in the desert and goes in search of the one that is lost, and that is my motto. I cannot rest day or night when I hear or know of a bad Catholic until I have succeeded in getting him to join

the League, and promising, first, the Morning Offering. Then I feel he is safe and the devil will soon lose hold of him.

"At first, I thought that bad Catholics could not be taken as Associates, but my confessor assured me they could, and that it is established in parishes for their conversion. I have three Bands of Associates and most of them were bad Catholics when they joined the League, but are coming around all right. Several have made the Mission and received the Sacraments after being away from them from six to eleven years. Thank God for their conversion. If we try to do little works of zeal and pray, our good God will change their hearts and do the rest.

"They do not always receive me very kindly, at first, nor even politely; some have even refused to accept a little Sacred Heart Badge, saying: 'I have not much faith in it;' but I have always succeeded before leaving in making them promise to say the Morning Offering. If we could not put up with a little affront or insult in order to help to save a soul, then we should not be worthy of the name of a Promoter, for our Master is our model, and he put up with many of them to save us. I make a practice of having at least one new Associate, each month as an offering to the Sacred Heart, who has bestowed so many graces on me. I feel I must be grateful and do something to show my gratitude and love. When I have more Associates than I can attend to myself, then I look for a new Promoter to take charge of a Band.

"I offer the Daily Decade through St. Joseph and the souls in purgatory for all the bad Catholics in our parish, and I find they are very powerful in assisting me to bring them back. As soon as I have succeeded in getting one to join the League I am always sure to hear of another, so I am on the go all the time, and cannot find much time to think of anything else. I always make a visit to my dear Saviour in the lonely tabernacle before I begin my works of zeal to ask His grace and blessing as I know I cannot do any good without it. I try to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass when I can. I should like to ask all Promoters to help the Good Shepherd to seek for the lost ones, and He will carry them back on His shoulders and with his angels rejoice for one that is found and is doing penance more than for ninety-nine just, who need not penance."

—Presentation Convent, West Troy.—The Holy League is in very good standing amongst the orphans. Thirty-seven were admitted to the 2d Degree and one to the 1st.

during 1895. Five sets of Rosary tickets are received with much eagerness by them.

For the year '95 they never missed First Friday Communion and they have made a novena for the First Friday since March last.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we had the Apostleship of Study organized with a most impressive ceremony. There were thirty-three candidates for the 1st Degree and two received the 6th with Diplomas. A beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart was got for the occasion, and at the close of a touching discourse from the chaplain the children went round the grounds in procession, singing hymns at the different altars erected for the occasion. The children of the League wore red scarfs to distinguish them from the less favored of the school. Great improvement is noticed in the conduct of the children.

OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Emily, Hartford, Conn.; Sister Mary Agatha, Convent of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Johanna A. Dohan, Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Martin Lewis O'Connor, the Cathedral, Peoria, Ill.; Rosa Clark, St. Patrick's Centre, Washington, D. C.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For Father Barnum, S.J., Alaskan Mission.		R. F. S., Wilsonville, Conn., in	
A Subscriber	\$ 1 00	thanksgiving	\$1 00
K. R. H. W., Whales Wharf,		For South African Mission.	
Mass.	5 00	A Promoter, Cathedral Centre,	
M. A. C., St. Louis, Mo. . . .	25 00	New York City, per Rev. J. H.	
M. G. S., Providence, R. I. . .	1 00	McM.	5 00
G. G., Galveston, Texas	10 00	For St. Patrick's Church, Rome.	
A. R., Phila., Pa., in thanks-		Sundry Contributions, per Father	
giving	1 00	Woods, S.J., San Francisco,	
M. P. F., Belle Plain, Minn. . .	25	Cal.	8 95
For Most Needy Missions.		For St. Camillus' Home, Madagascar.	
M. F. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .	75	A. McG., Brooklyn, N. Y., per	
A Supplicant, Hazleton, Pa. . .	2 00	Rev. J. F. X. O'C., S.J. . . .	10 00
A Friend, Lynn, Mass.	1 00		
A. B.	10 00		

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Apostleship of the Press.

THE Apostleship of Prayer has always recognized the importance of the Apostleship of the Press. The *Messenger* and the PILGRIM, the official organs of the League, are in themselves an apostolate of good reading on a small scale. The former particularly has devoted much attention to this subject and has always endeavored to exert its influence for the spread of sound Catholic literature.

The importance and necessity of a vigorous Catholic press is universally acknowledged, and by no one has this fact been more clearly realized and more forcibly expressed than by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. In an address delivered to a delegation of Catholic editors, February 22, 1879, he compares this army of Catholic writers to a chosen band of soldiers, well skilled and trained in literary warfare, ready at the word of command from their leader to rush into the thickest of the fray, and, if need be, leave their lives on the field. He now calls upon us to pray for this cause.

The same has been repeatedly recommended by the Bishops of the United States and of other countries. The necessity of a wide-awake Catholic press must be evident to all who consider what an amount of dangerous and positively bad literature is circulated throughout the world, and particularly in our own country. Something must be done to undo the harm that is done by such publications; and the only remedy is the circulation of good Catholic books, magazines, papers and tracts.

All our Associates should lend a helping hand to this work, by reading good Catholic books and papers themselves, getting them into their own families, inducing others to purchase or subscribe for them. If they only succeed in putting the *Messenger* and PILGRIM into as many hands as possible, they may rest assured that they have done a great service to the cause of Catholic literature. But their zeal should not be limited to these. They should help the cause by every means. However, as the cause of Catholic literature has to contend with great difficulties that can be overcome only by supernatural agencies, the Holy Father wishes us during this month ardently to pray for the Apostleship of the Press.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE APOSTLESHIP OF THE PRESS.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, April 19.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M. Bona Mors; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. W. St. Hugh, Bp. (1142).—Respect innocence; Directors' Intentions.
2. Th. Maundy Thursday.—Devotion to Mass; 68,606 thanksgivings.—A.C., B.M., H.H.
3. F. Good Friday.—Reparation; 28,981 in affliction.
4. S. Holy Saturday.—Silence; 40,310 dead Associates.
5. S. Easter Sunday.—*St. Vincent Ferrer* (O.P., 1419).—Joy with Christ risen; 241,925 League Centres.—A.I., 1st D., A.C., B.M., Pr.
6. M. Easter Monday.—*B. Juliana*, V. (Corpus Christi, 1258).—Begin a new life; 21,381 First Communions.
7. T. Easter Tuesday.—*B. Herman Joseph* (Prémontré, 1236).—Be steadfast in hope; 85,062 departed souls.
8. W. St. Walter, Ab. (1099).—Contempt of self; 232,068 employment, means.
9. Th. St. Mary of Egypt, Penitent (421).—Sorrow for sins; 58,053 clergy.—H.H.
10. F. St. Mechilde, V. Ab. (O.S.B., 1300).—Honor Sacred Heart; 110,781 children.
11. S. St. Antipas, M. (The faithful witness, 92).—Greatness of soul; 123,189 young persons.
12. S. 1st after Easter.—Low Sunday: *St. Zeno*, Bp. M. (380).—Spirit of faith, 52,175 families.
13. M. St. Hermenegild, K.M. (586).—God's glory first; 83,967 perseverance.
14. T. St. Justin Martyr (167).—Defend the faith; 27,670 reconciliations.
15. W. St. John Damascene, D. (780).—*St. Peter Gonzales* (O.S.D., 1246).—Honor holy images; 72,075 spiritual favors.
16. Th. St. Isidore, Bp. D. (639).—*St. Benedict Jos. Labre* (1785).—Die to the world; 65,035 temporal favors.—H.H.
17. F. St. Leo I., P. D. (461).—*St. Anicetus*, P. M. (161).—Spirit of joy; 78,223 conversions to the faith.—A.S.
18. S. St. Apollonius, M. (186).—*Blessed Mary of the Incarnation*, V. (O.C., 1618).—Interest in missions; 57,669 schools.
19. S. 2d after Easter.—Good Shepherd.—*St. Expeditus*, M. (IX Cent.).—Pray for the erring; 30,327 sick, infirm.—C.R.
- 20.—M. St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, V. (O.S.D., 1317).—Spirit of kindness; 36,436 missions, retreats.
21. T. St. Anselm, Bp. D. (O.S.B., 1109).—Pious reading; 15,437 pious works, societies.
22. W. SS. Soter and Caius, PP. MM. (170–295).—Detachment from world; 21,012 parishes.
23. Th. St. George, M. (Patron of England, 303).—Pray for England; 167,374 sinners, intemperate.—H.H.
24. F. St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M. (162).—*St. Wilfrid*, Bp. (709).—Fidelity to promises; 65,020 parents, superiors.
25. S. St. Mark Evangelist (68).—The Great Litanies.—Spirit of prayer; 121,181 religious.
26. S. 3d after Easter.—Patronage of St. Joseph.—Confidence in Joseph; 23,529 seminarists, novices.—2d D., B.M.
27. M. B. Peter Canisius (S.J. 1597).—*St. Turibius*, Bp. (Peru, 1506).—Spirit of meekness; 26,489 vocations.
28. T. St. Paul of the Cross, F. (Passionists, 1775).—Honor the passion; 40,199 special, urgent.
29. W. St. Peter Martyr (O.P., 1252).—Defend the faith; 53,806 various.
30. Th. St. Catharine of Sienna, V. (O.S.D., 1380).—Loyalty to the Pope; Messenger Readers.—Pr., H.H.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 15th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at Lorette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

MAY, 1896.

No. 5.

TO OUR LADY.

BY THOMAS J. BECKER S.J.

IN realms eterne, where seraphs' lays
With breath of incense mingle praise,
My Lady, throned 'mid jasper halls,
Grants gracious largess to us thralls
And benison and length of days.

How beauteous, robed in deathless rays,
From Light divine! The rapturous gaze
Of angel throngs upon her falls
In realms eterne.

Be thou my star through weary ways,
While o'er life's mere my shallop strays;
Thine be the mystic voice which calls
And welcomes me to sapphire walls,
Where angel music floats and plays
In realms eterne.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

FILLED with the Holy Ghost and rapt in prophetic ecstasy, Mary, the Mother of God, on her visit to her kinswoman, St. Elizabeth, sang: "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed." This prophecy has been amply fulfilled in her throughout the entire history of the Church; but never was it more strikingly realized than in our own day. The devotion to the Mother of God received a new impulse by the introduction of the May Devotions in the Church about the beginning of this century; and it has been still more emphasized of late years by the spread of the devotion of the Holy Rosary, mainly through the exertion of our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. Now it may literally be said that all nations on the face of the earth "call her blessed."

At no season of the year are those words of the *Magnificat* so universally verified as in the beautiful month of May. In this month she literally reigns as Queen—the lovely Queen of May. The May Devotion is an unceasing canticle of praise whose sweet music travels from east to west over the entire globe every twenty-four hours, and commingles with the celestial notes of the heavenly hosts, who continually stand before the throne of the glorious Queen of Heaven and chant without ceasing a rapturous *Magnificat* in her praise. During this month heaven and earth, angels and men, unite in praising and glorifying the great Mother of God. We stand not alone in honoring her, but united with all her children here on earth, and with the hosts of heaven themselves. What sweet notes of praise, what sentiments of tender love, what precious offerings of devotion and self-sacrifice are borne aloft before her glorious throne by her angelic messengers during this beautiful month!

It was a beautiful idea, a tender sentiment, to dedicate the month of May to Mary, the Mother of God—to make her Queen of the May. She is the first, the fairest and the best of those rational creatures for whom God created the universe. To her is consequently due the first, the fairest and the best of God's irrational creation. For May is through-

out the greater part of the civilized world the loveliest month of the year, when nature puts on her festive garb and is redolent of heavenly sweetness—when nature's songsters put forth their sweetest and most joyous notes. All this is made to combine to celebrate the praises of nature's Queen.

Mary, indeed, is the Queen of creation. The Church, adapting to her the words of the Scripture, calls her the "first-born of all creatures." For, though not the first created, she was first in the mind of the Creator. For, as God made all things in the beginning for the sake of His only-begotten Son, to glorify Him in his humanity, so He certainly thought also of the thrice-blessed Mother of whom His Son was to take that sacred humanity. Jesus, the Eternal Son of God, and Mary His Mother are inseparably wedded together in the mind of the Most High; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

Mary was therefore before the mind of God when He laid the foundations of the earth, when He balanced the firmament of heaven overhead, and stayed the rushing waters of the deep. She was with Him (to use the words of the inspired writer) forming all things, playing before Him at all times. And thus she is with Him still as the centre of the great work of His creation, side by side with His own beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased. As the Son, the Incarnate Word, is the King, so she, the Mother of the Word, is the Queen of creation. There is nothing more befitting, then, than that the universe should do homage to its Queen; and this tribute of homage is rendered to her in the May Devotion, when the fairest of nature's gifts are offered on her altar.

As we lay the choicest of nature's offerings on the graves of our departed friends and national heroes, while we celebrate their praises in speech and song, it is meet that art and nature should combine, in their best productions, to glorify nature's Queen and art's inspirer.

This beautiful idea we find for the first time prettily illustrated in the life of a most lovable mediæval saint—B. Henry Suso, who lived in the thirteenth century on the banks of the far-famed lake of Constance. When yet a child he had a tender devotion to the Mother of God, He used to watch

eagerly the first flowers of spring, as they burst forth from the bud one by one, and mark them out for his heavenly Mother. He would watch over them with tender care until the first of May came. Then he would cull them and weave them into a festive wreath to grace the brow of the Queen of May.

There is another more practical idea underlying the May Devotions. Of all the months in the year the month of May is, perhaps, the most dangerous to the morality of youth. The winter is past, and the season invites to parties and pastimes that are often fraught with dangers to innocence. Hence the need of the special protection of the Mother of God, the Queen of fair love and holy hope. It was for that reason that St. Philip Neri, the great friend of youth, who lived in Rome in the sixteenth century, used on the May evenings to gather the youth of Rome around him, entertain them pleasantly with stories chiefly about the Mother of God, teach them to sing hymns in her honor, recite night prayers in common with them, and close the month with a general Communion.

Here we have the outlines of the May Devotions, as they are generally celebrated. When and where this custom first originated we cannot establish for a certainty. This devotion is one of those choice fruits that grow up almost unnoticed in the garden of the Church—being sown and watered and nurtured there by the hand of the Holy Ghost, the invisible husbandman. It was once a mustard-seed, but now it is a huge tree, that affords refreshing shade to millions of devout Catholics.

The first record we find of the public celebration of the month of May in the Church is at the Jesuit Church of the Gesù in Rome, where about the year 1770 it was conducted by Father Muzzarelli according to the plan laid down by him in his popular little book entitled the *Month of May*, which was published for the first time in 1784.

The devotion of the month of May is variously celebrated in various places. When celebrated publicly in the Church, it generally consists of the recitation of certain prayers, the singing of hymns, a sermon, instruction or pious lecture in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament. Those who are unable to attend Church are exhorted to substitute a similar devotion at home. The Rosary and the Litany of our Lady of Loretto are very appropriate for this purpose. Those prayers should, if possible, be supplemented by a short spiritual reading from one of the many *Months of May* or some other pious book on our Blessed Lady. It is also a laudable practice during this month to perform every day some special act of virtue—for instance, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, an act of charity or self-denial—in honor of the Queen of May. These various acts—which are ordinarily called “May Flowers”—are so many flowers, as it were, which we cull by the wayside and weave into a beautiful chaplet wherewith to crown our heavenly Queen.

To encourage the devotion of the faithful, Pius VII. granted 300 days' indulgence each day to all the faithful who, during this month, honor the Mother of God with some prayer, good work or other devout exercise; and also a plenary indulgence to all those who, within the same month, worthily receive Holy Communion, and pray for the intention of the Holy Father.

Now is the time particularly to instil into the hearts of the children a tender love and devotion to the Mother of God—by encouraging them to set up and decorate a little altar to her, to burn lights before her pictures and images, and to pray and sing her praises before them. We should all be sensible during this month that she is our mother and Queen, and we should endeavor, like loving children, to gladden her motherly heart by tokens of childlike affection—mindful that filial devotion to her is a mark of God's predilection. Of her the Church sings: “He that will find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.”

REGINA CÆLI.

O Queen of heaven, exult on high,
 For He whom thou wert meet to bear
 Hath risen as He did prophesy.
 Commend us to our God in prayer.
Alleluia.

SELF-CONQUEST.

BY A. F.

“WELL, you're a strange fellow. That's all I've got to say.”

“You don't know what you are talking about. Do you think that I am going to lose the three hundred days' indulgence you gain every time you serve on the altar, in order to see a ball game?”

Thus closed an animated discussion in which one boy had been bravely holding his own against the combined attacks of a dozen others, whose sentiments were fully, if not elegantly, represented by the words of the first speaker. The scene is laid in the playground of the Junior Division of one of our Catholic colleges. On the porch hard by stood the Prefect, engaged solely, to all appearances, in cutting out from the morning daily the latest base-ball news. Around him a score of piping voices were asking in great excitement: “Who won yesterday?” and bets without security were freely made that Boston, or New York, or Pittsburgh was in the lead. Out on the ball field two teams were being chosen for a game, while in a distant corner of the yard a dozen or more of the smallest boys were marching under the standard of a broom to the inspiring strains of their Division song.

But let us return to the second speaker, our hero, the candidate for the high honor of being considered a model altar boy. With cheeks deeply dyed with a flush half of anger and half of sorrow, his bright blue eyes veiled with the rising tears of these contending emotions, he stands a moment alone. But boyhood's anger and boyhood's grief pass quickly, and we have scarcely commenced our study of him when he is off to join his companions in their sports. A loud shout greets his advent upon the ball field, and the opposing captains vie with each other in their efforts to obtain his services for their respective sides. If you judged from the earnestness with which they advanced their claims, you would almost say that victory depended upon him alone. And it is just on this point our little story hinges. Had not

Fred Wheeler been the greatest base-ball enthusiast on the Division, the champion short-stop and captain of the Stars, it would have occasioned no surprise when, having placed before him as a punishment two weeks' suspension from the altar, or to spend the time of the great Yale 'Varsity game in writing Latin lines, he had chosen the latter alternative. The great Yale 'Varsity game, the game about which he had been talking, even dreaming for a month, the game on which he had wagered his dessert at table for the coming week—that Fred Wheeler should forego all this rather than be suspended from the altar—it was incredible, and teachers and boys alike were surprised at his decision. Was there another boy on the Division who would have made this choice? I think not.

But, you object, how happened it that so noble a character ever incurred a punishment? Here we strike the very root of the complex problem which confronts every one who gives himself to the study of human nature, with its strange admixture of good and bad, its manly deeds and its disheartening failures, its high resolves and its feeble execution. It is the fact so well set forth by the genial humorist, John G. Saxe, in his short poem entitled "Boys." "The proper study of mankind is man, the most charming and perplexing, woman," and then he continues:

"But of all studies in the round of learning
From nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning
The very queerest one is that of boys."

Truth to say, Fred Wheeler had a good share of the faults which mark an active, vivacious, intelligent boy of thirteen years, and truth to say, also, though in duty bound to visit these delinquencies with due correction, we esteem not a whit the less the boy with all his faults. Many a time had a word spoken in time of silence, a snowball thrown in a prohibited direction with danger to window panes, the Division bounds overstepped in eagerness to elude a pursuing companion in a game of fox and hounds, condemned Fred to stand "on post," the sad witness of his playmates' fun, waiting in silence the moment of deliverance. Many a time

had some misdemeanor in drill, some untidiness in his military suit, doomed him to walk, gun in hand, for a weary hour, till now that he had risen from the ranks, full of the borrowed dignity of his shoulder-straps and sword, the drill hour found him as serious and erect as the U. S. military officer who was detailed as commandant.

More than once had lessons missed or themes poorly written deprived him of his recreation. But oftener still a look of reproach from prefect or teacher was in itself sufficient punishment, and his bright face mantled with a blush of shame from the consciousness of detected guilt, he would return to the required observance of rule, or give the attention demanded to his books. You see I am concealing none of his faults, for I am picturing a boy as I found him in real life.

Once, when he had so far forgotten himself as to be guilty of some grave disorder in the refectory—I cannot recall the exact offence—and in fear and trembling he had heard the dread announcement that he should repair to the vice-president's office, there to make his first acquaintance with the strap. But for natures such as his, there was no need of proceeding to the actual infliction of corporal punishment. Once only the strap gently descended upon his outstretched hand, and there burst from his eyes a flood of tears. It was not the physical pain to which he had succumbed—the stroke could scarcely have hurt—and pluck and grit were large ingredients in his make-up. Had he not played five innings of a game of base-ball with a split finger, and concealed the excruciating torture of a sprained ankle, in order not to be withdrawn from a foot-ball match which his team was on the point of winning? It was the collapse of a high-spirited boy under a sense of humiliation, or rather, as he put it himself, "it was not the whipping, but that he had deserved it, that caused him pain." "Too fine feelings these, for a boy of thirteen," I hear some reader object, with a doubting shake of the head, "a touch of imagination, drawn to enhance the virtues of his hero, and not true to life." Let another little incident confirm the truth of Fred's assertion, and be my justification. One day I found him alone in a

distant corner of the playground, weeping bitterly. "Are you unwell, Fred?" I asked. "No, sir," was the answer, as he made an effort to control his feelings. "But what is the matter, then?" I inquired. "Johnnie Jackson called me a liar." "Well," said I, "what difference does it make what he called you, provided it is not so." "There's just the trouble, sir," he whispered in his intervals of sobbing, "it is true. I did tell a lie, and that's what hurts me."

But with all his shortcomings, there was one place where Fred Wheeler's conduct was above reproach. It was the chapel. All his restless activity vanished as he entered the chapel door, and it was a sight pleasing to men and angels as, with hands joined together, he knelt upright during the daily Mass. How he envied the altar-boys with their bright red cassocks and tidy lace surplices, as two by two, with eyes modestly cast down, they led the procession to the sanctuary at Vespers, or on occasion of a solemn Mass. Would he ever be good enough to get on the altar? He had learned from the catechism instruction of his teacher that the servers obtained a very special share in the fruit of the Holy Sacrifice, and that the members of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society, besides the plenary indulgence on the day of their admission and other feasts, gained an indulgence of three hundred days every time they served at Mass. And what pleasure it would give mamma! Perhaps, too, being thus nearer and closer to our Lord, he might more easily obtain the object of all his own and mamma's prayers—the conversion of papa to the faith. Papa was so good, so kind; so generous in sending him to college. If he were only a Catholic!

Before long Fred's pious desires became known to the Director of the Sanctuary Society, and he was promised admission among the altar boys, on condition that his class and conduct mark should reach 90. And now begins a new chapter in the history of our young friend. Without flagging in his devotion to outdoor sports, he began to give more attention to his books. Ever faithful to his obligations as a member of the League of the Sacred Heart, his reform took a practical shape in greater care in marking down his offer-

ings of pious works. "Mr. S.," he said one day to me, "there are some things on that League card I don't understand. How can I offer any mortifications or self-conquests?" "Nothing easier," I replied. "Is not prompt rising in the morning, at the first sound of the bell, an act of mortification? The bell rings for the end of recreation. You are just about to throw the ball or to bat out one more 'fly.' You check yourself for love of the Sacred Heart. Is this not a self-conquest? You grow tired of the hateful Latin grammar, and you open your desk to take out your geography, with its nicely-colored maps and interesting pictures, although perhaps you have no lesson in it for your next class. You stop. No; as an offering to our dear Lord's Heart, you go back to the old grammar. Have you not conquered yourself, and is this not something to mark on your card?" Thanking me for these suggestions, he ran off to join his companions in their play.

And so he struggled on, not without several slips, to the goal of his desires. January saw his marks go up from 75 to 85, and Fred was greatly encouraged. In February he had almost obtained the required standard, but a little spell of laziness toward the end of the month, a few breaches of rule, kept him still within the eighties. At this a cloud of disappointment fell athwart his path, and there were not wanting false friends to advise him to give up trying to be good, and to enjoy himself "like the other fellows." It was at this crisis that he accosted me with the following question: "Mr. S., did you always get a 100 for conduct when you were a boy?" Deference for truth and my desire to encourage him, made me make the frank confession that I had never been so honored. "Well, then," he said, "there is some hope for me yet, and I'll try again."

His efforts at length were crowned with success, and the college hall re-echoed with prolonged applause, when at the next reading of monthly marks Fred Wheeler walked up the aisle to receive from the hands of the Rev. President a First Testimonial. This was on a Saturday. At Vespers the next day he made his first appearance as an altar-boy and his features, radiant with joy and happiness, stood out

in clear relief under the light of the torch he carried so deftly in his little hand.

But the best of us are, after all, weak and vacillating. It is of faith that without a most special assistance no creature is preserved from at least venial sin, and although lacking this firm foundation, it is yet nearly as true that there is no small boy who can keep himself entirely free from getting into little scrapes. So as time wore on, Fred began to relax somewhat in his attention to study and observance of college rule. Several times he had been publicly reprimanded, till at last a lesson badly recited, a theme disfigured by blots and full of grammatical mistakes, and, worst of all, inattention and talking in class brought matters to a climax. "Frederick Wheeler," began his usually imperturbable teacher, a slight accession of color to his pallid countenance, and a nervous readjustment of his spectacles alone betraying his righteous anger, "Frederick Wheeler, your conduct is becoming intolerable. You will oblige me by remaining in your seat at the end of class."

Poor Fred! How his conscience smote him, and with what dread he looked forward to the meeting with Mr. H. The interview was a short one. "Wheeler," said his teacher—what an amount of punishment is often compressed into the simple fact of calling a boy by his family instead of his Christian name—"there must be a radical change in your way of acting. I give you your choice between two weeks' suspension from the altar, and spending the time of the Yale 'Varsity game in writing out the lessons you have missed." The alternative was a hard one, and no wonder that Fred hesitated before answering. Nature and grace were in conflict, but grace triumphed. "I'll write the lines, sir," he at length replied. "You may go to your Division," was the quick, brief comment of the teacher, fearing lest he should evince his surprise and admiration at his scholar's choice.

Thursday dawned dark and rainy, and at noon it was announced that the great game had been postponed till Saturday. "How lucky you are," cried Fred's companions, as they gather around him in congratulation. "You might

as well be in the study hall as in recreation, a dreary day like this." But it was not in our boy's generous, open nature to dodge a merited punishment by a technicality or subterfuge. "No, fellows," he answered firmly. "I was told to do my punishment on Thursday, *during the game*, and therefore I will write my lines on Saturday."

Bright and glorious Saturday came, and at 2.30 P. M. the bell rang to fall in ranks to march to the ball field of Senior Division. A loud shout greets the welcome amusement, and with merry laugh and boyish chatter all save one hastened to the scene of the great contest. Book and pen and foolscap in hand Fred goes to his place of punishment. As he turns the corner he casts a wistful glance on the ball field, while his eyes fill with tears at the thought of the sacrifice he is making. He mounts the two flights of stairs which lead to the class-room just as the air resounds with a loud chorus of college cheers proclaiming the opening of the game. Mr. H. is waiting him with a kindly smile: "Well Fred," he says, and the boy starts with joy as he hears himself once more called by his first name, "I have changed your punishment. Instead of writing the lines you may go to the game, but mind, I shall expect a full account of the contest from you to-morrow."

With a half-articulate "O, thank you, sir," he is off, and a moment later the shrill, high voices of the Junior Division announce by a hearty cheer the return of their favorite.

* * *

Was Fred Wheeler a hero? Does he deserve the name I have given him of model altar-boy? Perhaps not in the eyes of his thoughtless companions who were incapable of appreciating the high motives by which he had been actuated. Yet if we could but get a peep at the Book of Life, I doubt not but we would find this little sacrifice noted in characters of gold. But there was another question that arose before my mind of greater and far more wide-reaching import, and as I applied myself to its solution, my thoughts had wandered years away from the scene of activity before me. Would the future find Fred as faithful to right and duty as in his college days? In the full vigor of manhood would he resist the call

of pleasures more seductive and attractive to stand firm by the dictates of conscience and the commands of Holy Church? It is a question which God alone can answer. We but plant the seed, and for a few short years we water it with our words of instruction and guidance. From God must come the increase, and to His divine Providence we commit with prayerful confidence the boys who pass from the safe harbor of our college homes out into the deep of a storm-tossed world.

OUR LADY'S TITLES.

By what choice title shall we thee invoke,

Maria?

What music in that word when Gabriel spoke,

Maria.

Shall we with Him thee "full of grace" proclaim?

Or shall we hail thee by a dearer name,

Maria?

"The Lord is with thee," thou His mother art,

Flesh of thy flesh, He rests upon thy heart,

Maria.

"Among all women thou art ever blessed,"

For Jesus, thy womb's fruit, hath thee caressed,

Maria.

Or shall we as "the woman" thee implore,

Who crushed the serpent's head in wily war,

Maria?

"Woman," Christ said, when His first sign He wrought;

"Woman," again, when His last fight He fought.

Woman, O peerless woman of the race,

May we through thee both live and die in grace,

Maria.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

The best organized Sodality of modern times that has come under our notice is the Students' Sodality of the university of Barcelona. It is just ten years in existence and is under the direction of the Rev. Father Luis Ignacio Fiter, S.J. It numbers already 1,074 actual members. It is supplemented by two junior Sodalities which serve as feeders for the university or senior Sodality. The latter is under the title of the Immaculate Conception and the patronage of St. Aloysius, while the two junior Sodalities are under the patronage respectively of St. John Berchmans and St. Stanislas.

The senior Sodality, besides the various committees for works of charity, has an extensive literary organization (academia general), whose object it is to treat questions of the day in their bearing on religion and the various studies of the university. This academy is divided into various sections: Philosophy, law and jurisprudence, medicine, natural science, literature, history, philology, music, art, modern languages. This organization keeps the students in touch with all burning questions and gives them an opportunity of utilizing the results of their university studies in the defence of truth.

The Sodality holds its religious meetings on all Sundays and on the chief festivals of the year. All the resident members are bound to assist at these meetings. Those who change their residence may keep up their membership and enjoy all the privileges of the Sodality, provided they correspond by letter at stated times with the Director or Secretary of the Sodality.

The discipline in receiving candidates and members is very strict. None but those of exemplary lives need apply, and members are received only after a protracted probation. Irregular attendance at the weekly meetings and monthly communions, without sufficient excuse, is mercilessly visited with the penalty of exclusion or expulsion.

Besides the regular membership, the Sodality has a long list of supernumerary and honorary members of various degrees. Supernumeraries are those who, owing to distance or other cause, are unable to attend the regular meetings of the Sodality, but are partakers of all its privileges. Honorary members are distinguished ecclesiastics or laymen, who are eager to honor the Sodality by their names, or whom the Sodality wishes to honor or reward for services rendered. To the list of honorary members, who share all the privileges and advantages of the Sodality, belong all clergymen and married laymen who were once actual members of the Sodality.

On the roll of honor we read the names of the Papal Nuncio at Madrid, several Archbishops and Bishops ; among others Archbishop Mora of Mexico. We may have something to say of the active work of this model Sodality on a future occasion.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Nevada, Mo. ; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, Mass. ; St. John Baptist's Church, New Bedford, Mass. (four aggregations) ; St. Francis Xavier's, Gettysburg, Pa. (two aggregations) ; Church of the Sacred Heart, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. ; Church of the Guardian Angels, New York City ; St. Anne's, Wadena, Minn. (two aggregations) ; St. Mary's, Granville, N. Y. ; House of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, New York City ; St. James' Church, Cazenovia, N. Y. ; St. Augustine's Cathedral, St. Augustine, Fla. ; Church of the Assumption, Ansonia, Conn. ; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Denver, Colo. ; St. Mary's, Pittston, Pa. ; St. Paul's, Oswego, N. Y. ; St. Henry's, Bayonne, N. J.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—The Death of the Beloved Disciple.

St. John had learned the great lesson how to die well, as he stood at the foot of the Cross and saw the Master, who loved him so dearly, expire in agony.

He then longed to follow Him, that he might once more be reunited to Him. But the greatest privilege had been granted him: that of having the Mother of God for his mother, and of caring for her with a son's devotedness. But when she was called to enter into the joy of her Lord and Son, then John hoped for his summons.

He had boldly professed his willingness and ability to drink of the Master's chalice and to be baptized with His baptism. Persecution came and torture. The poisoned chalice he drank unharmed; the boiling oil he passed through unscathed. He longed to die, but death came not. He was to be like his Blessed Mother, in that his exile was to be prolonged. His exile from his native land was a type of his exile from his true fatherland. Patience was to have in him its perfect work. Patient waiting was to be the fire to refine sevenfold the gold of his loving heart.

A century passed before the disciple went to meet the Master. What a lesson for those who repine when their exile is prolonged, and fail to recognize in the long years of waiting the means of perfection given them by One who has their best interests at heart. Say then with St. John: "Lord, let me patiently tarry till the hour when Thou shalt bid me come to Thee, or till Thou come to me."

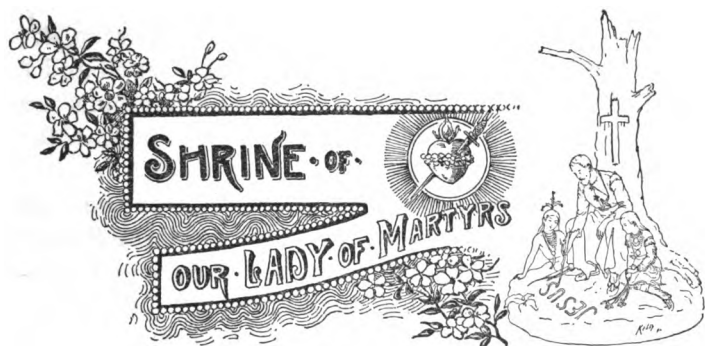
LONGING.

Lord Jesus, come and tarry not !

The deep'ning shades around me fall,

And dreary is my exiled lot,

While I await Thy looked-for call.



Reading the General Intention for May we are impelled to exclaim: "Thank God, our American soil is not without its place of pilgrimage." The French Colonists of two centuries and a half ago brought over with them from "Mary's Kingdom" devotion to their Queen. Wherever they went they left memorials of their love for her in the names they gave to river and town. Alas, many of them have been replaced by the commonplace names of some ambitious settler, who, lacking the true faith, lacked the true love for the Mother of God, and dared to exchange her title for his. In like manner a sacred spot in New York State, once the site of the mission of the Martyrs, then afterwards called St. Mary's, is now known as Auriesville, so named from Aurie, an old Iroquois chief, the last of his tribe to remain there.

This is historical ground for here Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil suffered death for the faith, thus making the soil fruitful by their blood for the Mission of the Martyrs.

In 1667 the Jesuit Fathers Frémin and Pierron opened a settled station here under the name of St. Mary's, and in 1673 the General Superior of the Mohawk Missions, Father Bruyas, took up his residence here.

In 1675, Father de Lamberville, S.J., who had brought the venerated statue of our Lady of Foye (Faith) from Quebec, inaugurated the devotion to Mary under this title on the feast of her Immaculate Conception.

The original of this venerable statue was kept in the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Foie at Celles, near Dinant, in Belgium. In 1621 a shrine under this invocation was erected at

Douay, and a duplicate of the statue was made and sent to Quebec, whence, on the dispersion of the Hurons, it was taken to the Mission of the Martyrs. The French and English war forced in 1684 the closing of the missions among the Mohawks and thus ended the old Mission of the Martyrs and of our Lady of Faith.

Two hundred years after the destruction of the Mission this historic ground became the property of the Society of Jesus, to which the former missionaries belonged, and our Lady of Faith once more has a Shrine under the title of our Lady of Martyrs. Ever since 1884 the month of August has been consecrated to pilgrimages in honor of Mary and her devoted clients who laid down their lives for the faith in the old Indian village of Ossernenon, now Auriesville.

If we need a proof of the attractive power of spots with hallowed association, we would but have to journey to Auriesville in August, especially on the feast of our Lady's Assumption or one of the Sundays of that month. There, on the brow of the hill, overlooking the Mohawk stands the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, a plain wooden open pavilion capable of accommodating a thousand people with an enclosed sanctuary in which a life-size statue of the Queen of Martyrs looks down on her children from over the altar.

It is hard to imagine anything more devotional than the sight of the pilgrims who have come thither in honor of their Mother Mary and her servants slain for their love of the Cross of Christ. They have come from long distances; many of them are fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. They are not excursionists, out for a day in the country: they are performing a religious act and in spite of the crowds there is never any disorder, noise or levity. After assisting at Mass and hearing a short sermon, they disperse over the broad enclosure, some visit the old shrine containing a statue of the Pietà or the Sorrowful Mother holding in her lap the dead Christ; some go to the Calvary, while others betake themselves to the Ravine. Then comes the open-air luncheon. At two o'clock the beautiful devotion of the Stations of the Cross is made in common. This implies considerable self-sacrifice for there is no friendly shade as yet to protect the worshippers from the burning rays of the sun overhead.

Next a procession is formed to visit the Ravine. The Rosary is recited publicly on the way. When they reach the huge boulder, near which the body of René Goupil was probably hidden, the missionary priest stands on the rock and tells the story of the heroic young Frenchman or reads the pathetic account of it by Father Jogues. Then once again the procession forms and when they arrive at the Shrine, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, and the pilgrims start for home carrying with them devout recollections of a day spent at the sanctuary of our Lady of Martyrs.

To satisfy the devotion of the faithful two Jesuit Fathers spend the month of August at the Shrine. The daily sacrifice is offered and the Stations of the Cross are given for those who remain at Auriesville or come there for the day. Unfortunately the accommodations for visitors are extremely limited at present, else would pilgrims flock thither from all parts of the country, wherever the well-known PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS finds its way to tell of Mary's powerful intercession and favors bestowed on her faithful clients.

What proof have they given of their gratitude? They have provided the means to purchase the Shrine-land and the Ravine, to erect the sanctuary, the Calvary, the model of the Statue and especially the contributions of gold and precious stones for the crown for the Queen of Martyrs. All this attests what Mary has done for those who love and honor her and the recognition of graces obtained through her intercession.

As this year will be the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, devotion to whom has been such a powerful element in making Auriesville a place of pilgrimage, the General Intention for May is most opportune.

Those, who, owing to distance, business, want of strength or means, cannot join the pilgrimages of this anniversary year in body, can join them in spirit and pray that our Lady shall take our beloved country under her special protection and, as our Lady of Faith, obtain for our countrymen who lack it that priceless gift, or for those who have it the grace to live up to it, and if need be, die for it as worthy children of the Queen of Martyrs.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

While Father Jogues was being tortured, word was brought of the capture of some Hurons. Curiosity to see the prisoners relaxed for a while the cruelty of the savages and set the Father at liberty. He went to meet the captives, greeted them and sympathized with their sufferings, which he felt more than his own.

He exhorted and encouraged them, taught and baptized them before they were executed. Two of these prisoners were given to the village to which the captors of Father Jogues belonged. This obliged them to return to this place that they might put the captives to death there. These two Hurons were to be the companions of the French in suffering and in death. This circumstance gave the Father a chance to instruct and baptize these two savages on the journey. All expected to share the same fate when they reached the village, but at least the fire would put an end to their torments. The Father had already been warned that the next night would be his last, as this had been decided in the Council held for the purpose.

But Almighty God overthrew their plans, as He did not wish that His servants should so soon rest from their labors, since He had others still in store for them.

Accordingly the savages changed their minds. They put one Huron to death but spared the French.

William Couture was taken by the largest of the three villagers while Father Jogues and René Goupil were placed in the same cabin in the first village. Then it was that they had time to realize the extent of their misery. So weak were they that they could scarcely move. All the nourishment that they got was a little Indian corn without seasoning, except occasionally when they were given some half-ripe pumpkins. So sore were their hands from the burns and wounds that they could not use them to carry the miserable food to their mouths, but they had to be fed like

children. Their bed was the hard ground, their mattress only a little bark ; their covering an old deerskin full of grease and vermin and at best covered only a part of their bodies which were a mass of running sores.

They remained in this state for more than fifteen days without any means of relief and scarcely able to move hand or foot. The very savages were moved to compassion when they beheld the pitiable condition of the captives, especially when they saw their skin falling off in large flakes. Some Dutchmen were less tenderhearted, for they gave no sign of good will, sympathy, or consolation. God wished to be their only consoler and their healer, a indeed He proved Himself by curing them and restoring them to perfect health.

When the Iroquois perceived that the prisoners were able to proceed on the journey, they determined to take them to Three Rivers. The guards were chosen, the provisions prepared and the day was fixed for the start. But the question of a new council and a fresh deliberation were suggested. The councillors met but came to no conclusion, and each retired leaving the prisoners at the mercy of the most ill disposed of the savages, which was the worst thing that could have befallen them. The young people, seeing that the Frenchmen had been allotted to no one in particular, determined to wreak their rage and cruelty upon them. But God turned aside this misfortune, for when these savages went in search of the Father and René they did not find them in their cabin.

The older warriors, who had learned the intentions of the young men, had put the two captives in different cabins. This change of place and of expression in the faces of the savages made the Father judge that their lives were not any safer than before. He decided that it was best to warn René in order to encourage him for whatever might happen. He found him in his cabin and led him out of the village. They spoke together of the next life as they walked along. When they had reached a little hill about a gunshot from the village, they fell on their knees, and prayed for a while.

When they had finished their prayers, as they were on their way back, two young Iroquois stopped them. One of them, who wore a long frieze garment said to Father Jogues :

"Go ahead," and to René: "Stand still." Both obeyed. Hardly had the Father taken five or six steps, when he heard a voice behind him. He looked back and saw poor René struck to the earth by a blow from an axe, with which one of these two savages had broken his head. At the same time he heard his dear companion utter the Holy Name of Jesus as he breathed his last. This was the agreement they had made, to have the Holy Name frequently on their lips and to try to say it at the hour of death.

Father Jogues expected a similar favor for himself and knelt down, took off his cap and prayed. Then quite fearless he said to the Indians: "Do as you please with me."

"No," replied one of them, "I only wanted that fellow there. Get up."

The Father arose and went to embrace the body of his dear companion. The savages separated them and dealt the dead body two more blows with the axe, lest some spark of life might still remain in it.

Not satisfied with this, they took the corpse, bound it with ropes, dragged it through the streets of the village, and then threw it into an out-of-the-way place.

The death of this blessed martyr occurred September 29. I have called him blessed martyr, for besides my belief, that the opinion of many theologians is true, which holds that they are martyrs who die a violent death in this country where they are solely for the conversion of the savages, there is still another reason why René should be considered a martyr, which Father Jogues learned afterwards. It is that this good young man, out of zeal to contribute something to the spiritual welfare of the savages, was in the habit of frequently making the Sign of the Cross on the little children. A certain old man noticed this and would not suffer him to make this sacred sign on his grandson. Becoming angry he said aloud to his nephew who was present: "What is that dog there doing to that child? The Dutch tell us that it is no good and he doubtless wants to kill my grandson. Go, nephew, and kill this dog for me." Soon after, this very nephew executed the command and killed poor René.



LEAGUE NOTES.

The General Intention for May as explained in the *Messenger* for this month calls attention to pilgrimages to the Shrines of our Lady as external and public manifestations of faith. It recalls to the readers of the *PILGRIM* the fact that we have a Shrine of our Lady in our midst. It is old; two hundred and fifty years old this year. The invocation of our Lady of Martyrs and the pilgrimages made to the Shrine at Auriesville, N. Y., have been rewarded by singular spiritual and temporal blessings. The month of August, as readers of the *PILGRIM* know, is the month of pilgrimages and this year will be the most remarkable year in the history of the Shrine, for it will witness the fitting celebration of the 250th anniversary of the death of the holy missionaries who gave their lives on this spot to spread the kingdom of Christ. Those of our readers who can participate in these celebrations would do well to carefully read the arrangements as they will be published in subsequent numbers of the *PILGRIM*.



We again call the attention of our readers to the fact that the devotion of the six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius will begin this year on Sunday, May 10th. This was an outgrowth of the devotion to the Saint which spread so rapidly among all classes of the people and this particular phase was instituted to commemorate the six years the saintly young Jesuit spent in the Society of Jesus. So rapid was the spread of this devotion and so remarkable the graces obtained by those who practised it, that Pope Clement XII. approved of

it and granted a plenary indulgence for each of the six Sundays to those "who by a true and sincere repentance, by a worthy Communion, by application to mental or vocal prayer, or other works of piety performed in honor of the Saint, and directed to the greater glory of God, shall sanctify the said days."



We feel confident that the readers of the PILGRIM are in earnest in increasing loyalty and devotion to the Mother of God. They wish this increase first in their own hearts and then in the hearts of all the faithful. Loyalty and devotion are shown by acts rather than words. Hence we must prove our loyalty and devotion by practice. The 2d Degree of the League gives us the opportunity. The general chorus of praise to the Mother of God which rises from the whole Church during this month should stimulate us to consecrate this month, at least, by the practice of the 2d Degree of the League. To recite but one decade of the beads is little; let us do this little and we shall soon learn the sweetness of that devotion which the Mother of God herself revealed to St. Dominic and we shall learn to love the telling of our beads.



Great interest has always been shown in the proper celebration of League Services. This is as it should be, for the great League Service is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The League is not doing its work if it is not bringing the Associates to the altar. There are other League Services such as Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament and Benediction. This latter is generally preceded by prayers, hymns and instruction. One of the most attractive features of these meetings is the singing of the League hymns. Up to the present, the distinctive League hymns have been few in number and, although the old hymns will long be the favorites of Associates, a need of a greater variety was felt. To supply this want we have prepared a *League Hymnal* which will be for sale before the middle of May.

It is a book of over 120 pages of music and contains all the hymns of the *League Devotions* set to attractive music, with organ accompaniment.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

The Church, in commemorating the two Apostles SS. Philip and James on the same day, teaches us the beauty of combined effort in work for Christ. Though quite unlike in character, they both did much to advance the Kingdom. St. James, called the Less, was extremely mortified and much given to prayer. His words concerning "the wisdom that is from above," in his epistle, may be applied to himself. "First it is chaste, then peaceable, modest, full of mercy and good works." St. Philip was energetic, and is a model for Promoters. For when Christ had said: "Follow me," he at once obeyed and then sought Nathaniel and bade him "come and see" Jesus.

A model for Christian wives, widows and mothers is St. Monica. How many a wife, bound in marriage to an unbelieving husband, and perhaps suffering at his hands, has found by her example courage to bear this cross and persevere in prayer for the grace to win him to God. How many men, who otherwise would be lost, are saved by the tears, prayers and penance of their wives. How St. Monica rebukes those weak-hearted women who throw down these weapons, if they had ever taken them up, and desert those whom they had vowed to take for worse as well as for better and that until death. How this heroic mother shames those mothers who neglect the salvation of their children, or think their duty done when once they have prepared them for the Sacraments. What an object lesson does she give of those whom St. Paul characterizes as widows indeed, who, released from the bond of matrimony, devote themselves to the care of their family and to good works.

In the sixteenth century Europe was menaced by the Turks. The Christian princes were apathetic, though the Cross of Christ was in imminent danger of being replaced by the Mahometan crescent. The warning voice of the Vicar of Christ, St. Pius V., aroused them from their lethargy and saved Christendom. But it was not so much to the arms of the soldiers, as to the recital of the Rosary, that the victory of Lepanto is to be attributed. This the Pontiff acknowl-

edged by instituting a special feast in honor of our Lady, Help of Christians. This should be an incentive to our devout use of the beads in the dangers that threaten the Church on every side, and Leo XIII. has repeatedly recommended it to all the faithful, but especially to League Associates, by making the Daily Decade the duty of the members of the 2d Degree.

‡ Every Associate of the Apostleship, who by the very fact is bound to help souls to God, should profit by the saying of St. Gregory Nazianzen: "Our enemies show in their conduct, what their master has taught them. Let us show in ours what we have learned at the feet of Jesus." This is the most powerful sermon that can be preached. "We must overcome our enemies by gentleness and win them over by forbearance." These are weapons hard for men to withstand.

All who are devout to the Holy Name of Jesus must honor the great Apostle of that devotion—St. Bernardine of Sienna. What Christ said of St. Paul was verified in him: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for the sake of My name." He endured many trials, but triumphed over all. He lived to see the beautiful feast of the Holy Name instituted. Let us all pray with him: "O my Jesus, crucified for me, pour out Thyself upon me, and with the nails of Thy love attach my whole being to Thyself."

No lesson is more needed in our days than that of unflinching loyalty to the See of Peter. It is this that characterizes the true Catholic, whoever and wherever he is. It is the strength which comes from the union of all Catholics with the Vicar of Christ that makes the direst attacks of the enemy impotent. To impress this upon the minds of our Associates, St. Gregory VII. was chosen to be a Promoters' Patron. For he was the great champion of the rights of God against the usurpations of the world power. When elected Pope, he at once called upon the pastors of the Catholic world to lay down their lives rather than betray the laws of God to the will of rulers. St. Gregory VII. lives again in Leo XIII.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—A religious sends us this delightful little incident: "We thought the following little incident respecting a child's devotion to the Sacred Heart, would be to you a gratification. One of our dear pupils asked permission from the Sister in class to leave the room, as she desired to mark something on the Intention sheet (which is kept close by a large picture of the Sacred Heart on the principal school corridor). Permission was readily granted, but shortly after the child returned, with an expression of evident disappointment. The Sister, seeing this, said: 'Well, Ella, did you mark your intentions?' 'No, Sister, the card is taken away.' 'Oh! I see, this is the day to send it, perhaps it is not yet mailed; if not, I will be happy to mark your intentions after school-hours, if you have no objection? Do you want some temporal or spiritual favor? Is it a conversion? Prayers for a sick friend?' 'Thank you, Sister, but it is nothing like any of these. It is something else . . . It is an act of virtue: no matter, Sister, don't mind, I only promised the Sacred Heart that I would mark down something I did.' 'Well, then, dear, by all means, I can mark it for you.' 'Yes, Sister, but I do not feel like saying what it is.' The child was ashamed, but at last said: 'Well, Sister, when I was on my way to school, as I walked down Market Street (our principal thoroughfare), I saw a poor blind man standing, waiting for some passer-by to lead him across the street. I thought I ought to take his hand, but I felt ashamed and passed on. I then thought I did wrong, but could not make up my mind to lead him over in safety. I then remembered some instructions we got on the meaning of 'self-conquest,' one of the virtues marked on the Sacred Heart card, and then said, I can just do that now, if I lead the poor blind man over, for I really *do not like to do it*, and when I go to school I will mark it down and offer it to the Sacred Heart.'

"Her devotion conquered human respect and triumphed, for her object in seeking the card was to mark her act of self-conquest, which we trust is only the beginning of a chain of many such acts in honor of the adorable Heart of Jesus."

—From the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, New York, a Promoter writes us: "Please let us know whether community or family prayers, such as we are obliged to by the rules of the Home, may be offered specially to the Sacred Heart, and so presented in our report? [Of course.] There are about 300 people, which would make: 9,000 Masses

monthly, 45,000 *Angelus*, 45,000 beads, and a multitude of other prayers. Of our 300 people, 242 belong to the League. Of course we all make the Morning Offering and so dedicate everything to the Sacred Heart, but may we, with an actual Intention, devote these exercises of obligation as voluntary offerings to the Treasury of the League and so report them? There are more than 70 who make weekly communions, which would make 280 in the month, besides several who communicate twice a week, raising the number to over 320. This is a blessed Home for us old people and the management of the Good Little Sisters is admirable and must be pleasing to the Sacred Heart. The old people are very good and spend hours and hours before the Tabernacle daily—all a work of love to the Sacred Heart.

—St. Mary Magdalen's, Millville, N. J.—On March 1, the League was established one year; so on that day we endeavored to celebrate its anniversary with more than ordinary solemnity. At five o'clock Holy Communion was given to a very large number. At eight we had High Mass with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, after which we solemnly renewed our consecration to the Sacred Heart, received the benediction of our divine Lord, and then joined in the hymn of thanksgiving, sung by all present.

In the evening we had Vespers and Benediction again, at which our zealous Director spoke most feelingly of the wonderful effects of this devotion on souls devoted to it.

This is plainly visible in our own little Centre which numbers hardly 600 souls. You may judge for yourself when I tell you that since its establishment last March our Holy Communions numbered between four and five thousand. There is also a marked increase in the attendance at Mass and in visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

—St. Aloysius Centre, Great Neck, N. Y.—A Promoter writes: "We are very grateful to the Sacred Heart and to you for the many blessings bestowed on our people, since the establishment of the League. On January 12, 1896, one of the Fathers established the League Centre here, and it is very edifying on the first Sunday to see how many there are who receive Holy Communion. May the Sacred Heart grant us all the grace of perseverance. When we think that we had only 65 members before the Father visited us, and that he left us 435, we feel very much encouraged.

—St. Mary Magdalen's Centre, Lost Creek, Pa.—It was very encouraging to witness the numbers present at the establishment of the League last Sunday night despite very

unpropitious weather. Thirty were enrolled as Promoters, representing about 400 Associates.

OBITUARY.

Jerome J. Harty, S.J., Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. R. Fitzgerald, Hastings, Neb.; Mrs. L. Lunsbury, and Mr. Hardy Clements, St. William's Centre, Knottsville, Ky.; Mrs. Lawler, Mrs. Stambauch and Mrs. Lane, Cathedral Centre, Duluth, Minn.; Sister Mary Loretta, St. Joseph's Female Asylum, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Martina Spalding, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two Intentions	\$10 00	A Subscriber, per Presentation Sisters, San Francisco, Cal. \$0 50	
A <i>Messenger</i> Reader, Rutland, Vt.	1 00	"Anon." Two gold diamond brooches, 4 gold earrings, a gold heart and a gold crucifix, and two gold rings.	
A Friend, Luzerne Co., Pa.	500 00	N. D., Dushore, Pa. A watch chain, five earrings, a pair of cuff pins, a breastpin and a pair of cuff buttons.	
A Client of Mary, Canton, O.	1 00	J. N., Brayton, Iowa. Two gold and two silver medals.	
"Anon." for an Intention	1 00	K. J., New Derry, Pa. A gold brooch and a pair of earrings.	
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	1 00		
A. B., Los Angeles, Cal.	5 00		
A. W., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00		
W. F. M., per F. H. McC., Albany, N. Y.	50		
R. C., Minneota, Minn.	1 00		

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Most Needy Mission.		For the Alaskan Mission, Father Barnum, S.J.	
T. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.	\$1 00	"Anon.," New York City, stipend	\$50 00
P. J., per T. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.	1 00	R. C., Minneota, Minn.	2 00
A Promoter, Holmesburg, Pa.	2 00	For the Jamaica Mission, Father Rapp, S.J.	
R. C., Minneota, Minn.	2 00	Rev. J. H., S.J., Jersey City, N. J.	25 00
A Promoter, So. Boston, Mass. in thanksgiving	2 00	For St. Patrick's Church, Rome.	
J. McQ., Manchester, N. H.	2 00	Sundry contributions, per Rev. H. W., S.J., San Francisco, Cal.	
For the Mangalore Mission.			2 00
M. A. C., St. Louis, Mo.	25 00		
M. McK., Montclair, N. J.	1 00		
For the Zambesi Mission, Father Daignault, S.J.			
"Anon.," New York City, stipend	30 00		

WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM KUMAMOTO—JAPAN.

Close by Kumamoto, there is a hamlet called Honmioji, from the name of a pagoda, much frequented by pious Buddhists. This pagoda is also the rendez-vous of all kinds of sick, especially of lepers, who gather hither from all parts of the Empire. The greater part of these wretched creatures are outcasts forever from their families. As the people of Kumamoto are very tolerant in their regard, many end by establishing themselves for good in the hamlet, where they form one of the most pitiable collections of beings to be seen in the whole world.

They are piled one on top of the other in miserable hovels belonging to other poor people, to whom they pay about a fifth or two-fifths of a cent each, daily, for their lodging. In general, they have only one garment, but what a garment!

Those who can still walk, go about the city and the country begging. The more skilful succeed on good days in getting as much as three or four cents. If they have not gone too far, they return in the evening to Honmioji and sleep in the hovels just described. Some go a great distance and do not return for days or weeks. The villagers treat them with considerable humanity, but they cannot get a lodging anywhere; they have to sleep in the vestibule of a temple, in a corner of a field, in the forest on the bare earth, or on a plank of wood. To cook a few handfuls of rice which they have begged, they carry a little saucepan, worth about four or five cents, and prepare their poor meal far away from dwelling houses, wherever they can find a bit of dry wood to make a fire. Those who cannot walk, get themselves carried or drag themselves to the wide avenues or the steps leading to the pagoda, where from morning to night they implore the charity of pilgrims and passers-by.

As said above, they sleep in huts or common sheds. But when their disease reaches a certain stage, they exhale such an odor that they become insupportable to their neighbors, and then they are expelled. From this moment they no longer appear with the rest; they sleep outside, abandoned by all, without mat or cover, exposed to wind and rain, weeping, groaning, sighing for death, which generally is not slow in coming. Then nothing is left but to bury them. Four or five of their companions dig a pit. An old barrel is bought, the corpse is thrown into it, and the whole deposited in the ground, without priest or ceremonies. A burial costs eighteen or twenty cents. But where is the money to come from? As I have said, some of them have a little saucepan; this is sold. Each has also a rag of clothing; of course it is sold too, and many fetch eight or ten cents.

We must try to save the souls of these poor pagans. But to save their souls, we must begin with their bodies. A *hospital* is necessary. To found it will require from \$7,000 to \$8,000; and to keep it up, abundant resources yearly. Catechist-nurses are also needed to go into hospitals and private houses so as to visit and nurse the sick, instruct and baptize them. Each one will cost some \$60 a year, besides alms to distribute to the most necessitous.

I recommend to your charity our poor pagans; He who promised to reward a cup of cold water, will repay whatever you do for them.

(Rev.) J. M. CORRE, Miss. Apost., Kumamoto, Japan.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Pilgrimages to the Shrines of our Lady.

WE naturally expect the May Intention to bear in some way upon devotion to the Mother of God. The special phase selected by the Holy Father is that of the pilgrimage to Mary's shrines.

There is no need of dilating upon the love for the Blessed Virgin which should prompt us to prove it by some such exterior act. Every true Catholic heart instinctively loves her whom Jesus Christ loved so well, and would imitate Him in giving her the affection and honor due to her. She in her turn will not fail to love us, and prove her care over us, by the graces she will obtain for us.

Is it necessary, then, to go to any particular place to have our Lady bestow her favors on us? No; but the fact is that she grants special favors in special places. Why is it so? Perhaps because a journey to some hallowed spot involves a certain amount of self-denial. Moreover, it helps to keep before men's minds the great truth that they are all pilgrims on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem.

So our Lady seems to choose by preference out-of-the-way places for her sanctuaries. Thus would she impress upon her clients the necessity of mortification as a condition for receiving her favors. Auriesville, the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, is not an exception to the rule, as it is by no means easy of access. Thither will the thoughts of our readers naturally turn this year, especially as the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Isaac Jogues on the Shrine land will occur this summer. May we not look for many graces from our Lady and her faithful servant?

But let us bear in mind that the spirit of a pilgrimage is essentially religious. Pilgrims of old were thus actuated, and not content with foregoing the comforts of home and with accepting cheerfully the trials that came incidentally, they would impose penances on themselves to be performed on the way or at the shrine. If more graces, then, are not obtained by our pilgrims is it not because of their lack of the penitential spirit?

A pilgrimage is a grand public profession of faith in the face of an unbelieving world. If then we cannot join one in body, we can at least do so in spirit and thus swell the number of the devout pilgrims to Mary's shrines.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

PILGRIMAGES TO THE SHRINES OF OUR LADY.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, May 17.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*, (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M. *Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. F. First Friday.—SS. *Philip and James*, Apostles.—Honor Mary; Directors' intentions.—A.I., B.M., 1st D., A.C.
2. S. *St. Athanasius*, Bp. D. (Alexandria, 373).—All for Jesus; 148,537 thanksgivings.
3. S. 4th after Easter.—Finding of the Holy Cross.—*St. Juvenal*, Bp. (376).—Patience; 67,919 in affliction.
4. M. *St. Monica*, W. (387).—B. *de la Salle*, F. (Christian Brothers, 1719).—Pray for wayward sons; 109,637 dead Associates.—Pr.
5. T. *St. Pius V.*, P. (O. P. 1572).—Daily rosary; 70,461 League centres.—A.C.
6. W. *St. John before the Latin Gate* (Rome, 95).—Suffer for God; 41,521 First Communions.
7. Th. *St. Stanislas*, Bp. M. (1079).—Zeal for the Eucharist; 183,105 departed souls.—H.H.
8. F. *Apparition of St. Michael*, Archangel.—Trust in angels; 197,714 employment, means.
9. S. *St. Gregory Nazianzen*, Bp. D. (389).—Spirit of peace; 100,562 clergy.
10. S. 5th after Easter.—*St. Antoninus*, Bp. (1459).—Love for the poor; 174,064 children.
11. M. Rogation Day.—*St. Francis de Geronimo* (S. J., 1716).—Litanies.—Pray for missions; 296,724 young persons.
12. T. Rogation Day.—SS. *Nereus and Achilles*, M. M. (98).—Litanies.—Constancy in trials; 116,708 families.
13. W. Rogation Day.—*St. John the Silent*, Bp. (538).—Litanies.—Spirit of silence; 200,437 perseverance.
14. Th. *Ascension of our Lord*.—(Of Precept).—Live for heaven; 72,779 reconciliations.—H.H., A.I., A.C., S., B.M.
15. F. Our Lady of Good Counsel (Apl. 26).—*St. Isidore* (Ploughman, 1170).—Holy simplicity; 166,405 spiritual favors.
16. S. *St. Ubaldo*, Bp. (1160).—*St. Simon Stock* (O.C., 1265).—Devotion to scapular; 142,882 temporal favors.
17. S. Within Octave of Ascension.—*St. Puschal Baylon* (Minorite, 1592).—Honor the Eucharist; 168,311 conversions to the faith.—C.R.
18. M. *St. Winand*, M. (Boy, 254).—Pray for boys; 90,344 schools.
19. T. *St. Peter Celestine*, P. (1296).—Spirit of generosity; 69,939 sick, infirm.
20. W. *St. Bernardine of Sienna* (Minorite, 1444).—*St. Pudentiana*, V. (II Cent.).—Devotion to Holy Name; 55,074 missions, retreats.
21. Th. Octave of Ascension.—*St. Felix*, (Capuchin, 1587).—Help one another; 39,038 pious works, societies.—H.H.
22. F. *St. John Nepomucen*, M. (1383).—*St. Julia*, V. M. (626).—Pray for girls; 52,338 parishes.
23. S. Vigil.—B. *Andrew Bobola*, S. J., M. (1657).—Steadfastness; 372,884 sinners, intemperate.
24. S. Whitsunday.—Pentecost.—Invoke the Holy Ghost; 121,397 parents.—A.I., B.M.
25. M. Whit-Monday.—*St. Gregory VII.*, P. (O.S.B., 1085).—Zeal for the Church; 204,164 religious.—Pr.
26. T. Whit-Tuesday.—*St. Philip Neri*, P. (Oratorians, 1595).—Cheerfulness; 86,139 seminarists, novices.
27. W. Ember Day.—*St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi*, V. (1607).—Spirit of prayer; 57,648 superiors.
28. Th. *St. Augustine*, Bp. (Apostle of England, 605).—Pray for heretics; 95,817 vocations.—H.H.
29. F. Ember Day.—*St. Maximus*, Bp. (349).—*St. Theodosia*, M. (290).—Pray for infidels; 63,181 special, urgent.
30. S. Ember Day.—*St. Felix*, I., P. M. (274).—*St. Ferdinand*, K. (1252).—Pray for pagans; 133,396 various.
31. S. Trinity Sunday.—*St. Angela de Merici*, V. F. (Ursulines, 1540).—Honor the Trinity; Messenger Readers.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

JUNE, 1896.

No. 6.

THE HEART DIVINE.

BY H. V. R.

WHAT heart, my Lord, was ever like to Thine?
Its flesh and blood a virgin lineage show :
Its flesh as stainless as the falling snow,
Its blood like purple of the blushing wine.
Not these its glory but the love divine,
Which from the heights of bliss to vale of woe
Brought God to dwell as man with men below
And for His thankless creatures' love repine.

On sinful earth with them He yet doth dwell,
Though from the eye of sense He hidden lies
A captive in the altar prison cell,
Fast bound by love which worldly men despise.
Ah, hear this plaintive prisoner who cries :
" Behold the Heart which loves you still so well."

OUR BLESSED LADY AND THE SACRED HEART.

FOR the month of the Sacred Heart we can suggest no more fitting subject for reflection on our Blessed Lady than her intimate relation to the Sacred Heart. This relation is manifold. It is most intimate, having its foundation in the divine Motherhood. It is the relation of a mother to the heart of her child.

By the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, she was the source and author of the human Heart of our divine Lord. It was of her He took that flesh and blood in which He redeemed us. He was flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood. "Behold, thou shalt conceive and bear a son and His name shall be called Jesus." "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and the Holy One that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." "AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH." "And she brought forth her first-born." Our Blessed Lady has, therefore, a special and most intimate relation to the Sacred Heart which no other human being can possess.

From this close relation arises, in the first place, a special likeness between the Heart of Jesus and that of His divine Mother. As the growth and development of our Lord were all human, we must conclude that, like other children, He naturally reflected the features and character of His Mother. He was a true mirror of all her graces and virtues—reflecting them, of course, in a manner more perfect and divine than the original. That same divine beauty and majesty which were reflected from the face of Him who was "fair above the children of men," shone also upon the features of her who was "all fair and in whom there was no stain." The same lustre, the same goodness and gentleness, beamed from her eyes as from those of her Son.

But, what is still more, the same virtues, the same sentiments, the same affections, the same yearnings reigned in her heart as in the divine Heart. "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart," says our Lord. And the Apostle St. Paul says: "Have this mind in you which is in Christ Jesus." Thus our Lord Himself and the Apostle

would draw our attention to the virtues and sentiments of the Sacred Heart and have us copy them in our own hearts. In the heart of the Blessed Virgin these virtues and sentiments of the divine Heart are not merely copied ; they are more truly original, albeit less perfect than the reproduction in her divine Son. The human virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus were reproduced from the immaculate heart of His Mother, but infinitely improved upon. Like the Heart of her Son, her heart was also meek, humble, tender, loving and compassionate. It was burning with love of God and zeal for man. It was a treasure-house of wisdom, the dwelling place of the Holy Ghost, with all his priceless gifts and fruits.

What, then, must have been the intimacy of that inter-communion existing between these two hearts—the heart of the Mother and the heart of the Son? The mother watched over every manifestation of the divine Heart of the Child from the very beginning—in His smiles and in His tears, in the lisps of His infancy and in the profound wisdom and divine eloquence of His manhood, in the very pulsations and throbbings of His Heart. “Mary kept all these words pondering them in her heart.” These manifestations of the Sacred Heart were the constant theme of her meditation. The thoughts and sentiments of the divine Heart were her thoughts and sentiments; His yearnings were her yearnings; His joys were her joys; His sorrows were her sorrows.

Likeness of thoughts, views and sentiments is the foundation of true and lasting love and friendship. How great, then, how tender, how intense must have been the mutual love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the immaculate heart of Mary? In both these hearts everything is lovable; both are unspeakably tender and capable of the intensest and tenderest affection. There was no discordant trait or sentiment; all their multitudinous affections were in most perfect unison. Add to this the intensity of a mother’s love to a most dutiful and amiable child, the immeasurable depth and unwavering constancy of the love of the holiest and most perfect of creatures to her Creator; consider that in the Heart of Jesus there was not only the tender love of a child,

but also the infinite love of God for the most love-worthy of His rational creatures—thus you may to some extent gauge the length and breadth, the height and depth of the mutual love of Mother and Son.

This is precisely the outcome of true devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as preached and practised in the Church through the instrumentality of the Apostleship of Prayer—the establishment of mutual union, conformity, love, between our hearts and the Heart of the Saviour. “Son, give me thy heart.” “Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart.” So our Lord seems to address every one of us. Our object is to make ourselves of one mind and one heart with our Lord—to have the same purpose, the same interests, the same aspirations, to love and hate the same things—as our divine Lord. To this all the exercises of the League of the Sacred Heart are directed. This is the object of the Morning Offering (union with the divine Heart), of the Daily Decade (the intention of the Holy Father, particularly the triumph of the Kingdom of God), of the Communion of Reparation (to repair the injuries done to the Sacred Heart), of the Mutual Intentions (the advancement of the interests of Jesus Christ in ourselves and others).

In all this our Blessed Lady is our model as well as our patroness and advocate. To her above all others, it was vouchsafed to practise, in an eminent degree, the devotion to the Sacred Heart. We do well, therefore, to look up to her as our model, and to implore her to lead us to the Sacred Heart of her Son, that like her we may be one heart and one soul with Him. The way she will point out to us will doubtless be the easy, simple and sure way of the devotion to the Sacred Heart as practised in the Apostleship of Prayer. The advancement of this form of devotion is certainly one of her dearest interests.

HOW LOUIS SAVED THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY I. A. MUNDY.

THE angelus bell rang in the first of May amid the joyous carols of the little birds perched on the eaves of the village church. It awoke Louis Lestrade, who still slept the sleep of the just. He opened his blue eyes wide, and springing up began to dress rapidly, for he had to serve Mass at six o'clock sharp, and it wanted but five minutes to it now. Hastily brushing his curly hair he seized his jacket, and rushed out of the house and down the hill towards the church as fast as possible, buttoning it as he went.

Louis was a bright boy of fifteen, Father Stacy's right hand man, and with nothing French about him but his name. His mother was a dark little woman, a striking contrast to her blond boy, but as his parents were Americans and he had been born in this country, he considered himself an American. The boys plagued him by calling him "Frenchy," but they might have called him anything they pleased this morning, he was in such a beaming good humor.

He burst into the sacristy where Father Stacy was vesting for Mass in such a tempestuous fashion that the good priest started violently, and held up a warning finger. Louis, breathless and panting from his run, donned his cassock and surplice, and taking the lighter got ready for lighting the candles on the altar.

"Calm down before you go in there, Louis," said Father Stacy in his quiet way. The boy's face changed instantly. He stood for a moment by the door, his head bowed, trying to collect his thoughts. It was not mere animal spirits that affected him this morning. His heart was full of the spirit of the month. He was a "Knight of Mary," the title under which the boys' sodality had been organized, and an ardent devotee. The little silver medal upon his coat rested on a brave young heart that before *that* day was over would be called upon to keep some of its promises to the Queen of May.

There were quite a number of people in the church that morning. Louis' sister Rosella was in the first pew, her little blue prayer book in hand, making her preparation for Holy

Communion. She could not help thinking of her brother's mad scamper down the hill, as she saw him enter the church with the lighted taper, looking as grave and sweet as a young archangel, and she wondered how it was that he could transform himself from a merry rollicking school-boy into a veritable Aloysius Gonzaga at a moment's notice. His demeanor was all that could be desired as he served Mass this morning, and, in fact, edified those who noticed him. He received Holy Communion and made his thanksgiving before the Blessed Virgin's altar, which looked like a corner of heaven drifted to earth. There enthroned upon it she stood—his Queen, his Mother!

It was the only statue the church possessed. A picture of St. Joseph hung on the opposite side. The parish was small and poor, and this statue had been the gift of a Bishop, who had admired the brave young pastor who nobly struggled with poverty and disadvantages of all kinds. He had sent it from Paris and it was beautiful—as most French statues are. Besides its intrinsic value, which was great, and its merit as a work of art, it had a charm for the boy which he could not have explained. Perhaps it came from his devotion to the Mother of God. At any rate, the statue *itself* was as dear to him as his mother or sister. That morning it seemed to him that it smiled.

There were two sodalities of the Blessed Virgin in the parish, between which there existed a friendly rivalry. The girl's sodality had provided the crown and long lace veil which draped the statue for the month of May, and the boys had scoured hill and dale to find the flowers which loaded the altar in such profusion.

As Louis knelt there he repeated the words of the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, and felt his heart glow with new devotion. In the ardor of his love he added, "And I will die for thy honor!" He said it slowly, solemnly, and from the depths of his heart he meant it. Little did he think how soon his promise was to be tested! He went forth to the duties of the day calm and strong, fortified by the sacraments and the love of Mary.

In the evening the villagers gathered again in the church

for their May devotions. It was an impressive Benediction. As Louis swung the censer and rang the bell he felt a strange premonition of something about to happen. He tried to shake it off, but it would not leave him. He spoke of it to Rosella as they walked home together in the twilight. She laughed at his fancy and told him that it was only imagination.

"What *could* happen?" she asked, pausing with her foot on the lowest step of the porch, and turning towards him her face, shadowy in the dusk, her dark eyes beaming softly, with the expression her brother loved best to see in them, brought there by the holy influences of the day. He did not answer, but turned involuntarily and looked back at the church. Their home was on the top of a hill, and at its foot, in a clump of trees nestled the pretty white church. Louis' room was in the front of the house. Its window commanded a fine view, but he had chosen it because from it he could see the church.

To-night he drew the curtain away from it, so that he could see the spire of the church as he lay in bed. He disliked the light awakening him in the morning, but he felt uneasy, and as though he must keep guard over his Lord's house, even in his slumber.

There were myriads of stars in the heavens clustered around the new moon, and one beautiful large one seemed to hang pendent directly over the spire, so near that it seemed to rest upon it. Instead of twinkling like the others, it burned steadily, and as he gazed at it he fancied it was heart-shaped. It was as though the Heart of Jesus had risen from the tabernacle and was keeping guard over His beloved Mother. With that thought, which brought a smile to his lips, Louis fell asleep.

He had a strange dream. He thought he was back in the village church, waiting for the benediction service. The people had not yet come. The church was dark. He was kneeling before the Blessed Virgin, in the dim light of the sanctuary lamp, which shed a soft crimson glow on his fair hair and transformed the lilies into roses. He thought he was robed in his cassock and surplice, and was swinging the

censer before the statue. It occurred to him in his dream, that he ought not to burn the incense before Benediction, but though he had not lit it, it was there in his hands, and soft clouds of perfume ascended from it and floated through the veil around the statue until he could not tell whether it was enveloped in the veil or the incense. Though he had not lit the candles around the statue, he suddenly noticed that two of them were burning, and by their light he could see the face of his Queen. It became so life-like as he looked that he felt certain it was the Blessed Virgin herself. He dropped the censer and held out his arms to her as when a little child he remembered stretching them out to his mother. As he did so the candles went out, and he heard the crash of the censer at his side, but through the shady darkness he saw the statue stretching out its hands, as if in appeal, and a low voice of unearthly sweetness said distinctly, "My son, I am in danger. Wilt thou not protect me?" The words of the Act of Consecration sprang to his lips, and he cried out "I will die for thy honor!" A noise which seemed to be at the church door and which increased, made him spring to his feet with the thought of robbers. Then he awoke to hear his sister knocking at his door and her voice calling to him in the greatest distress.

"O Louis, the church is on fire?" He sprang to the window, rubbing his eyes, and saw that sure enough the church was enveloped in flames. He could even hear the cracking at that distance. With a sharp cry of horror he began to throw on some clothes. Flinging open his door he ran past Rosella who was sitting weeping on the stairs, and was out of the house and down the hill before she knew that he was up.

He had run down that hill once before that day, but then inspired by exuberance of joy. He was inspired now by so many emotions, that of anxiety being predominant, that his feet scarcely touched the ground.

A group of men were standing near the scene of disaster, silent from fear. Their church was burning to the ground. Nothing could be done. Louis looked about for Father Stacy. They told him that he had rescued the Blessed Sac-

rament and had just taken it into the rectory. Louis' fears for the Blessed Sacrament and Father Stacy being calmed he at once thought of the statue.

"Where is the statue?" he asked, turning to the men. They shook their heads mournfully, and before they were aware of his intention saw him spring towards the church door. One of them ran after him and seized him by the arm. "Are you crazy, boy?" the man said roughly. "Everything is in flames inside. You should not risk your life for anything but the Blessed Sacrament. Father Stacy said so and he would not let us go in, else we'd have saved the statue and the altar vessels."

"I will die for thy honor!" rang in the boy's ears, and he drew himself up proudly, saying "I am a Knight of Mary!" and tearing himself away from the man, with another leap he was fairly inside the church. A cry went up from those outside, and he heard some one calling for Father Stacy. He pushed his way into the church, pausing by the holy water font to bless himself before undertaking his dangerous errand. Then dipping his handkerchief in it he placed it over his nose and mouth that the smoke might not suffocate him. He then went towards the centre of the church. The pews were burning, and the altar was in flames. Beams were beginning to fall and the windows were cracking from the heat. St. Joseph's picture hung a charred fragment on the wall. A pang shot through the boy's heart as he saw it, and he turned his eyes to the shrine of the Queen of May. The wall behind it and the ceiling above it were on fire and the heat had shrivelled the flowers until they were as crisp as paper, but the statue was uninjured. As he looked, hardly believing his eyes, a brand fell from the wall, and actually lit a candle as it passed. The candle set fire to a rose that lay against the veil of the statue, and in a second the veil was in a blaze. Louis sprang upon the altar and tore it off, burning his hands badly, but in such intense excitement that he did not notice that. He trampled it beneath his feet, and as he did so, felt the charred wood of the altar giving way under him. He took the statue in his arms and sprang to the floor. Then he stood, half bewil-

dered for a moment, as there seemed to be no way of escape. The front of the church had fallen in, and where he stood the windows were so high he could not have climbed through with a burden. The idea of relinquishing the statue never occurred to him. He tightened his hold upon it, and felt a thrill of joy as he realized that it was safe—at least for the present.

As he clasped it, a fancy, born of his dream and the peril of the situation, which was enough to slightly unbalance his brain, seized him. He felt as though it had become alive in his arms. It was not heavy, and not as tall as he. He held it easily, with the head resting on his shoulder. He was surprised to find he did not feel its weight. As he looked at the face through the lurid light, he was sure it smiled. "O Mary!" he murmured, "I will gladly die for thy honor!"

His next thought was "How shall I get out?" He looked at the door where a pile of burning *débris* blocked the way. There was no escape. He glanced at the statue and said, "Blessed Mother, it is impossible? I would save you if I could, but I can't! We shall both be burnt up." As he said it he heard the spire of the church come crashing on to the roof, and then he heard the roof giving way from the force of the shock. A groan burst from his lips as the thought of his mother, Rosella and Father Stacy, whom he should never see again, went through his mind. Then the terror of an awful death like that overcame him, and he shook like an aspen leaf. His face blanched, and he could have shrieked for fear, but the hopelessness of the situation was apparent to him, and he resolved to die like a man. He placed the statue on the floor and knelt down at its feet, waiting for the roof to fall in. As he heard it creaking above him he clung to the statue like a frightened child to its mother, in the desperation of fear, and turned his white face in mute appeal to her for whom he so gallantly risked his life.

He realized at that instant that it was *not* as easy to "die for thy honor," as it was to say it, and he even smiled when he thought what heroic promises one makes when in the glow of devotion—and when safe. A tremendous crash,

which he felt sure was the falling roof, deafened him. The roof had not fallen, but the opposite wall of the church had fallen *outwards*, and within a few feet of him was—safety! He sprang up and lifting the statue from the floor dashed across the church. The pews in the wing were on fire, but he vaulted over them with an energy born of desperation. Hardly had he touched the ground outside than the roof fell, the walls followed, and the whole building lay a mass of flaming ruin.

Those gathered around gave a cry of horror, as they were certain that the boy lay buried in its midst. What then, was their surprise to see him rushing towards them, the statue in his arms, his clothes torn and covered with cinders.

He turned to where Father Stacy stood. The good priest, realizing that his dear boy was safe, held out his arms to him. Louis thought he wanted the statue and placed it in them with a sob. Then the brave boy fainted at his feet.

When he came to, he found himself in his mother's arms, Rosella sobbing over him while Father Stacy sprinkled his face with holy water. He turned his head feebly, and saw that he was in the rectory. Looking up at his mother he said as he always did when ill or hurt, "I am all right mother!" adding "it's nothing but a faint." At the sound of his voice Rosella fell to sobbing anew.

"You said it would happen, and it did!" she said.

"What do you mean, child?" asked Father Stacy. Rosella told him of Louis' presentiment, and then he related in his simple way the dream he had had. As he finished he turned his eyes towards the statue, which Father Stacy had brought in and stood on the table before carrying it to where the Blessed Sacrament was deposited in his private oratory. The boy smiled and noted with joy that it was not even scratched. Then he turned to Father Stacy and asked a curious question.

"I am glad I kept my word, Father," he said, "and O, so glad that I saved the statue! But don't you think our Blessed Lady wanted to punish me for making rash promises, when I was just weak and cowardly enough to feel frightened?"

But Father Stacy didn't.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

In our last issue we gave some idea of the organization of what we regard as a model sodality—that of the students of the University of Barcelona in Spain. The success of this Sodality is chiefly due to its excellent organization. But there is another means of success which the Barcelona Sodality has utilized to a wonderful extent; and that is brisk activity, not only within, but also outside its own circle. Experience teaches that the best way to interest people is to give them something to do. The directors of the Barcelona Sodality have thoroughly mastered this secret.

First, within the Sodality itself, there is a Section whose work it is to promote the devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Aloysius, the titular patron of the Sodality. This work is effected particularly by the decoration of the altars of the Immaculate Conception and of St. Aloysius in the Sodality Church of the Sacred Heart, and by burning lights continually before these holy shrines. A similar Section has recently been formed for the spread of devotion to St. Joseph, whose membership is restricted to those Sodalists who have the name of Joseph, which is very common in Spain. There is also a Section of Perpetual Adoration, consisting of thirty members, who, in their turn, pass the night before the Blessed Sacrament.

Among the Sections for works of charity is conspicuous that of St. Peter Claver. The object of this special organization is the protection of laboring men against socialistic and other evil influences by means of social intercourse, musical and literary entertainments, lectures, circulation of Catholic literature, Sunday-schools, general Communion, pilgrimages, special courses of Lenten sermons for men, and the like.

The Section for Christian Doctrine is doing particularly good work. Its members not only instruct neglected children, but also assist the clergy in teaching the catechism, supply palms and blessed candles to the poor, distribute

books, pictures and playthings to the little ones, and supply clothing for the poor children.

The hospital and prison Sections are no less active. They regularly visit the public hospitals and penitentiaries and assist the sick and the captives corporally and spiritually—personally waiting on the sick, instructing, consoling, exhorting. Nor do they ever go there empty handed, but bring with them refreshments, articles of clothing, tobacco and cigars, and other things to comfort and exhilarate the sick and imprisoned. There is also a flourishing Apostleship of the Press in connection with this great Sodality.

From this brief sketch we may see what a thriving and wide awake Sodality can do. True, in our large cities, most of these works of charity are done, and well done, by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and other organizations. Where this is the case, the Sodalists should lend a helping hand; where no such organizations exist the Sodalities should be the first, in accordance with their past history, to take up these works. In any case, a large field is open to Sodalists, both individually and corporately, to practise spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—St. John the Baptist.

Christ paid His forerunner the most wonderful tribute of praise when He declared that "there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist."

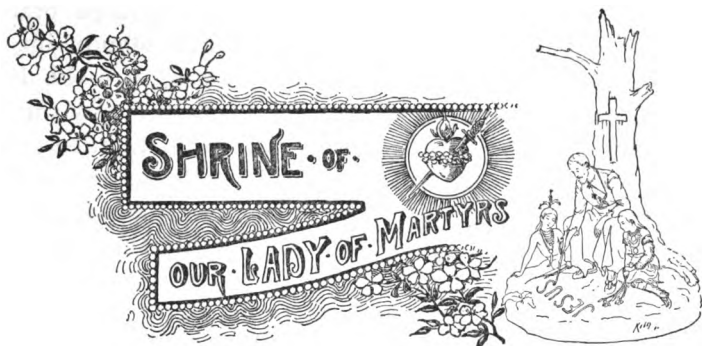
It was John's office to prepare the way for the Messiah, to be the voice to announce the Word made flesh. How well he understood his relation to Christ. "He must increase, but I must decrease." The great preacher whose glowing and burning words drew multitudes of all classes of men to the wilderness, could thus efface himself. He was but the aurora—the herald of the full light of perfect day.

His admirers and followers would gladly have kept him as their leader and teacher. His school, however, was only

preparatory for that of Christ. Gladly, then, did he surrender those whom he had thus made ready for the Master. He sent them himself to inquire of Christ whether He were the Messiah. Not that John had any doubt, for he had publicly proclaimed Him to be "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." He hath said: "After me cometh a man who is preferred before me, because he was before me." He had given testimony "that this is the Son of God!"

Christ had worked his first miracle in the spiritual order by sanctifying John, when both sanctifier and sanctified were as yet unborn. Besides the eulogy of John's greatness, Christ had publicly set his seal to John's ministry of preparation, by receiving baptism at his hand, in spite of the humble protest of the Baptist: "I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me?" Wonderful rivalry in humility!

How shall this faithful servant die? As a witness to the truth—a martyr. His death was in perfect keeping with his life. From his early youth he had abandoned the world; or rather he had never known the world and its pleasures. A preacher of righteousness he first practised mortification and abnegation, that his words might have power as coming from one who began by doing before teaching. Living apart in the wilderness in austerity and prayer, he only left his converse with God to speak about God to those that came to him. What mattered it to him whether his abode was a cave in the desert or a cell in the prison? Was not God equally near to him in either place? Thus he lived in union with God, joyfully awaiting His summons. Whether it came by wasting disease or by the sword of the headsman, it mattered not. He had his Master's promise "that where I am there shall my faithful servant be." So he fulfilled the condition of a faithful servant and went to receive the promise.



Sunday, October 18th, of this year, will be the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Isaac Jogues, of the Society of Jesus. His cruel death at the hands of the Mohawks was a heroic closing of a religious and missionary life, the last four years of which had been spent among them as captive, ambassador and apostle. He died a victim of his own charity and obedience, and of the Indians' mistrust and hatred of our religion.

Though his death was so obscure that it was not known for certain to his religious brethren until the following June, his memory has grown in benediction with the years. Non-Catholic as well as Catholic, layman and priest, have ever paid him their tribute of veneration; learned antiquarian and scholarly historian have given their professional testimony with the spontaneous admiration of all good men for his lofty motives, generous self-sacrifice, and heroic suffering in the noblest cause.

In contributing to these sentiments of esteem and veneration we are not merely applauding, but, in some measure, continuing the work to which Father Jogues gave his sweat and his blood. It would be well worth while to cultivate this spirit of admiration and sympathy for a Christian hero on our own soil, were it only to have a common ground on which all alike, of whatever belief or practice, can unite in praising one whose life was a glorious testimony to religion and a triumph of the highest impulses of our nature.

As Catholics, then, we can commemorate this anniversary, rejoicing that its hero has elicited such tribute from non-

Catholics, and grateful to them for their unstinted praise. We know enough, besides, from a Catholic standpoint, of the saintly life and death of Father Jogues, to make him memorable as a model. Still, the more his memory grows, the less we can rest satisfied with our limited praise; the Catholic heart is never satisfied until God's heroes receive from His Church an abiding and universal title to a veneration on earth commensurate with the dignity they enjoy in heaven.



Although no formal steps have been taken for the Introduction of the Cause of Beatification of Father Jogues before the Holy See, from the very time of his death popular veneration made his religious brethren and superiors careful to secure authentic accounts of his saintly life, of his captivity, suffering and death, testimonies to his heroic virtues, and evidences of his intercession after death.

About twelve years ago, the Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S.J., then Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, began the work of preparing for the process of the beatification of Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and Catharine Tegakwitha. After he had enlisted the interest of thousands of Catholics, the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore petitioned the Holy See to act in the case. After being instructed to proceed in the ordinary manner, he founded the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, in order to make known the lives and virtues of the servants of God in question. By the aid of the eminent topographer, Gen. John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., he was able to identify the site upon which Father Jogues and René Goupil died, and upon which Catharine Tegakwitha, the saintly Christian maiden, was born. He there erected a shrine to our Lady, under whose invocation the Mission of the Martyrs was first established, and as early as 1884, he instituted the pious pilgrimages, which have been growing in number and fervor ever since; so much so, that it is safe to say they would continue in our Lady's honor, and in memory of her servants even if their cause should never be advanced.

But it is now time to work with all earnestness for the advancement of their cause. All that has been accomplished during the last twelve years serves only to prove that the work has been thus far favored by heaven. The difficulties overcome, the charity of benefactors in securing the two most desirable and authentic sites the many answers to prayer, the devotion of pilgrims and clients of the shrine in every part of the country, the splendid documentary testimony in favor of these servants of God, Catholic devotion and non-Catholic interest—all call for our gratitude, give us splendid promise of success, and make us feel that the work must be continued, were it only to record and perpetuate the memory of these servants of God so honorable to our holy religion, and as edifying to us as it is exalting to them.



By a happy coincidence, it happens that on the very eve of this 250th anniversary year, the Rev. T. Armellini, S.J., the Postulator of the cause of Father Jogues in Rome, has called for active work on the first process of his beatification. He has also suggested that, with Father Jogues and his companions, we should unite the processes in behalf of Fathers John Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, and Charles Garnier, who gave their lives for the faith a few years after Father Jogues, so that their anniversaries will likewise occur within the next five years. The Bishops of Canada have already petitioned for the introduction of their cause, just as our own Bishops have done for that of Father Jogues.

What better way, therefore, is there of commemorating the anniversary which opens this October, than by making renewed efforts for a speedy Introduction of Father Jogues' Cause at Rome? We might propose to make the year one of memorial celebrations, and, indeed, these must not be omitted, either at the Shrine or elsewhere: but after all, their only purpose must be to secure for our heroes the privilege of being worshipped on God's altars. Again, we might strive to erect some enduring memorial in their honor; and that, too, must be attempted at the Shrine, which is itself the best material monument to their memories; but the

object in this must also be to hasten the day when their memories shall be consecrated by the Church.



We call upon all, therefore, who are interested in the Cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil, and Catharine Tegakwitha, to help us to inaugurate this anniversary year by taking efficient steps for the process of their beatification. First of all, every one can pray for the favorable appointment of those who are to undertake the labor and for the happy completion of the undertaking. Then all who have means should contribute an alms for this purpose, assured that as many already have reason to be, their generosity will not go unrewarded.

It is proposed to consider as *patrons* of the cause those who will engage to offer \$50.00, or \$5.00 a month for the next year, or \$15.00 every year for five years. This proposal is made to those who take a special interest in the cause. It is not meant to exclude those who may prefer still to contribute to our Lady's statue or crown, to the Shrine, the purchase of land, or suitable memorials of the servants of God.

May the Holy Spirit, the source and giver of all holiness, inspire us all to honor the fruits of His work in these chosen souls, and so help us in their cause that we may hasten the day when the Church, under His divine guidance, shall declare them Blessed and worthy of our veneration.



The interest of those who have ever made a pilgrimage to Auriesville never flags. We have just received a proof of this from Miss K., a devout and devoted Philadelphia pilgrim. She has presented a very handsome set of black silk vestments, her own gift and handiwork, and a rich white silk cope, the joint offering of herself and several other ladies. These vestments are to be used at the Shrine during August, the month of pilgrimages.

We are also constantly receiving offerings of money for the Shrine from different parts of the country sent by those who have devotion to our Lady of Auriesville and have obtained through her intercession various favors.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

Although Father Jogues envied the happy lot of René, his dear companion, and had every reason to rejoice at seeing God glorified by so beautiful a death, yet he could not help feeling great interior anguish at finding himself alone among the savages and at his inability to render the last offices to one whom he loved so tenderly.

When he had returned to his cabin, they watched to see how he would behave. They even felt the beating of his heart to see how he was affected. They forbade him to go out for fear that some other young rascals would break his head, as they had resolved to do. None of these things astonished him. On the contrary, he believed that it was a fine chance which God gave him, to die like those who exposed their lives and shed their blood when seeking and honoring the relics of the holy martyrs.

He believed that this would certainly be the last day of his life, for a certain Huron, who had given him a pair of shoes, asked for them again, saying that he would soon have no further need of them. He willingly gave them back. While this was going on, an impudent young Iroquois entered the cabin and invited the Father to go with him to another village. The look of the young fellow bespoke his evil intention. The Father replied that he was not his own master, but that if the one who had the say in the matter agreed to it, he was quite ready to go. The would-be murderer had nothing to answer, but did not give up his murderous design. He disclosed it to another old man, who dissuaded him, and told the Father's guardian not to let him go out alone. This was promised. Accordingly the Father had two young men to escort him to the place to which he was going. He searched for the body which he found naked in a little brook.

All that he could then do was to cover it with some large stones which he found near the place, hoping that the

next day he could come with a pick-axe to dig a grave in which to inter the body. This, indeed, he tried to do on the morrow, but without success; for all night long the rain had poured down, so swelling the brook that it had become a torrent and had carried away the body, so that the next morning the Father could see neither body nor stones, for the water had covered everything. Thinking that the body might still be where he had laid it, he plunged into the torrent at that spot, but could find nothing either there or in the neighborhood.

The loss of so dear a treasure brought to his eyes tears which mingled with the waters of the stream, and afflicted him much more than the cold and rain which chilled his body. Up and down he went sounding the bed of the torrent with his feet and a stick, still hoping to recover the body. But God withheld this consolation until the coming spring, when he learned from some young children that the body of the Frenchman was in a brook near a little thicket. Thither he betook himself. He searched for a long time and at last found the bones. He reverently collected them, kissed them and hid them in the hollow of three or four trees, hoping to bring them with him some day when he should be restored to his countrymen.

Thus were the words of Christ fulfilled: "Two shall be in the field, one shall be taken, the other shall be left." God chose rather the good René than Father Jogues, whom He was reserving for other labors; for "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." The sacrifice of this victim had already been offered to the eternal Father. For the thumb of René's right hand having been cut off, it was impossible for him to practise his art as a surgeon; thus being useless for earth he was ripe for heaven.

Having escaped the danger of death, Father Jogues found himself face to face with another trial. Hardly had he entered his cabin than a savage demanded of him a twofoot length of the half blanket which served him for clothing by day and for mattress and covering by night. "I will give it to you willingly," replied the Father, "but you see that it

only half covers my body now, and if you take off two feet of it I shall be naked and without protection, which is not respectable either among our or your people."

Piqued at this answer the savage went away in a rage. He told his brother to call the Frenchman out of the cabin and to bring him outside of the village. The man obeyed, sought the Father, told him they wanted to speak with him outside and bade him go out at once. "I am all right in here," answered the Father, "and I see no reason obliging me to leave my cabin." The savage thereupon went out and called his brother. The latter entered, wild with anger, and spoke to the Indians who were in the cabin with the Father. They commanded him to go to the fields the next day with some old squaws. He saw plainly their intention, but since it was his guardian who gave the order, he was obliged to obey "being made obedient even unto death."

He began at once to pray and made the offering of his life as he went out.

As soon as he was outside the village, the squaws ran away and left him alone. At the same time the murderer of good René Goupil appeared. He approached the Father, but, whether out of fear or compassion, or rather because He, who disposes of men's lives, had not yet ordained it, he did the Father no harm. The dangers of the following days were not less than those already mentioned. But to be brief, we shall relate only what befell him until the time of his deliverance.

[On the margin of the manuscript appears here the attestation of Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J., superior of the Canadian Mission, written December 15, 1652. It is in Latin and attests the truth of the narrative of Father Buteux, which was confirmed by many Christian Hurons who were reliable witnesses.]



LEAGUE NOTES.

The month of June should be a month of great activity for all Associates of the League. Every one should strive to make some special offering in honor of the Sacred Heart. What shall that offering be? We pass over any merely material gifts, however appropriate they may be, and without depreciating them, we suggest that the thing most pleasing to our Lord would be to bring some soul to Him, either on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which He Himself selected, or on some other day of the month so especially devoted to His honor.

How is this to be effected? Join in making the Novena preparatory to the Feast. If it is publicly conducted in church, assist at the services. If there is no public service, then make it in private. Assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass daily during the nine days, or if this be impossible, either on account of time, place, health, work or other circumstances, then join in spirit, recite some appropriate prayers, remembering always that it is not the quantity but the fervor that counts.



Besides, however, praying for the soul you want to bring to our Lord, make some special personal efforts to reach it. Invite the person in question to make the Novena, explaining how simple it is. Then encourage the sinner by telling of the particular love our Lord had for sinners, and how He longs for them to come to Him that their sins may be forgiven and that they may find peace of conscience and lightness of heart. Show how He taught the value He set upon the penitent by the beautiful parables of the Lost Sheep and

the Prodigal Son. Get the person to agree to make at least the Morning Offering during the month of June. This will be the entering of the wedge which will open the hard heart and prepare a place for our Lord to enter in and take possession. Remember that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is one of reparation. You are called on by Christ Himself to endeavor to make up for the coldness, ingratitude and indifference of others by your fervor, thankfulness, and attentiveness. Let your Communion, then, on the First Friday and on the Feast itself combine these qualities that it may have a special impetratory power for others.

Although the term prescribed by the Church for the fulfilment of the Easter duty may have passed by and found souls not reconciled to God, yet remind them that they should not wait for another year, as some foolishly imagine they should. Persuade them to lose no time in going to Confession and Communion. Show them how appropriate it would be for them to offer during the month of June a Communion of Reparation for their neglect and sloth, which so grieve the Sacred Heart.



Many Promoters will this month receive their Diploma and Cross. Let them not think that these are given as a reward for work done, but rather as an incentive for work to be done. They have been on trial for some months; the probation is over, they are supposed now to be able to handle their weapons in this great spiritual warfare. Their laurels are still to be won. True, they may have enlisted a number of Associates in one or all of the Degrees. This they may have done and yet have no very great merit, for the members enrolled may have been already good, pious, practical Catholics. They may be members of the same household or circle of friends. What has the Promoter done to deserve reward in such a case? But if zeal has been shown by enlisting, if only in the 1st Degree, some careless or hardened sinners, if any have been brought to the altar rail who else would not have gone, then will our Lord smile approvingly on such a Promoter.

Remember there is no summer League vacation. Associates and Promoters have their apostolic work to do in the heat as in the cold. In fact, summer offers a greater chance for making recruits among those with whom we are then thrown in contact. Many a flourishing League Centre owes its origin to the summering there of a zealous Promoter, who introduced the idea of the League, showed its working and advantages, and inspired the pastor with a desire to become a Local Director. So, wherever you are, never forget that your duty is ever to promote the interests of the Heart of Jesus and so advance His Kingdom.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(From an Italian MS.)

BY L. A. B. TAYLOR.



BOUNDLESS fount of boundless love excelling,
Of justice and of light ;
Of the Most High, the pure and spotless dwelling
Of ages the delight.

O Sacred Host, to Thee my song ascendeth,
Almighty Son of God
Who, 'neath the veil of this white mantle hidden,
Dost make Thyself our food :

From sunrise unto sunset Thee consuming,
O marvel sempiternal,
Our human souls enkindling and illuming
With radiance eternal

The God of beauty Thou ! celestial choirs
Envy the race of man,
And e'en as once where, lit by sunset's fires,
The waves of Jordan ran :

"Come," Thou hast said, in tones of one who, leading,
Points out the safest way to flee,
Still daily whisp'rest Thou in accents pleading :
"I am the Life ; come thou to Me."

How sweet Thou art, when to some heart that's weary
 Thou comest from above
 To comfort it amid this exile dreary,
 And murmur of Thy love ;

How sweet it is to come to Thee at even,
 While glow the tapers bright
 Before whose face the very sun in heaven
 Casts pale and trembling light.

And while the shadows deepen and grow longer,
 And stars, like flow'rets ope,
 Thy gentle power makes that weak spirit stronger,
 And softly whispers " Hope."

And when as King of Glory, Thou appearest
 Amid the tapers' blaze,
 Upon Thy jewelled throne, that flashes clearest
 Its burnished golden rays :

Or when Thy hidden way Thou treadest lowly,
 Beneath that white disguise,
 To touch the dying lips with Thine most holy,
 And lead to Paradise.

O boundless fount, in priceless gifts abounding,
 Dear Lord and tender Friend,
 Grant we may hear Thy gentle accents sounding
 Through life and at the end.

 CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Rev. A. H., Rosemont, Minn.	\$1 00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for	
A. J. S., New York City . . .	1 00	two intentions	\$5 00
C. H. M., Peoria, Ill., in		J. R. J., Edge Grove, Pa. . . .	1 00
thanksgiving	25 00	"Anon." Parsons, Pa.	5 00
W. T., Norwich, Conn. . . .	50	J. N., Chicago, Ill., a gold ring, a pair	
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa. . . .	1 00	of earrings, and sundry pieces of	
N. S., Hartford, Conn. . . .	1 00	silver and gold.	
J. Z., Detroit, Mich.	1 00	"Anon." a gold ring, a brooch and	
S. A., Rolla, N. Dakota, in		eight gold coins.	
thanksgiving	1 00	C. C., Point Edwards, Canada, three	
M. F. G., Boston, Mass. . .	100 00	gold rings.	
J. V. H., Phila., Pa.	1 00		

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

The spirit of the world is to be hard on others and easy on oneself. In B. Mary Ann of Jesus, the Lily of Quito, we find the spirit of Christ exemplified, for while all sweetness to others, she was all severity to herself. Were we to imitate her, how many souls we should gain to God!

In this 1400th anniversary year of the baptism of Clovis, and of the Franks, who imitated their king, our mind turns to Queen Clotilde, who, by her saintly life, won her pagan husband first to admire, then to embrace the Christian Faith. Truly, as St. Paul says, the believing wife sanctified the unbelieving husband.

The sweetness of conversing with our Lord, hidden beneath the sacramental veil, is taught us by St. Francis Carracciolo, who was wont to spend the night in prayer before the altar. We scarcely know how to spend a few minutes in converse with the prisoner of the tabernacle.

St. Norbert, that apostle of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament, bids Promoters, especially, to work up their Associates to practise the 3d Degree. How strange that there should be such a lack of energy in procuring the atonement asked for so earnestly by the Sacred Heart.

Married women often give as excuse for not taking an active interest in charitable works that their entire time is taken up with family affairs. St. Margaret proved how where there is the will, the way will also be found. She neglected none of her duties to King Malcolm, her husband, nor to her eight children, but still found leisure to devote herself to all good works, especially in visiting the sick poor.

One of our Lady's dearest titles is the Consoler of the Afflicted. We should show ourselves her true children by being like St. Barnabas, sons of consolation. Such was the beautiful name given to the Apostle Joseph, because of his sympathy for the needy and suffering.

All Associates of the League should aim at a holy familiarity with our Lord. For they are associated not merely with their fellow-members, but particularly with Christ Himself, their head. The favors Christ bestowed upon His

servant, St. Anthony of Padua, prove how pleasing to Him such familiar intercourse is.

St. John Francis Regis is a model for Promoters in the zeal with which he advanced the Kingdom. When there was question of winning souls, nothing could daunt him. Rebuffs only convinced him of the necessity of greater efforts. Following the Apostle's advice, he labored in season and out of season. Dead to himself and living only for God, he won a multitude of souls to God.

How small is the number of the faithful who can really be said to hunger after the Bread of Life in Holy Communion. St. Juliana Falconieri, always devoted to the Blessed Sacrament in health, when ill had but one sorrow, that of being unable to receive her Lord. He gratified this longing desire by communicating her miraculously at the hour of her death.

The more united we are with God, the greater our power. St. Aloysius is an example of the most astounding union with God. He had to make an effort to distract his thoughts from God; our efforts have all to be made to fight against distractions.

In St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, we have one who combined the most wonderful qualities. One who knew him well, said of him, "that he was meek as Moses, priestlike as Aaron, innocent as Samuel, tender as David, wise as Solomon, apostolic as Peter, loving as John, cautious as Thomas, keen-sighted as Stephen, fervent as Apollos." What a model for League Directors.

"He must increase, but I must decrease," is the exquisite declaration of humble St. John the Baptist. This is a fitting motto of every Associate, and especially of every Promoter. Christ must grow in our heart; our heart must expand to receive Him, but self must proportionately diminish, until Christ takes entire possession.

In SS. Peter and Paul we have a beautiful instance of Apostles so unlike in character and manner, yet so alike in unity of purpose. To advance the interests of Christ they lived and died. Of both is true the saying of St. Paul, "to me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Boston, Mass.—An interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. Henry Austin Adams, A. M., at Boston College Hall, on Sunday evening, April 12, under the patronage of the League of the Sacred Heart of the Immaculate Conception Centre. The lecturer was greeted by a large and interested audience.

His subject was announced as "The Siege of Heaven," which proved to be an eloquent eulogy upon the League of the Sacred Heart.

Having explained the meaning of the League, its scope and its mission, he made an earnest appeal for an increase of membership.

Speaking of the vast army of workers in the Apostleship of Prayer he said :

If SS. Paul and Barnabas had effected so much for the conversion of a pagan world, how much more ought we not to accomplish with our League which numbers 23,000,000 souls! He reminded his audience of the countless prayers that had been answered through petitions to the Sacred Heart. He spoke of the adaptability of the League to all people—the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned—of the consolation it afforded to those whose sufferings were almost beyond endurance and who, wearied with the burden and toils of the day, yea, and of the night, send up their petitions to the throne of mercy. Hoping against hope, with faith in the Sacred Heart, they believe in the efficacy of their prayers.

These poor people, he said, did not have to rely entirely upon their own feeble efforts, for the whole League of millions of souls was praying with them. In this League the members assist one another. They all join together in prayer for the particular intention of the Holy Father in union with intentions of the Heart of our Lord.

It was touching to listen to his recital of his own conversion, which he attributes to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart ; for which he wished it were possible for him to spend his life in promoting its interests far and near.

All who were fortunate enough to listen to this beautiful lecture must have longed, like Paul and Barnabas, to labor for the spread of sanctity and truth, both in prayer and in deed, that the kingdom of heaven might advance among men.

—H. is a little lumbering town nestling among the wild, unbroken forests which cover the sides and crown the rugged

summits of the Alleghenies in West Virginia. It has several hundred inhabitants, a goodly proportion of whom were baptized Catholics. The town is thirty-five miles (over rough mountain ways) from the nearest Catholic church, and has been in existence since the founding of the immense lumber plant, its only industry, some dozen or more years ago. Its condition during all this time has been spiritually deplorable. No Mass or religious instruction from one year's end to another. Children growing up as ignorant of the faith as cannibals, boys and girls thirteen years of age not knowing how to make the sign of the cross, or to recite the *Our Father*. Men and women, all but lost to the faith and living purely animal lives. If any had enough faith left to keep their souls warm, they were the exceptions.

But a spark of that fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth has been kindled there.

Some months ago Mr. F., of Philadelphia, took the superintendency of the plant and moved his family thither. Mrs. F. is a devoted member of the League of the Sacred Heart. She soon spread around her a knowledge of the devotion which inflamed herself. She received a supply of Certificates of Admission from her Local Centre in Philadelphia, and enrolled members among her neighbors, transmitting their names for registering to the Philadelphia Local Centre. The Morning Offering was made by many who had almost forgotten how to pray. Mrs. F. formed a catechism class for her own children who are all of tender years, and invited thereto the children of her neighbors. The Sacred Heart was assailed by daily petitions; the prayers of the Holy League were enlisted, and *prayer prevailed!* An extract from a recent letter of Mrs. F.'s will tell with what generosity the Sacred Heart of Jesus rewarded His petitioners:

"I know you will be interested to hear about our Church." Father H. who is stationed at T. (on the W. Va. Central R. R.) and has a church there, wrote about a month ago inquiring about the place and proposing to make a visit. Mr. F. wrote to him, inviting him to stay with us. Father H. answered that he would do so, and fixed upon Palm Sunday as the date.

"He arrived on Saturday, at noon, and remained until the following Tuesday afternoon. He heard Confessions on Saturday evening and was kept busy from 7 o'clock until nearly 11. Confessions were also heard on Sunday morning and evening. Father H. preferred to say Mass in our parlor to any of the public places here, so on Sunday we had 10

o'clock Mass and the blessing of the palms. There must have been fifty or more present and a great many received Holy Communion. I never saw a more devout congregation, and there were so many men present. We should have had more, but it was 'driving' time, and the woodsmen (a number of whom are Catholics and wished to come) could not get off. On Monday we had Mass at 5 o'clock, and on Tuesday at 8 o'clock. Father H. preached a fine sermon on Sunday. He was particularly pleased with our catechism class, and said he found the children well instructed, which was a surprise to him. He left some catechisms and beads here and told me to send for more if they be needed. He also blessed a quantity of holy water, so we have a sort of dispensing station here, and feel a great deal more like Christians than formerly. He thinks he can say Mass for us about every other month. He has five or six other missions to attend to."

OBITUARY.

Miss Margaret Birney, St. Vincent de Paul's Centre, Mt. Vernon, O.; Miss Margaret White, Baltimore, Md.; Sister Mary Regina, Mt. de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Va.; Thomas Carr, St. John's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Lillian Neelis, St. Joseph's Centre, New Orleans, La.; Miss Delia Gurry, St. Rose's Centre, Chelsea, Mass.; Mary Durkin, Monroe, W. Va.; Mrs. Honora Croake, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; George Bogus, St. Patrick's Centre, Washington, D. C.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Propagation of the Faith.	For St. Patrick's Church, Rome.
E. & I. S., Baltimore, Md., per	M. G., New York City 1 00
L. J. K., S. J. \$ 1 00	For the Japanese Lepers.
For St. Labre's Mission.	"Anon." Meadville, Pa. 5 00
A Friend, Houtzdale, Pa. 2 00	J. R. J., Edge Grove, Pa. 1 00
For Needy Foreign Mission.	For the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountains.
J. L., New York City 1 00	J. R. J., Edge Grove, Pa. 1 00
For the Alaskan Mission, Father Barnum, S. J.	For the Sacred Heart Indian Mission.
S. T. K., Chicago, Ill. 1 00	Rev. J. H. McM., New York
"Anon." Parsons, Pa. 10 00	City 5 00
For the Madagascan Mission.	For the Most Needy Mission.
S. T. K., Chicago, Ill. 1 00	"Anon." Parsons, Pa. 10 00
For the American Indian Mission.	
S. T. K., Chicago, Ill. 1 00	

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Union among Catholics.

WE distinguish a twofold unity in the Church—that external unity which is an essential mark of the Church, and that accidental unity, which consists in oneness of mind and opinion in things non-essential. The former consists in the organization of the Church under one head, with one faith, one worship, the same sacraments and the same bond of charity between her members. This unity can never be wanting to the Church, since it belongs to her very essence and is as indestructible as the Church herself.

But accidental unity, or union among the members of the Church in things non-essential, is also of paramount importance. Therefore our Lord prayed so earnestly for it. "Holy Father," He said, "keep these in thy name whom thou hast given me; that they may be *one*, as we also are." This was to be the distinctive mark of the followers of our Lord—their love for one another. Hence St. Paul repeatedly exhorts the Christians to be of one mind and to think and speak the same thing, and St. John, the Beloved Disciple, makes union and brotherly love the constant theme of his preaching. This union is conspicuous in the Apostles. While awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, "they were persevering *with one mind*, in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and His [Christ's] brethren." And of the first Christians we read in the Acts of the Apostles that "they had all things in common," and that "they had but *one heart and one soul*."

Strange that there should be any dissensions between individuals or parties in the Catholic Church, which is the ideal of unity, yet it cannot be denied that such do exist at times, without, however, impairing her essential unity. Such disunion, wherever it obtains, does much harm to the Church, and therefore the Holy Father so eagerly desires that we should in this month of the Sacred Heart pray for an intention so dear to the divine Heart—that all may be one as Christ and the Father are one.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

UNION AMONG CATHOLICS.

General Communion of Reparation—Sunday, June 21.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES; Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M.—*Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. M. *Our Lady Help of Christians*.—Love retirement; Directors' intentions.—A.S.
2. T. B. *Mary Ann of Jesus* (1645).—SS. *Marcellinus and Comp.*, MM. (304).—Honor the Holy Ghost; 178,418 thanksgivings.
3. W. *St. Clotilde*, Q. (France, 545).—Pray for firemen; 150,267 in affliction.—Pr.
4. Th. *Corpus Christi*.—*St. Francis Caracciolo*, F. (1608).—Heed holy inspirations; 93,876 dead Associates.—H.H., A.I., B.M.
5. F. First Friday.—*St. Boniface*, Bp.M. (754).—Pray for Germany; 80,823 League centres.—1st D., A.C.
6. S. *St. Norbert*, Bp. F. (Premonstratensians, 1134).—Pray for religious; 61,969 First Communions.
7. ☉. 2d after Pentecost.—*St. Robert*, Ab. (1139).—Spirit of faith; 201,365 departed souls.
8. M. *St. Medard*, Bp. (545).—Spirit of thanksgiving; 235,000 employment, means.
9. T. SS. *Primus and Felician*, BB., MM. (286).—Spirit of joy; 125,131 clergy.
10. W. *St. Margaret*, W. Q. (Scotland, 1093).—Spirit of simplicity; 221,246 children.
11. Th. Octave of Corpus Christi.—Console the afflicted; 319,117 young persons.—H.H.
12. F. Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Reparation; 128,573 families.—1st D., A.C.
13. S. *St. Anthony of Padua* (O.S.F., 1231).—Pray for the erring; 155,463 perseverance.
14. ☉. 3d after Pentecost.—*Our Lady of the Way* (S.J.).—*St. Basil*, Bp. D. (370).—Zea! for the faith; 68,767 reconciliations.
15. M. *St. Barnabas*, Ap. (61).—(June 11)—SS. *Vitus and Comp.*, MM. (301).—Patience in trials; 162,848 spiritual favors.
16. T. *St. John Francis Regis* (S.J., 1640).—Pray for the ignorant; 147,626 temporal favors.
17. W. *St. Botolph*, Ab. (655).—Repair sacrileges; 130,842 conversions to the faith.
18. Th. SS. *Mark and Marcellian*, Brothers, MM. (286).—Guard the senses; 120,532 schools.—H.H.
19. F. Octave of Sacred Heart.—*St. Juliana Falconieri*, V. (1340).—Visit the B. Sacrament; 68,080 sick, infirm.
20. S. BB. F. *Pacheco and Comp.*, S.J., MM. (1626).—*St. Silverius*, P.M. (538).—Confidence in God; 46,964 missions, retreats.
21. ☉. 4th after Pentecost.—*St. Aloysius*, Patron of Youth, (S.J., 1591).—Love of purity; 29,733 pious works, societies.—C.R.
22. M. *St. Paulinus*, Bp. (353).—*St. Alban*, M. (303).—Guard the heart; 58,483 parishes.
23. T. *St. Etheldreda*, Q. (679).—Despise the world; 2,004,239 sinners, intemperate.
24. W. *Nativity of St. John Baptist*.—Spirit of penance; 166,347 parents, superiors.—A.I., B.M.
25. Th. *St. William*, Ab. (1142).—Strength to endure; 310,068 religious.—H.H.
26. F. SS. *John and Paul*, Brothers, MM. (352).—Fraternal union; 76,957 seminarists, novices.
27. S. *St. Ladislav*, K. (Hungary, 1095).—Pray for a happy death; 68,458 vocations.
28. ☉. 5th after Pentecost.—*St. Irenaeus*, Bp.M. (Lyons, 205).—Pray for France; 75,478 special, urgent.
29. M. SS. *Peter and Paul*, App. (67).—Obey Christ's Vicar; 149,231 various.—Pr., A.I., A.S., A.C., B.M.
30. T. *Commemoration of St. Paul*, Apostle.—Live for Christ; Messenger Readers.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

JULY, 1896.

No. 7.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

BY H. V. R.

WHAT were the earth bereft of cooling streams?
What, should the clouds their quickening showers
withhold,

And founts no longer gush their waters cold?
Parched by the sun's fierce glowing gleams,
Erst bounteous nature, which so richly teems
With verdure, and with beasts and birds untold,
Would lose her bloom of youth, and growing old,
Would faint and languish in the scorching beams.

So were the earth—on which the fire divine,
That flames in Jesu's Heart, by Him was cast—
The souls of men beneath the deadening blast
Of worldliness and sin would sickly pine
And die, did not the flow of Jesu's Blood
Renew those sin-burnt souls in mystic flood,

THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE visitation of our Blessed Lady to her kinswoman, St. Elizabeth, forms one of the most delightful and instructive episodes in her life, as recorded in the Gospel. In this idyllic narrative, the human and divine, the natural and supernatural, the simple and sublime, are blended together in closest harmony.

This pilgrimage of courtesy, charity and devotion, it seems, was suggested to the Blessed Virgin by the words of the Archangel Gabriel: "Behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she also has conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren." The Blessed Virgin probably knew by revelation the relation between the Baptist and her own divine Son; but, in any case, she saw the finger of God in this miraculous conception of her cousin, and wished personally to congratulate her, who was the recipient of such a divine favor and offer her humble services to her. Therefore she arose and went "with haste" into the mountainous country to the city of Juda, where dwelt her holy kinswoman with her husband Zachary.

But God had a still higher purpose in inspiring our Blessed Lady with this holy design. He wished on this occasion, to manifest the fact of the Incarnation and to communicate its fruits to him who was destined to go before His Son to prepare the way for Him. No sooner, therefore, was the Saviour conceived in the womb than He began His ministry of grace through His privileged Mother.

Whether the city of Juda, which was the scene of this wonderful revelation of God's grace, was Hebron, or Jerusalem, or some other city in the mountains of Judea, we have no means of ascertaining. Neither the distance of the place, however, nor the inconvenience of travel deterred the Mother of God from undertaking the journey. Had she followed the bent of her feelings she probably would have devoted the days and nights to sweet contemplation of the mystery that had just been wrought in her. But when duty calls she is forgetful of self; she leaves her sweet retirement and goes forth on her mission of charity, because she recognizes in this

the will of God. "And rising up in those days, she went into the mountainous country with haste," reckless of all hardships, discomforts and distractions of the journey.

"And she entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth." She waited not to be first saluted by her cousin, as her higher dignity as Mother of God would seem to demand; she is the first to salute, as if she were a lowly hand-maid. But what a wonderful effect this humble salutation produced! "It came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary the infant leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." At that moment as divines teach us, St. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb, and exulted in the consciousness of the presence of the Saviour, whom he was to herald to the world. At the same moment, St. Elizabeth by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, recognized the Mother of God and broke out into the prophetic exclamation: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb! And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leapt for joy."

Here the Scriptures would seem to hint what is a very common opinion of the saints and doctors of the Church, that all graces are dispensed to us through Mary. As she presented to us the Son of God Himself, the source and author of all graces, so she is the dispenser of all His supernatural treasures. Hence it was through her visit and salutation that this supernatural inspiration was conferred on Elizabeth and sanctification on the Baptist. These are the first supernatural favors which are recorded as conferred by the Word made flesh; and both are communicated, as it were, by the hands of Mary; so early does she begin to exercise the office of mediatrix. •

The canticle *Magnificat*, solemnly intoned and sung for the first time, under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by our Blessed Lady, forms the acme of this magnificent drama. It is a grand canticle of praise of the marvellous work of the incarnation. The incarnation is the work of God; therefore to God all praise is due: "My soul

doth magnify the Lord." It is the wonderful exaltation of an humble virgin to the unspeakable dignity of Mother of God: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." This is the work of His power: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me." The Holy Ghost has come upon her, and the power of the Most High hath overshadowed her. May His name therefore be hallowed, and His mercy proclaimed forever: "Holy is his name; and his mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear him."

This wonderful work is the complete victory of God over all His enemies, the establishment and the triumph of His kingdom among men, as he had promised to Abraham and the forefathers: "he hath shown might in his arm; he hath scattered the proud; he hath put down the mighty from their seat; he hath filled the hungry, and the rich he hath sent away empty; he hath received Israel, his servant, as he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever."

All these great revelations took place at the first meeting of Mary and her kinswoman. What must have been their sweet converse for those three months during which Mary tarried in the mountains of Judea? Yet we must not lose sight of the main object of her coming. She came on an errand of charity. She came as an humble handmaid to serve her cousin Elizabeth in the last stage of her pregnancy. But when the time was come when her services were no longer needed, or could be more properly rendered by somebody else, the Gospel tells us that she "returned to her own house." She did not linger to reap the natural reward of her kindness and charity.

In this incident in the life of our Blessed Lady, though so briefly recorded, we have the key to her entire greatness. The human side of her character is revealed to us in her most amiable virtues: her thoughtfulness, unselfishness, humility, charity, self-sacrifice, devotion and love of God, as well as a deep insight into His wonderful designs; while, at the same time, God reveals to us the high place He has assigned to her in the economy of our salvation.

MY SAINT.

BY F. M. DRYDEN.

THERE are many who think that in this pleasure-loving, luxurious age of ours there are no opportunities to show forth those grand heroic virtues which characterized the saints of past ages. Because the voice of God is not heard by our natural ears commanding the sacrifice of an only son, and because we have not seen an Abraham bringing an Isaac to the altar for that sacrifice, we fear that God has ceased to speak to His servants and that the heroic obedience of those early days no longer exists. Because our natural eyes have not seen the humility of a St. Francis of Assisi we lament that this great virtue has declined among the children of men.

My saint appeared just an ordinary man, nothing more than a poor priest. He seemed a mere nobody. In my prejudiced egotism when I first met him, I thought him intellectually very inferior—he appeared so commonplace I doubt if he often went to bed hungry, he was never repulsively dirty, and I have seen him enjoy a good cigar like any ordinary man. Until you knew him, if any body ever did know him, you would never dream of calling him a saint. Indeed, I am sure he would be offended if he knew I called him one. One had to watch him very carefully and closely to find out wherein he was different from ordinary people, for his was that supernatural life hidden “with Christ in God.”

I had taken my degree very young and was anxious to go in for Orders, then join an Indian mission. My father was the Government Inspector of Hospitals and Dispensaries in a remote part of India. He was decidedly opposed to my taking up theology so young and considered my missionary spirit that of a romantic enthusiast. “Spend two years here in India with me,” he wrote “then decide.” This is how I came to be in India and find my saint.

We were touring together in October and lost our way among the hills of the Eastern Ghats. After ten hours of rough riding, utterly worn out, and desperately hungry, we

came across a large native village containing a church. "Here is some sign of civilization at last," exclaimed my father. All we could get out of the crowd of villagers who thronged about us was that "Padre" lives "over there." The Padre proved to be a Catholic Priest, and his house was a hut of mud and sundried brick, containing three tiny rooms! We were warmly welcomed, and soon tea and toast were served, and a room made ready for us. The Padre told us we were sixty miles from any town containing white people, "three days' journey" he added. He lived here with two assistant priests, natives, and had a congregation of two thousand souls.

"Who can he be?" I said to my father when we were alone. "What a wonderful life for a white man—he must be a queer fish, a fanatic, I expect."

"I seem to have met him before," replied my father, "but where or when I can't remember. At any rate we are lucky to have run across him and I suppose, Dick," he added, "that your Protestant principles will stand contact with the 'Scarlet woman' under such circumstances." I felt a little hurt for I was a staunch churchman and my father was—nothing.

Dinner was served at 6 P. M. and our host presided. It was then I detected the signs of gentle birth. My mother used to say one can always tell good breeding at the table. During dinner, I concluded that the Padre was a gentleman at least. After dinner we were smoking on the little veranda when my father suddenly exclaimed: "As I live, Major Roberts of the Royal Artillery, how in the world did you come here?"

I was amazed and for a moment wondered if the sun and hard travel had affected my father's head.

"Yes, Staunton," replied the Padre, "here I am, thank God. I recognized you at once, and wondered if you would recognize me." Then followed an explanation, telling me that twenty-five years ago the Padre was Major in my father's regiment. My father was just out from England and the Major had been very kind to him. He was a churchman in those days, but soon after embraced the Catholic faith and

became a priest. When we were alone my father told me that Roberts was from an old Northamptonshire family and on the road to high preferment. He was considered by all far above the average in intellectual attainments. "This is the sort of a missionary I believe in," said my father.

Benediction came at 8 P. M. My father was anxious "to see the show" as he called it, so we attended. There were fully two hundred natives in most devotional attitudes, waiting for the Padre. Soon he entered and as he approached the altar he seemed to me another person. I recognized the military bearing and a majestic air I had not before noticed. The chapel was horribly ugly, decorated with cheap pictures and tinsel, yet there seemed something very peculiar about it; unconsciously both my father and I were on our knees with all those natives.

The next morning we attended Mass and found about five hundred natives present; there were Brahmins, Banyans, Sudras and coolies, men, women and children.

"Of course," I said to my father, "it is easy for Catholics to gain converts from all castes, for their religion contains so much idol worship."

"I don't know about that, Dick," he replied. "I met an old woman this morning kissing her crucifix, and I asked her if it was her god. She was horrified at the question and asked me if God could be a piece of brass; then she calmly offered to pray for me."

"Father," I asked, "does the Padre strike you as a different person before the altar from what he is outside?"

"Yes, he does," answered my father. "Dick," he continued "you may talk of idolatry and superstition among the Romanists as you please, but this man is my ideal of a missionary. To my way of thinking he does vastly more good than your golf and tennis-playing Protestant clergy. I have watched the work of Protestant missionaries for years and I tell you there is something wrong about it. There are earnest men and women among them, they do a vast amount of philanthropic work, but even this does not seem to me to be what is wanted, and as a missionary enterprise their work is a failure. They are not altogether conscious of this, but

I do believe the more thoughtful are more conscious than they care to own. I don't want you, my boy, to join them. Your old father is not so much of a heathen as you think. Go on and take Orders if you want to, but don't come out here to waste your time and strength in a work that can not last. If there is any religion that will do a native any good it is the Catholic, and if any missionary can make decent men and women of them it is a Catholic missionary. What do you think Roberts' pay is per month?" he continued, suddenly changing the subject. "It is only twenty rupees!" (about eight dollars).

I was silent, for the large salaries and luxurious lives of most Protestant missionaries was "a bone of contention" between my father and myself. He maintained that it interfered with their legitimate work, I maintained that it aided that work.

Like all young people I was curious concerning the Padre and tried to get him to talk about himself. It was of no use, he would only politely answer questions. "Father," I said, "surely this life is very distasteful to you."

"Do you think, my child," he replied "that my life here can in the least compare with what the dear Lord suffered when He was on earth, yet He called poor fishermen His brothers. These are my brothers and my sisters, our interests are one and how can life be distasteful?"

"You are growing old, Father," I said at another time. "Tell me truly, have you ever regretted having become a Catholic?"

"Once," he replied, "I dreamed I was again a Protestant and it left such a horror in my mind that I was almost sick. Do you think that if I did not realize a joy and happiness that the world can not give, I would remain here one hour; would I not at once go back to my own dear English people if it were otherwise?"

The way in which he said "my own dear English people" revealed to me the sacrifices he had made, while the joy depicted on his face was proof enough of the truth of his assertion.

We visited different departments of the mission and every

where saw how much the people loved him and how emphatically he was one of them. There were primary and secondary schools, workshops for boys and girls, an orphanage, a home for the aged, and a neat little hospital. In fact it was a good-sized village, self-governing and self-supporting. When the time came to leave I told the Father that I had buried much of my Protestant prejudice.

"If you knew more of Catholics," he said, "you could not help loving the Church." My father told me that Father Roberts had been reckless in his youth. "He is a saint, now," I said. After that father always called him my saint.

We heard very little of Father Roberts for over a year. Occasionally he sent my father or me a book. One was *Catholic Belief*. After father read it he declared it was real slander to call Catholics idolaters. Another book was *Introduction to a Devout Life*. It revealed a wonderful life to me, visions of holiness that I had never before dreamed of. That year my father was sent to Nellore, a large European Station and the headquarters of a large Protestant Mission. I was very glad to go there for I hoped to be of use to the missionaries. To my great disappointment there was no opportunity for this. The missionaries seemed a little jealous of me because I belonged to another denomination. There were other troubles also. The mission was divided. Part preferred educational work, part wanted evangelistic, as they called it, to go ahead. These troubles caused serious harm to the work. My father said I had better leave them alone. During that year we had a fearful cholera epidemic. It swept over the whole district. The people died like flies. Whole villages were depopulated. All the Europeans who could possibly get away rushed off to the hills. My father urged me to leave, but I refused to leave him. Our Government hospitals were overflowing with cholera patients and applications for medicine.

"Why don't you ask the missionaries to help us send out supplies?" I asked. "It will be a grand opportunity for them to gain the affections of the people." Father's face darkened and I saw he was angry.

"The most of them have gone to the hills," he said, "and

the few who remain say it would be unwise with all they have to do to risk their lives."

I did not reply but I felt disappointed. Some days later my father came in and said: "Dick, I have heard from your saint. He is fighting cholera like a tiger; some coolies came in for medicine. They say he works day and night, not only taking care of the sick and dying, but also administering the Extreme Unction in which the Catholics have such faith.

"I am afraid it is superstition, father," I replied. For some days we heard nothing more about the Padre but I knew my father was anxious. At last a report came. Father Roberts was down with cholera: the messenger, a native priest, said that the whole village and many from the country around were making a novena to the Sacred Heart in his behalf and that many natives had promised the Blessed Mother to become Christians if she would intercede for his life. A week later we heard of his recovery and a few months later, my father told me those ignorant natives had kept their promise to the Blessed Mother and had been baptized.

Almost a year passed by. I was still with my father, sometimes reading a little medicine, sometimes theology under the direction of the Bishop. My father was half Catholic by this time and I could not decide to go home and enter a divinity school. Protestantism was beginning to appear a failure and I was absurdly afraid of Catholicism. Again my father had to go on tour and I went with him. We were both looking forward to meeting my saint and receiving some instruction from him. At last we entered his village and found him among his people just as we had left him, save he seemed a little older. We were told that he rose at 3 A.M. now instead of at four o'clock. When we asked him why, he laughed and said: "Old men don't need much sleep and the time is not long that I shall be with the children."

There were great changes in the mission. The secondary school had grown into a college and there were more Fathers there now. The girls' schools had increased and a convent was about to be established. The workshops were larger, the homes of the Christians were more comfortable-looking. At Benediction that night more people were present and at

Mass the next morning the chapel was crowded. There also appeared a more refined air about the chapel. As formerly, I noticed a great change in the whole man as my saint approached the holy altar. Then it flashed upon my soul that it was because he had come before the King of kings, the Lord of lords, that here he was the heavenly courtier and unconsciously bore himself as such. And there came into my soul a dim realization of the real presence of our Blessed Lord.

"Father, will you teach us your faith?" we asked. My everyday saint, so full of work, had time to patiently instruct us and hold before us the Bride of Christ in all her beauty. We remained with him as long as possible and on the last day received holy baptism and renounced Protestantism. My father apologized for having taken up so much time.

"It is what I am here for," he replied, "for me there is no joy equal to that of guiding souls into the Church."

He is not a dead saint. He is there to-day under a temperature that rarely falls to 90°. His eight dollars per month is all he wants. His mud hut is his palace. His people are his children. Only those who have seen his work and heard him talk know that in that far off-Indian village lives a saint, making day by day heroic sacrifices, "for the greater glory of God."

FORGIVEN.

BY T. F. R.

"My sins are numbered as the stars, my God,

That fill the heavens on a cloudless night."

"E'en be it so, fear not; My Precious Blood

Is as the dawn that blots the stars from sight!"

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

The American Ecclesiastical Review for June contains some excellent hints on sodalities and other societies by the Very Rev. T. A. O'Brien, LL.D., Kalamazoo, Mich. Father O'Brien's article, though written chiefly for the benefit of the clergy, has much that is of general interest. We are pleased to see that, in treating of the Sodality in particular, the reverend writer emphasizes those points which we have been always insisting on in the PILGRIM : strict organization, discrimination in receiving members, regular and punctual attendance, activity in charity, in self-improvement, and so forth. On the importance of sodalities Father O'Brien writes :

"This [direction of Sodalities] is an eminently pastoral work. The priest gathers around him the army of the faithful ; he unites their various energies and organizes them in such wise that one supports the other, while all move toward the same end, with a common purpose in view. That purpose is the defence of the interests of Christ, the perpetuation and growth of truth and virtue.

"In an Encyclical addressed to the Italian Bishops, Leo XIII. writes as follows : 'Do you, therefore, Venerable Brethren, by your example and authority, train your people to fulfil with consistency and courage the duties of an active Christian life? And in order to develop and maintain this activity, it will be necessary to promote the growth, multiplication, mutual harmony and fruitful activity of societies, the principal object of which should be to stimulate each other to zeal for the increase of Christian faith and of virtue. Such are separate associations of young men, of the laboring classes, of organizations meeting at stated times for the promotion of charity to the poor, the sanctification of holydays, for the propagation and teaching of Christian doctrine, and other unions like these.

"Exactly ten years before, Pius IX., in a Brief in which he points out the methods of warfare to be adopted by the

clergy in union with their people against anarchy and infidelity, speaks as follows : ' We also recommend, as pleasing to God, those most effective unions which, selecting for themselves, each some special province for defending the interests of the Church, stand together in well organized array to fight the battles of the Lord, to repel and overturn by their noble works the malicious attempts of those impious men who, being slaves of the devil, carry on their opposition in the dark.' "

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—Lesson from St. James.

One of the greatest impediments to a good death is the difficulty of forgiving those who have injured us. It is so hard to overcome human nature in this respect. We have such an overweening love of self that any insult or injury, like a barbed arrow, wounds, festers and gangrenes. If the wound heal in course of time, yet still the scar remains to remind one of the offender.

So necessary was it to overcome this weakness of our nature that Christ lays down a special commandment concerning it, when He bids us love our enemies, do good to those who hate us, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate us. In fact this is to be one of the characteristics of His followers and so He gives as the motive for this most difficult course of action that we may be the children of our Father, who is in heaven, whose mode of acting is put before us as an example. For God maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. Any other way of acting might become heathens, but not Christians.

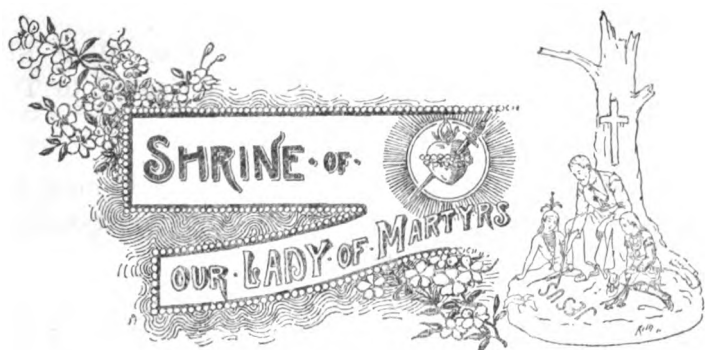
We have a beautiful example of this in the last hours of St. James, the Greater. It is all the more striking because it is furnished by one who had earlier in his career been overzealous against the Samaritans, when they refused hospitality to Christ, and had gone so far as to wish to call down fire from heaven upon them to avenge the insult. Christ had rebuked him and told him that he knew not what was

the true spirit which should animate him. A heathen might desire to revenge a wrong, but a follower of Christ must be led by the spirit of Christ and leave the vengeance to Him to whom it belongs. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

How the soul of James must have been tried by the insults and cruel treatment which Christ underwent in the sorrowful days of His passion and death. But what lessons of forgiveness of injuries! They sank deep in the hearts of the zealous apostle. When his time of trial came they sprang up and bore fruit. He was to have the proud distinction of being the first of the twelve to be baptized with Christ's baptism of blood and to drink of Christ's chalice of martyrdom. Long before he had asserted his desire and, perhaps somewhat rashly, his ability to be a partaker of the sufferings of his Master. At length the time of proof was at hand.

He was brought before King Herod Agrippa on a charge of preaching the Gospel and of being a follower of the Nazarene. So fearlessly did he confess Christ that the public prosecutor, the very man who was bringing about his condemnation, was converted and declared himself a Christian. This brought down on the Roman official a sentence of death. Was St. James to welcome as a brother the man who had brought about his death and was thus cutting short his apostolic career? He had learned the spirit of Christ and falling on his companion's neck he embraced him, saying: "Peace be with thee." Side by side they knelt to receive the fatal stroke of the sword and with it the crown of martyrdom.

Remember that we are commanded to forgive our enemies. No obligation of forgetting the injury is imposed because the memory is not under our control in the same manner as the will. Things long past will present themselves to the mind, but the will, fortified by grace, says at once: "Begone." This recalling of the injury, instead of marring the beauty of the act of Christian forgiveness, has proved an opportunity for an increase of merit by a renewal of pardon.



We are happy to announce to the friends of the Shrine that Mass will be said every morning in August at the Shrine at Auriesville, and a Jesuit Father will remain there all that month to meet pilgrims and visitors to the Shrine.

Pilgrimages will be made every Sunday from different places in the neighborhood. August 15, and the Sunday following, August 18, will be the chief days of pilgrimage, the Sodality of St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, usually visiting the Shrine on the feast of the Assumption.

The object of all these pious pilgrimages is to make known the virtues and the saintly heroism of the servants of God who toiled and suffered and died in this holy mission.

For the benefit of our readers who might like to visit the Shrine we publish the following general directions:

Auriesville is in Montgomery county, New York. It is a railway station of the West Shore Line, situated on the south bank of the Mohawk river, seven miles west of Amsterdam, and forty miles west by north of Albany. It may be reached by the following routes:

From New York and Vicinity—

West Shore R. R. to Auriesville. New York Central to Tribes Hill, and carriage. The W. S. R. R. leaves N. Y. from the foot of Franklin and W. 42d streets. Day or night boat to Albany, connect with N. Y. Central or West Shore.

From Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica—

West Shore R. R. to Auriesville. New York Central R. R. to Fonda, or Tribes Hill, and carriage.

From Boston, Springfield, Worcester—

Boston & Albany R. R., to Albany. West Shore R. R. to Auriesville, or New York Central to Tribes Hill, and carriage.

From Pittsburg, Allegheny, Altoona—

Penna. R. R. to Harrisburg; Northern Central R. R. to Canandaigua, West Shore R. R. to Auriesville.

From Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington—
via New York. Thence as above.

From points between Scranton, Pa., and Syracuse, N. Y.—

Dela., Lacka. & W. R. R. to Syracuse, West Shore R. R. to Auriesville.

The following list of hotels, their location and distance from the Shrine will give pilgrims an idea of where they may secure accommodation :

Hotel.	Place.	Distance from Shrine.
Putman House,	Auriesville,	at Shrine
Wood's Hotel,	"	¼ m.
Conyne's Hotel,	Tribes Hill,	3 "
Mohawk Val.,	Ft. Hunter,	1½ "
Starin House,	Fultonville,	3 "
Brunswick,	Fonda,	4 "
American,	"	4 "
Warner,	Amsterdam,	7 "
Central	"	7 "

Many who are unable to visit the Shrine will be edified and instructed by the following account of a spiritual pilgrimage to Auriesville. It is sent us from St. Mary's, Indiana.



"In obedience to our Holy Father's request for prayers in behalf of the devotion of Pilgrimages to the Shrines of our Lady, we have in spirit joined the multitude of our Mother's devoted clients in their public expression of faith and love. Animated by our ardent desire to visit the chosen shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, and realizing the impossibility of personally uniting ourselves with those whose happy privilege it is to visit the spot hallowed by the special protection of the Queen of Martyrs, we have tried to comply with our Holy Father's desire by making a spiritual pilgrimage of prayers.

We believe that many of our Blessed Mother's clients who love her Shrine at Auriesville, will be pleased to know of our spiritual pilgrimage made during nine successive days in the month of May.

JOURNEY TO AURIESVILLE.

At 9 A. M. each day, devotions offered to ask our Lord to favor the shrines of America.

Our Lady of Martyrs, pray for us! — 63 times in honor of the 63 years of her life.

9 to 12—Recall some of the following selections from the life of Father Jogues :

- (a) "Father Jogues devoted his heroic life to the conversion of the Indian tribes, and at their hands he met his death. His body was literally cut to pieces with tomahawks.
- (b) "After his death his body was thrown out to feed the vultures. Their cries were his only requiem.
- (c) "At one time, escaping from the Indians, he returned to his brethren, who failed to recognize, in the mutilated person of Father Jogues, their former companion. His Superiors doubted whether he should offer the Adorable Sacrifice, but in answer to a petition sent to Rome, the Holy Father wrote : 'It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ.' "

12 to 3 P. M.—Earnest desire to see Jesus, and that Mary and Joseph be better known and loved.—*Glorious Mysteries.*

3 to 9—Say "*Queen of Martyrs, pray for us!*" two hundred and fifty times in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, to ask our Mother's protection for our own country, for the bestowal of the gift of Faith upon those outside the Church, and its increase in those within her pale.

Thus were passed the nine days of our spiritual visit to the Shrine of the Queen of Martyrs, which though not fraught with that consolation and happiness which would attend an actual pilgrimage to her lovely shrine, were yet

productive of much joy in the thought that we were contributing our 'mite' to the spread of the devotion of Pilgrimages to the Shrines of our Lady recommended in the May Intention."

IN THANKSGIVING.

LOWELL, MASS.—"I am an invalid, and was almost in want. I prayed to the martyrs of Auriesville, promising at the same time that I would tell you if they helped me. I am happy to say I received prompt relief by getting sale for a lot of fancy work which I had on hand."

NEW YORK.—"Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor granted through the intercession of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., when all human means had failed. Publication was promised."

DOVER, PA.—"Accept five dollars for the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, in thanksgiving for favors received. One of these favors was for a person in affliction and out of employment. On the close of a novena to our Lady of Martyrs a good position was secured and health was much improved."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

W. T. B., Middletown, Ohio	\$1 00	Rev. E. W. J. L., Doylestown, Ohio, for the beatification of Father Jogues	\$5 00
A Friend, Manchester, N. H., for the crown	5 00	A Friend, per Rev. D. Cashman, Bedford, Pa., a gold bracelet.	
B. A. J., per Rev. M. P. Dowling, S.J., Chicago, Ill.	1 00	J. B. M., Milwaukee, Wis., a gold ring, for the crown.	
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	1 00	D. C. K., Brooklyn, N. Y., a gold ring, a brooch, a stud, and a pair of gold cuff buttons.	
E. T. H., New York City	2 00	K. A. McG., Harper's Ferry, W. V., a gold watch.	
R. M., for eleven intentions	15 00	E. de M., Wabasha, a silver necklet, brooch and a pair of earrings.	
I. McK., Devon, Pa., in thanksgiving	5 00	G. M. Y., New York City, an earring, a cross and several pieces of gold.	
A Promoter, Hartford, Conn.	1 00		
W. C. G., Boston, Mass.	2 00		
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions	5 00		
M. D., per A. M. D., Phila. Pa.,	1 00		
H. A. J., Troy, N. Y.	1 00		

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES. .

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

The death of René Goupil occurred on September 29. Towards the end of October, Father Jogues was sent with some families to the woods to hunt deer. The weather was trying and the journey was more than thirty leagues. The clothing he had was extremely scant and his shoes had no soles. Yet he had to traverse marshes in which reeds sharp-cut and half burned wounded his feet. But all the trials on the way were nothing compared with what he endured on the hunting ground. For, not to mention the duties laid upon him, such as cutting and drawing wood to the cabins, God tried him in various ways, "strifes without, fears within." These fears consisted of a sense of being abandoned by God, of feeling in the very depths of his heart all his sufferings without their being sweetened by a drop of consolation, of fully realizing in his lower nature all the hardships—nakedness, poverty and inconceivable miseries, which were to be his lot all winter. The combats and assaults of the demons were not so great, because not so interior, still they were very grievous.

During all the time of the hunt, which lasted two months, the savages never failed to offer to the demon the flesh of the animals killed. It was a sort of sacrifice which the demon exacted. The slayer of the deer held it, or a portion of it, in his arms and offered it to the genius of hunting, while one of the elders of the family made an address. It was a very distressing thing for one who loved God to witness. What was the Father to do? It would only be with reluctance that he could eat this meat, yet not to eat it would be to endanger his life. Under such circumstances a generous sacrifice is praiseworthy. He resolved not to eat a morsel of it, in order to thwart the prince of darkness. He had to content himself with a little hominy, which they seldom prepared at such times, or with some roast corn, when he could get it. For six weeks he spent his time, from eight in the morning until

four in the evening, on a little hill covered with pine trees. There, kneeling on the snow before a wooden cross which he had made, he held converse with our Lord, just as if he were making the Spiritual Exercises.

To stay there in winter without fire, out of doors and ill-clad, was a severe mortification, but it was not his greatest trial. It was harder for him to have to put up with the torments inflicted by some of the wild young savages. When he was in prayer they would pretend to be about to kill him with arrows or with axes. They would try to distract him by making a noise. They would cut down trees and let them fall close by him. They would break the cross before which he knelt, and say that it was a menace to their lives. But in spite of everything he would keep on praying devoutly. The threats of death provided a good subject for meditation. He desired death, not as the end of his labors, but as a means of uniting himself to his Lord, for whom he longed to suffer.

So when they would take away from him one cross, he would make another larger one by scraping off the bark of a large tree. Before this adorable sign in nakedness and cold he would pray in spite of Satan and the savages. He redoubled his devotions, spending every day more than eight hours on his knees in meditation. This was his sole consolation ; for when his prayer was over, and he would go to collect and bring to the cabin a big bundle of wood, the warmest reception he would meet with was an expression of the displeasure they felt at his prayer, which they believed hindered the success of the hunt. Everything he touched they considered polluted. This was the reason why he had only the earth for bed, and for covering and clothes only an old bit of blanket.

One day he found near him some old pieces of bearskin which he took for a mattress to protect himself from the cold ground. As soon as the others in the cabin perceived it they snatched them away from him and berated him sharply. The most uncomfortable place, most exposed to the cold and farthest from the fire, so small that he had to roll himself up into a ball to fit into it, was the one given to him, as if he were a dog ; in fact, they treated him worse than a dog. They

never spoke to him except of death, fire and tomahawks. If he knelt down to pray they would prick him to make him desist.

So rigorous was the climate that the exposed parts of his body were all chapped. Hunger was not a less trial. The deep sense of abandonment in which God left him, made him say: "I am a worm and no man, the outcast of men." It seemed that heaven and earth, and angels and men had conspired against him. God inspired him with the thought of returning to his village and provided a favorable opportunity of doing it. Some old men had made up their mind to this effect, and when Father Jogues learned it and asked leave to accompany them, it was readily granted. They hated him so that it was considered a good riddance to have him go.

They sent him off without gun and without shoes in the December cold and snow, and that over trails bristling with sharp-pointed reeds. His load was the head, neck and quarters of a deer, which he had to carry on his back. Charity compelled him to accept this burden when starting and to risk his life on the way.

Among his travelling companions was a woman in a delicate condition. Yet she had to carry on her back a big package of meat and a little boy. She, like the others, was obliged to cross a rapid stream on the trunk of a tree which served as a bridge. When she reached the middle, her foot slipped and she fell into the water. The cord of the package was around her head. It slipped down to her neck. Trying as she was to swim, she could not get it off, and she and her child were in danger of being lost. The Father, seeing them in this state, without a thought of inconvenience or danger to himself, jumped into the water, swam to them, saved their lives and baptized the child, who died two or three days after its baptism.



LEAGUE NOTES.

Summer is the season of relaxation. Should this be confined to the recreation of the body, or should it extend to the soul as well? The putting of the question is enough to cause a negative answer to rise at once to our lips. The soul should never relax in its efforts to attain its end. The temperature of the season should not affect the atmosphere in which the soul lives and breathes. Therefore there is no summer vacation in League work. Rather summer is not only the harvest time for the crops of the earth, but also for spiritual fruits.

Let Promoters and Associates remember, then, that wherever they are, at home or abroad, they have the interests of the Heart of Jesus to advance, both in their own souls and in those of others. How many occasions present themselves in summer of sowing the good seed of the Apostleship of Prayer on ground hitherto unworked. What a glorious thing to be the instrument in the hands of the great Husbandman of establishing a League Centre. This can be done by getting people interested in the work, by explaining its organization, practices and advantages. Arouse a holy desire to have a Centre in their own parish. When a pastor finds his flock desirous of advancing in good works he will be only too happy to lend his aid and encouragement. Many a prosperous Centre owes its foundation to the holy influence of some Associates or Promoters summering in the village or town.

Wherever you go, then, be mindful of your duty to scatter the good seed. Do not forget, on the other hand, that if you are not on your guard, you may give scandal. Let there be no relaxation which would disedify. Sound Catholic

common sense will tell you where to draw the line between the lawful and the unlawful, between the edifying and disedifying. It is necessary at times to condescend to human weakness. Country people are apt to be more conservative in their ideas and manner of acting. City people should try to prove their broader culture not by defying but by respecting public opinion in a place, even though it be perhaps too straight-laced. Do not criticise and judge country churches and country choirs by city standards. Encourage rather than discourage.



Those for whom there is no summer outing have to supply for the absence of others. Let them see that the public devotions are not dropped because of a lack of worshippers. There are always enough who stay in the city to warrant a good attendance, and there are always priests on duty. In fact there is great need of reparation to the Sacred Heart being made especially in summer, when there are so many occasions of offending the divine Majesty by over much freedom and relaxation. Therefore, be faithful in attending the devotions of the First Friday, and offer the Communion of Reparation for those exposed to danger.



July is the month dedicated to the remembrance of the Precious Blood. It should be pre-eminently a League month because that Blood had its fount in the Sacred Heart. It reminds us of the exceeding great price paid for our ransom, and should incite us to bring home to other souls their value in the sight of their Redeemer. If in no other way, we can do this by praying for them and offering our good works and sufferings. The General Intention puts before us the claim of the Higher Castes in India to our interest. The influence of these castes on the others is very great, and their conversion would be the means of bringing to the Faith those who so blindly look up to, and almost worship, the higher castes, especially the Brahmins. Let us go, then, in prayer to India, and help to advance there the interests of the Sacred Heart.

HINTS FROM MONTHLY PATRONS.

In the month of July we have a galaxy of remarkable men and women for patrons. They give a wonderful proof of how far-reaching the Church of God is both in her work and in those she calls to do the work.

She raises up a St. Pulcheria to show to the world what a Catholic *strong woman* is. Strong was she in faith, in zeal, in good works. Strong was she in her family life, a model daughter, sister, wife, and that of Roman Emperors. Strong in character, but a true woman withal. Strong, not of the type of the modern would-be usurper of man's position and work, but strong as man's helpmeet, sustaining him by prayer, counsel and sympathy. So did this great woman deserve to be hailed by the Fathers of the Œcumenical Council of Chalcedon as the guardian of the faith, the peacemaker, the pious and orthodox.

These same titles might fitly be given to another royal lady, Queen Elizabeth of Portugal, whom the Church, in the collect assigned for her feast, praises especially for her rôle of peacemaker.

But not only in the courts of kings have we our patrons. In a convent of Poor Clares lived, unknown to the world, St. Veronica Giuliani. Our Lord gave her the privilege of sharing the same sufferings which He endured on the Cross. "Blessed be God!" she would exclaim, "everything seems little that is suffered for His love. Blessed be the simple cross! Blessed be pure suffering!"

In the two sisters Martha and Mary we see the different workings of grace. The one active in ministering to the bodily wants of Christ, the other attentive to the spiritual food He was giving. Both were admirable in their way, so that the Church has taken them as types of the active and contemplative life in religion. Christ, however, warns the active, in Martha, not to neglect the better part which Mary had chosen. Combine prayer with work. We find a beautiful combination in St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whose life shone with the splendor of converse with God and almsgiving to His poor.

As in the women patrons, so in the men we have a representative of imperial rank in the saintly Henry, who verified in his life the ideal Christian Emperor, who reigns by the power of God, for God, holy Church, and the welfare of his people. He proves that no position in society is a bar to becoming a saint.

The apostolicity of the Church is wonderfully exemplified in the saints of July. We have one of Christ's favorite apostles in St. James the Greater, the first to share his Master's chalice of martyrdom. Then come SS. Cyril and Methodius, brothers in blood, in faith, in zeal, and called the Apostles of the Slavs.

When the darkness of the Protestant revolt was overshadowing Europe and the light of the true faith seemed growing dim, God raised up St. Ignatius Loyola to help to dispel the gloom by preaching the word of God and bringing men to frequent the confessional and the altar. He saw the need of a thorough Catholic education, and adopted teaching as one of the chief weapons to be wielded by his sons.

Hence it is that the powers of darkness so hate the Society of Jesus, that its members are always the first to be attacked and exiled. The enemy of our race realizes how powerless he is when the minds of men are imbued with strong religious principles. Therefore he hates religious education and educators.

But there are other needs besides preaching, teaching and administering the Sacraments. God provided for these by calling St. Camillus de Lellis to found the "Servants of the Sick," to attend those who were ill both in hospitals and in private houses. St. Jerome Aemiliani was inspired to institute the congregation of Somascha for the special care of orphans. While St. Vincent de Paul embraced in his large heart every need of man, he provided for the spiritual training of the clergy, for the work of missions and for every human ill in the congregations, both of men and women, established by him. Thus do we see how the apostolic seed implanted by the great Sower in every age brings forth its fruit.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—Manhattan College, New York.—On the first of the present month 150 Associates were received into the League. Each one received the Certificate of Admission and the names of all were carefully registered. These 150 new names along with those previously registered make a total of 580.

—Corning, N. Y.—The League here is in a flourishing condition. We gave as an Easter offering a new velvet carpet for the Sanctuary and furnished all the flowers used at the Forty Hours' devotion. There is Mass every First Friday and Confessions are heard the evening before. About 100 Associates receive Holy Communion on each First Friday. We do a great deal in getting people to Mass on Sunday and to Confession more frequently.

—St. Joseph's Hospital, Lexington, Ky.—I must tell you that since the League of the Sacred Heart has been established in our house God has singularly blessed us, and, to use the words of a non-Catholic, "it is wonderful how this hospital has come to the front in the last two years."

—Transfiguration Centre, New York City.—Our parish at one time one of the largest in New York City, is now so reduced in numbers that we have only 1,200 men, women and children at Mass on Sundays. Our 20 faithful Promoters give out regularly 1,500 rosary tickets every month, showing that many who do not come to Mass are reached by them. The League work is thus confined to our parish limits. This morning our altars, covered with roses and lights, were not to be surpassed by any in the city. The number of communions was the largest we ever had, and people were coming all day to make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. I wish that some of the members from every Centre in the city could have seen our evening celebration. The body of the church and the galleries were packed with people; the church was brilliantly lighted, and as the congregation sang those grand hymns *Thy Kingdom Come*, *Form Your Ranks* and *To Jesus' Heart all Burning*, they sent up a magnificent volume of sound that was worth going miles to hear. After the usual prayers and instruction, the little children clad in white and strewing flowers preceded the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession around the church sweetly singing the *Pange Lingua*, and at the end of the procession, knelt around the altar railing. Then came the magnificent chorus by all the people, *Tantum Ergo*, the solemn bene-

diction, and finally while the congregation standing sang *Holy God, we Praise Thy Name*, the Director placed a beautiful coronet of red rose buds on the statue of the Sacred Heart and many of the faithful lingered in the church till nearly ten o'clock, hating to leave so delightful a home and sanctuary. We wish publicly on this occasion to thank the Sacred Heart for His manifold blessings since we took charge of this parish. We placed it under His care under very trying circumstances, and great progress has been made under His guidance, not only in spiritual matters but likewise in temporal affairs. To Him alone be all the honor and glory.

—Highland Falls, N. Y.—The League has been organized in this parish under good auspices. At the first opening, which was conducted by one of the Fathers from the Head Centre, 25 Promoters reported. A branch was formed also at West Point with 15 Promoters. The Catholic cadets of the Military Academy, who form an interesting and conspicuous contingent of the congregation at West Point, have been organized in two separate bands.

—St. Mary's Centre, Newburgh, N. Y.—Rarely have we met with a more cordial response in establishing the League than from the congregation of St. Mary's; 58 Promoters presented themselves on the first day. A very commendable feature of the League at St. Mary's is that the Promoters circulate one copy of the *Messenger* and *PILGRIM*, each in his respective band. This experiment has passed into a regular practice with some of our Centres, and with the very best results. The fruits, we are sure, will soon be visible in St. Mary's.

—St. Mary's Centre, Jersey City, N. J.—The feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with a *Triduum* preached by one of our staff, which presented the aspect of a Mission more than a merely devotional celebration. At the Masses and instructions at 5:30 and 8 A. M., there was a regular Sunday congregation, while at night many had to be turned away who could find no room in the spacious church. The *Triduum* closed on the Feast of the Sacred Heart with 1,500 Communions. In the evening a reception of Promoters was held at which about 50 received their Crosses and Diplomas, raising the total number of Promoters to about 150. The League in St. Mary's is evidently in a most prosperous condition.

—St. Mary's Centre, Bethel, Conn.—We left 29 Promoters in Bethel six months ago, when we established the

League there. On Sunday, June 14, we conferred the same number of Diplomas. Not one has been found faithless. Three more Promoters have now been added to their number. They have done excellent work. The bulk of the congregation already belongs to the League.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Lowell, Mass.—One of the Lowell daily papers has the following, on the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart in the Church of the Immaculate Conception: "It was like the closing of a successful mission at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last night, when the novena for the feast of the Sacred Heart was ended with a most impressive popular service. The congregation was very large and interested. The shrine was magnificently adorned with flowers and lights, and presented a beautiful appearance. There were three heart-shaped floral pieces and many elegant bouquets. The main altar was ablaze with lights, and here, too, the floral decoration was elaborate. Before the service began large cards containing the office and hymns were distributed to all the people. The singing by the congregation was the best ever heard at any of these services. The volume of tone, the enunciation and the general perfection of the vocal performance were noticeable."

—St. Mary's Centre, Independence, Mo.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was fittingly celebrated in St. Mary's. The Apostleship of Prayer recently established here, numbers 195 members, almost all of whom received Holy Communion in the morning. The church was beautifully decorated, the main altar being entirely shrouded in flowers from the chancel steps up, vines and scarlet carnations veiling the tabernacle, while masses of red bloom were appropriately placed in the shrine of the Sacred Heart, bouquets of lilies and other white flowers predominating in that of our Lady. Two exquisite Sacred Heart banners, both painted by a sister of the Convent of Mercy here, occupied conspicuous places. High Mass was celebrated at 8 A. M.; there was exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., when occurred conferring of Crosses and Diplomas upon 11 Promoters after a short address of encouragement and commendation by the Rev. Director. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which was followed by the singing of the *Te Deum*, the congregation dispersed, having spent a day in close communion with their Saviour.

—Holy Trinity Centre, Paola, Kans.—We have received a detailed account of this Centre, which shows great activity. The League at St. Mary's consists of 11 Promoters and about 200 members. We are pleased to see that this Centre considers it an essential part of its work to circulate the *Messenger* and PILGRIM, and the other prints of the League. This is certainly the most efficacious way to spread true devotion to the Sacred Heart.

—St. Mary's Training School, Feehanville, Ill.—The Holy League which has recently been introduced here is working admirably. Our boys are coming and going every month. They are all very eager to take their *Badges, Leaflets*, etc., along when leaving. Tuesday, May 26, 155 of our boys received the Sacrament of Confirmation. They all wore their Badges, and looked well. The standing of the League at present is: 1st and 2d Degrees, 375; 3d Degree, 206.

—Lenox, Mass.—The League had its first reception of Promoters on the feast of the Sacred Heart. A *Triduum* of preparation was given by one of the Fathers of the Central Direction, New York. The exercises were remarkably well attended. They consisted of a Mass and instruction at 5 A. M., and a sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. More than half of the whole congregation received Holy Communion on the Feast. The Cross and Diploma were given to 22 Promoters, who have done excellent work during their term of probation.

—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—There was a very impressive reception of Promoters at St. Mary's church, on the Sunday within the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart. The number of new Promoters was 14. The sermon was preached by a Father from the Central Direction. The altars were most tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers. It is a very active League Centre.

—New York City.—The good work is being earnestly carried on in the Church of the Holy Rosary. On the First Friday of June there was a solemn reception of new Promoters; one of the Fathers from the Central Direction was the preacher. The Pastor, who is also Local Director, takes a very lively interest in League matters.

WORK OF THE MISSIONS.

BULAWAYO.

Our Mission is again tried in many ways. Jameson's incursion into the Transvaal and consequent failure, the drought, the locusts, the plague on animals and finally the Matabele rebellion, have reduced this country to the verge of ruin. God alone knows what will become of us. The locusts have eaten what crops have defied the drought, the plague has carried away nearly every living animal in the country, and the Matabeles have stolen what remained. We are now surrounded on all sides by several thousand Matabeles, who mean to kill the last of the white men if they can. Famine is staring us in the face—flour sells at thirty-five dollars a bag, sugar and rice at 50 cents a pound, and the rest follows suit. Our schools are nearly deserted, but the hospital is full of patients and wounded. The air is poisoned by the effluvia of a thousand carcasses lying in all directions, and epidemic may break out any day. You see we need the help of the friends of the Sacred Heart.

•Pray for us and ask prayers.

Ever yours very gratefully,

A. M. DAIGNAULT, S.J.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

For the Zambesi Mission.		For the Japanese Lepers, Father Corre.	
E. W., Scranton, Pa., stipend	\$5 00	K. Parsons	\$5 00
H. D., So. Boston, Mass., stipend	5 00	"Anon." N. Y.	1 00
For the Most Needy Mission.		L., New York City	5 00
A Friend, Manchester, N. H.	5 00	For the Alaskan Mission, Father Barnum, S.J.	
M. O'N., New York City, in honor of St. Anthony for favors received	33 50	"Anon." N. Y.	1 00
		For the Indian Missions.	
		L. A. D., Phila., Pa.	5 00

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Conversion of the Higher Castes in India.

THOSE acquainted with the history of India know well that a most rigid distinction of classes or castes is preserved. Among these castes the Brahmins who are priests or doctors, on account of their intellectual attainments enjoy high social distinction and receive from the lower castes almost divine worship.

It has always been a difficult task to convert these Brahmins to the true faith. St. Francis Xavier wrote of them : "There is here a class of men called Brahmins. They are intrusted with all that concerns the worship of the gods and the superstitious rites of their religion. . . . Were it not for the opposition of the Brahmins all India would embrace the religion of Jesus Christ."

This same difficulty exists to-day. There are, however, some hopeful signs and Leo XIII. desires prayers for the conversion of this class which stands as a barrier to the progress of the faith in India.

Many Catholic colleges have been opened in India and great numbers of the Brahmins have flocked to these colleges to secure for themselves the education therein imparted. Brought in contact with the Catholic missionaries who conduct these colleges, they have seen that their pharisaical objections to the true faith are unfounded, and many at great sacrifices have entered the Church.

The importance attached to their conversions by their countrymen may be gathered from the prominence given to them throughout the country, when scarcely any notice is taken of the conversion of whole villages of the lower castes.

One of the great objections to the true faith in India is that it denationalizes its converts and makes them adopt foreign customs. To answer this objection, these Brahmin converts retain the costume of their caste. Some of them receive a favorable hearing from their countrymen and devote their time to explaining the truths of our holy religion.

The presence and influence of such men, the spread of Catholic educational establishments and the reception into the Church of a number of courageous young Brahmins, are all hopeful signs for the regeneration of India. The superior intellectual attainments of the Brahmins, the social distinction which they enjoy, and the almost divine worship paid them by the lower castes, give them an influence which, if wielded in favor of the true religion, would aid in its spread throughout the country.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE CONVERSION OF THE HIGHER CASTES IN INDIA.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, July 19.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M.—*Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. W. *Octave of St. John Baptist*.—Make Christ known; Directors' Intentions.
2. Th. *Visitation B.V.M.—SS Processus and Martinian*, MM. (1. Century).—Charity; 385,867 thanksgivings.—H.H.
3. F. *First Friday*.—*St. Leo II.*, P. (683.) Christian devotedness; 86,712 in affliction.—1st D., A.C.
4. S. *St. Ulric*, Bp. (973.).—*St. Bertha*, W. (723.).—Spirit of prayer; 99,818 dead Associates.
5. S. 6th after Pentecost.—*SS. Cyril and Methodius*, Bpp. (App. of Slavs, 900).—Pray for Russia; 72,255 League Centres.
6. M. *Octave of SS. Peter and Paul*.—A lively faith; 79,350 First Communions.
7. T. *St. Pulcheria*, V. Emress (453).—Devotion to the Church; 275,594 departed souls.
8. W. *St. Elizabeth*, W. Q. (Portugal, 1336.).—Love the poor; 224,041 employment, means.
9. Th. *Our Lady of Prodigies*.—*St. Veronica Giuliani*, V. Ab. (1727).—Confide in Mary; 130,494 clergy.—H.H.
10. F. *Seven Brothers*, MM. (150).—*SS. Rufina and Secunda*, VV. MM. (250.).—Correspond to grace; 246,960 children.
11. S. *St. Pius I.*, P. M. (157.).—Spirit of piety; 292,034 young persons.
12. S. 7th after Pentecost.—*St. John Gualbert*, Ab. P. (Vallombrosa, 1073.).—Forgive enemies; 138,755 families.—SS.
13. M. *St. Anacletus*, P.M. (90.).—Spiritual Communion; 171,786 perseverance.
14. T. *St. Bonaventure*, Bp. D. (1274.).—Love the crucifix; 52,833 reconciliations.
15. W. *St. Henry*, Emp. (1024.).—*BB. Azevedo and Comp.*, MM. (S.J., 1570.).—Virtue of purity; 198,174 spiritual favors.
16. Th. *Our Lady of Mt. Carmel*.—Honor the scapular; 129,145 temporal favors.—H.H.
17. F. *St. Alexis* Recluse (417).—Despise the world; 139,541 conversions to the Faith.
18. S. *St. Camillus de Lellis*, F. — *St. Symphorosa and her seven sons*, MM. (120).—Care of the sick; 95,818 schools.
19. S. 8th after Pentecost.—*St. Vincent de Paul*, F. (1660).—Active charity; 65,080 sick, infirm.—C.R., S.S.
20. M. *St. Jerome Emilian*, F. (1537).—*St. Margaret*, V.M. (275).—Pray for orphans; 49,525 missions, retreats.
21. T. *St. Praxedes*, V. (164.).—Works of mercy; 34,745 pious works, societies.
22. W. *St. Mary Magdalen*, Penitent.—Sorrow for sin; 48,623 parishes.—Pr.
23. Th. *St. Apollinaris* Bp. M. (79).—*St. Liborius* Bp. (425.).—Constancy; 515,958 sinners, intemperate.—H.H.
24. P. *St. Francis Solano* (O.S.F., 1610) *St. Christina*, V.M. (300.).—Pray for America; 118,424 parents.
25. S. *St. James the Greater*, Ap. (44.).—*St. Christopher*, M. (III. Cent.).—Loyalty to Christ; 205,228 religious.—A.I.
26. S. 9th after Pentecost.—*St. Anne*, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.—Pray for mothers; 108,650 seminarists, novices.—S.S.
27. M. *BB. Aquaviva and Comp.*, MM. (S.J., 1583.).—*St. Pantaleon*, M. (305.).—Pray for physicians; 53,461 superiors.
28. T. *SS. Nazarius and Comp.*, MM. (56.).—*SS. Victor*, P.M. and *Innocent*, P.—Spirit of sacrifice; 94,481 vocations.
29. W. *St. Martha*, V. (85).—*SS. Felix II. P., and Comp.*, MM. (303.).—Christian activity; 67,638 special, urgent.
30. Th. *SS. Abdon and Sennen*, MM. (250).—Patience; 316,833 various.—H.H.
31. F. *St. Ignatius Loyola*, F. (S.J., 1556.).—Zeal for God's glory; *Messenger Readers*.—Pr.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 8.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY H. V. R.

THE soul of Christ in hell Thou didst not leave,
Nor did Thy Holy One corruption see,
For He, O Lord, as God was one with Thee,
Though from a virgin did He flesh receive.
So Thou His Virgin Mother didst relieve
From taint and mould—the grave's sad destiny,
Though like her Son she paid sin's penalty,
Thou didst for her a robe immortal weave.

Up from the tomb where three days she had lain
The voice of her belovèd bade her rise :
And 'mid the angels' sweet and tuneful strain
On wings of love they bore her to the skies ;
There, with the crown of immortality,
Christ, crowning her, crowns our humanity.

THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

THOUGH there is no mention of the fact in Holy Scripture, and no formal definition by the Church, yet it is the universal belief of the Church that the Blessed Virgin, like her divine Son, was raised from the dead and taken up into heaven, there to take her seat on the glorious throne prepared for her by her divine Son. This is the tradition of the Church, which, though not always with the same degree of distinctness, goes back to the time of the Apostles.

The tradition runs thus. When our Blessed Lady was about the age of sixty, she resided in Jerusalem. Whether she took up her permanent abode there, or as another tradition would have it, lived at Ephesus with St. John, the Beloved Disciple, to whom our Lord had commended her from the Cross, is immaterial to our subject. Naturally her yearning must have been like that of the Apostle St. Paul, to be dissolved and to be with Christ, her Son. The moment had come which the Father had determined in His loving counsel, when she was to be transferred from the vale of tears into the glorious kingdom of her Son.

God in His loving providence wished that the whole Church in her representatives should be witness to this glorious fact. Therefore He brought about that the Apostles were assembled in Jerusalem in those days, all except St. Thomas, who was delayed for three days, that he might all the more by his testimony confirm this wonderful fact, as he had confirmed the fact of the resurrection of our Lord.

The hour had come ; and in the presence of the Apostles, in visible form, surrounded by His angels, who sang the most beauteous melodies, our Lord Himself descended to the place where they were assembled and received her loving soul in His embrace and bore it in triumph heavenwards, amid the jubilee of the heavenly hosts.

Her body was prepared for burial according to custom ; and the Apostles bore it reverently out to the Garden of

Olives, where our Lord had suffered the three hours' agony, and there laid it in a magnificent tomb prepared for it. Thus, like that of her Son, her grave should be glorious.

After three days, St. Thomas arrived, and whether from incredulity, as in the case of our Lord's resurrection, or, what is more probable, from a desire to venerate the holy remains, he hastened to the grave. The stone that blocked the mouth of the sepulchre was removed. But the body had disappeared. There were only the winding-clothes in which the body had been wrapped; and a sweet odor filled the hallowed place. There was no doubt left in the minds of the Apostles, but that her divine Son had been pleased to raise up her immaculate body, unite it again with her glorious soul, and take her up, body and soul, to enjoy with Him the unspeakable glories of heaven. For He would not suffer His holy Mother to see corruption.

Such is the simple story of the passing of our Blessed Lady, as handed down by the holy Fathers. The place is marked by a magnificent church. The grave, which was identified in remote antiquity, is still shown. It is a subterranean cell hewn from the living rock. The approach to it consists of a broad marble stairway of forty-seven steps. Eight lamps are kept continually burning before it.

The feast of the Assumption, which is kept on the fifteenth of August, is probably the oldest feast of the Blessed Virgin celebrated in the Church. In the Oriental Church we can trace it back to the fifth century; and in the Western Church it was universally celebrated as a feast of first rank in the seventh century. When it was first introduced cannot be definitely ascertained.

The most ancient liturgical books that have been in use in the Church, explicitly proclaim the fact of Mary's bodily assumption into heaven. According to these formularies of the prayers of the Church, our Blessed Lady "triumphed over death and corruption"; her death is "a mystery without parallel among men"; she died, indeed, but "for a time only"; her virginal flesh overcame the corruption of the tomb; the hands of death were unable to encompass that immaculate flesh which as Virgin and Mother conceived the

divine Word ; and so forth. Some of these documents reach back as far as the fifth century.

Those prayers of the liturgy express the belief of the Church, as handed down by the Apostles. Though we do not find this truth so clearly expressed in the first centuries of the Church, yet we find traces of it from the first ages, while not a single voice is raised against it. The sentiment of the early Church is tersely expressed by St. Augustine in the words : "That the body of the Virgin has been delivered to the worms I am unable to think and shrink from asserting."

Hence Father Livius, C.S.S.R., who has carefully examined the tradition on the Assumption, rightly concludes : "Though our Lady's corporal assumption is not a dogma of faith, and many theologians are of opinion that there is not sufficient testimony from Scripture or tradition for its infallible definition, yet a Catholic who should wilfully doubt of it, would not only be deemed guilty of very great rashness, but also incur the suspicion of heresy ; for by such doubt he would hold, at least implicitly, that the Church of Christ might err in a doctrine which she everywhere believes and teaches."

The Council of the Vatican was petitioned to define this dogma, and doubtless would have done so, had it not been interrupted by the iniquity of the times. We trust the time is not far distant when this last gem will be set in our Lady's crown by the Church's definition.

THIS day the Immaculate Virgin, who had not been defiled by any earthly desires, but ennobled by heavenly thoughts, returned not to dust, but, being herself a living heaven, took her place among the heavenly mansions. From her true life had flowed for all men, and how should she taste death ? But she yielded obedience to the law established by Him to whom she had given birth, and, as a daughter of the old Adam, underwent the old sentence, which even her Son, who is the very life itself, had not refused ; but as the Mother of the living God, she was worthily taken by Him unto Himself.—*St. John Damascene.*

A PROVIDENTIAL HAUL.

BY G. W. P.

ONLY a few years ago the readers of our city journals were shocked at the account of the painful death of one of our parish priests who was crushed in a falling building. Not many knew, however, of his eminent sanctity.

Coming from a foreign land, where, besides other important duties, he had for fifteen years been confessor to one of the most eminent dignitaries of the Church, he devoted himself to the poorest of his poor parish. Many incidents in the life of this devoted priest might be recorded, but the following may be of special comfort to some discouraged soul.

Meeting me in the sacristy one evening, Dr. — said :

“Do you remember my answer, dear child, a short while ago when, finding me reading in the church that hot afternoon, you urged me to lock up and go on a fishing excursion ?”

“Yes, Father, I do ; you told me you loved to keep the church open as much as possible, as passers-by might often find time to drop in and would derive strength and comfort from their little visit. You also said there were bigger fish to be caught where you were.”

“Well, I know I can now prove the truth of my words. Three days ago I was walking up and down the aisles, reciting my *Office*, when a man entered and, in a listless way, wandered about, first looking at the Stations, then at the windows and different objects. We passed, merely bowing, but as I met him again, something prompted me to speak, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, I asked :

“Are you a good boy ?”

For an instant he seemed annoyed, but in one moment more we were recognized friends. He soon followed me to the confessional. When all was over, I went with him to

the door where he had said good day and turned to go, when I called him back, saying :

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I shall offer my Mass for you. I want you to come fasting."

"Oh, Father," he urged, "how can I promise this—to receive Holy Communion so soon? Remember how long it is since I went to Confession before."

"I simply said: 'Trust, child, that I know best. I feel sure you will obey me.'

"The next morning he kept the appointment and I gave him Communion. And now comes a very great proof of God's goodness and of His direct answer to the persevering prayer of years. This morning a friend of mine, from a parish in a distant part of the city, called and begged I would go with him to see a neighbor of his who was in terrible grief; the husband had died suddenly only a few hours before. I hesitated and proposed they should at once send for their own pastor. I was told that he had been asked to go but could not go then. He knew better probably than any one in the world the saintly life of the wife and of all the family, and he had untold sympathy for the grief that must be theirs at the thought that no moment had been given to the poor man to prepare for death. I no longer refused, so off we went; I with a heavy heart praying it might be given me to say some word of comfort. I found the poor woman staggering under the weight of the blow, but resigned—satisfied that all must be for the best. I shall never forget her words: God's ways are best; all I ask for now is strength to trust Him blindly. I have never for more than thirty years, said a prayer or performed the least little act of virtue without offering it that he might have grace to return to the Sacraments. He was in every other respect a perfect husband and father; but just after our marriage he joined a secret society and all religious duties were sacrificed to this, and he had not been to the Sacraments in thirty years.'

"On entering the room those present made way, and as I approached, the face was uncovered; it was the face of my penitent!

"And now I can only say that had I remained at my post

for a life-time in hotter weather than this, all would be more than compensated for by the joy I felt when, turning to that heart-crushed wife, I could say :

“ ‘My child, hardly more than forty-eight hours ago, with my own hand, I gave your husband Holy Communion, having the day before heard his Confession.’ ”

LIFE'S ANGELUS.

MORNING.

“ **A**VE Maria ! ” 'Tis the *Angelus*
 Of silent day-break ; with her shadowy train,
 The queen of darkness, hunted by the day,
 Flees from the land, and, in her gloomy stead,
 Morn, radiant and dewy-footed, breathes
 Her balmy blessing o'er the waking world.
 “ Ave Maria ! ” Near and far away,
 From steeped city and from village tower,
 The chiming bells in airy peals tell out
 The story old of love's sweet mystery.
 The leafy wood to melody awakes,
 And low, scent-breathing winds, from hill to hill,
 Scatter the waves of soft, melodious sound
 Till, echoing from every morning land,
 The answer comes, and every head is bowed,
 And every heart its adoration pours.
 “ Ave Maria ! ” sweet and holy, hail !
 Bright is the morn and worthiest of thee
 Of all earth's hours, O Virgin undefiled !
 The pearly light, the orient's deep blush,
 The gleaming dew, the folded lily-buds—
 All metest emblems of thy purity—
 In silent eloquence to heaven send up
 Their grand *Magnificat*. So, too, our hearts
 As blithe and joyous as the morning hour,
 Pour out their humble praise, and lovingly
 Their early vows of consecration speak.
 “ Ave Maria ! ” Guide our willing feet ;

And lead us tenderly o'er unseen ways ;
For thy dear Son, oh, teach us how to live,
And with life's labor ended, call us home
To Him and thee. "Ave!" sweet Mary hear!

NOON.

"Ave Maria!" 'Tis the *Angelus*
Of weary noon. The day has sterner grown.
Its tender beam, its pure, life-giving airs,
Its pleasant din of labor just begun,
Its hue of youth, its cool and fragrant bowers,
Its dews, and every morning loveliness
Have passed away. Long since, the torrid sun
In raging fever-heat, has parched the fields
Of rustling corn, and, in his zenith now
Reigns furious. The heated air is still ;
No leaflet stirs. The weary, lowing kine
With hoofs imbedded in the shady stream,
Stand motionless ; and o'er the drowsy scene
Is silence all, save for the insect's hum
And blast of noon-day trumpet o'er the fields
Where, 'mid the sheaves, the sturdy reapers toil.
"Ave Maria!"—angel's sweet salute—
Blest harmony of heaven dropping down
On earth's sad song to soothe its troubled strain,
And lead it back to peace and consonance.
Like gentle rain, its tender accents fall
Upon our souls now in the noon of life.
Gone is that bright, young hour when, flushed with hope
We eager gazed o'er the untravelled way,
And at the luring voice of love divine
Plighted our happy hearts, and bent our heads
For sacrifice. Swift have the moments fled,
And, with its bruising weight upon us now,
The cross of labor lies—how wearily!
"Et Verbum caro factum est." The words
Like winged messengers from heaven adown,
Come o'er our souls with a resistless power
That lifts our burden, soothes our sorrowing

And hushes all our being into prayer;
Till, far above the sordid, earthly scene,
Weary with longing, spent with buffeting,
Our spirits soar, and, at the throne of Him
Who as a Brother dwelt among us here
And loving counts each one of sorrow's hours,
Our pilgrim hearts, in sweet communings, find
Comfort in exile, rest in weariness,
Solace in grief, and peace beneath the cross.

EVENING.

"Ave Maria!" 'Tis the *Angelus*
Of even-tide. The day-light softly dies,
The shadows deepen, and the vapors chill
Herald the night-fall. O'er the grassy mead
The stilly heavens weep their shining dews,
And humid breezes, soft and slumberous,
Freighted with odors from the dying wood,
Sigh o'er the land in pensive strain as sweet
And soothing as a mother's lullaby.
Hushed is the hum of life. The harvest fields
In nimbus crown of yellow twilight ray
Lie glorified. The day of toil is past;
Night's altar-fires are lighted, one by one,
And trembling burn, while 'neath the tented skies,
The rev'rent earth bows silent to receive
Her Maker's benediction. 'Tis the hour,
The holy hour of peace and quietude,
When, for the heat and burden of the day,
The loving Father, from His largess, gives
The boon of rest. Rocked by the gentlest breeze
The folded flower sleeps on its parent-stem;
The bird in leafy covert hidden deep,
Chirps to its nested mate, and, winding down
The pastured slopes, the meek herd slowly seeks
The sheltered fold. The wild beast hath its lair;
The laborer, his cheery, lighted hearth
And homely joys; the mariner his port;
The weary child, its mother's loving arms.

"Ave Maria!" our belated hearts
Look up to thee as their unfailing star.
Ah, when shall *we*, our day of labor done,
Sweet welcome find? When shall *our* resting be?
Oft when the shades of lonely night come down
Upon our stony Bethel, as we lie
Weary with sighing for our Father's house,
Sweet, heavenly dreams, like some remembered song—
Some recollected joy—our bosoms cheer,
And faith's bright ladder leads us to the skies.
Cause of our joy! oh, look in pity down.
How long the blessed eve and thou wilt call
Thy children home! How long, and o'er our hearts
Will break the beauty of the heavenly day—
The Sabbath of our souls, that setteth not;
Nor storm, nor cloud, nor sorrowing, nor tear,
Nor weariness of noon, nor gloaming hath,
But ever on, through years eternal, shines
One sempiternal morning of delight?
"Ave Maria!" Faint and fainter grows
The tuneful echo of the evening bells,
And, with the growing shadows of the wood,
A deeper silence o'er the spirit falls.
O pia Mater! sweetest, holiest,
From thy celestial dwellings, fondly now,
Bend down and listen while we trusting breathe
Our evening prayer, "Oh, take us to thy rest!"

—*St. Mary's of the Woods.*

How many people would like to be good, if only they might be good without taking trouble about it! They do not like goodness well enough to hunger and thirst after it, or to sell what they have that they may buy it; they will not batter at the gate of the kingdom of heaven, but they look with pleasure on this or that aerial castle of righteousness and think it would be rather nice to live in it.—B. C. E.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

The universality of scope of our Lady's Sodality was well illustrated in the city of Messina, in Sicily, as early as the sixteenth century. Before the close of that century there were in that city fifteen different sodalities, made up of different classes of the community. The first was that of the senior college students, embracing only the classes of humanity and rhetoric, and numbering about a thousand members. The second was erected in the year 1582 under the title of the Annunciation for noblemen, who made it their duty to aid families who were overburdened with debt. The third, under the invocation of the Purification, consisted of master workmen, who likewise gave largely to the poor. The fourth, under the title of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, was for journeymen artisans ; the fifth, under the same title, was for apprentices. The sixth, the Sodality of the Visitation, was destined for the students of the grammar classes. The philosophers, law students and theologians formed the seventh, under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception. The eighth was for merchants under the same title ; the ninth for priests, under the title of the Visitation. There was a special sodality for judges and others employed in the courts of justice. There was a numerous Sodality of children. There were other Sodalities for special objects. Even the beggars had their own Sodality, and, it is said, maintained it at their own expense. Thus, the Sodality and its salutary influence permeated the entire community, and truly became the salt of the earth.

Ten of the greatest Popes of modern times were active members of the Sodality before being advanced to the chair of St. Peter, and were naturally its friends and patrons after their promotion. These were Gregory XV. (1621-1623), Urban VIII. (1623-1644), Alexander VII. (1655-1667), Clement IX. (1667-1669), Clement X. (1670-1676), Innocent XI.

(1676-1689), Clement XI. (1700-1721), Benedict XIV. (1740-1758), Pius IX. (1846-1878), Leo XIII. (1878.) The Sodality has good reason to be proud of this roll of honor.

BONA MORS.

How we should look upon an early death.

It is hard to close one's eyes to the world just when that world begins to hold out such fair prospects as it does to one just attaining manhood. Nor is this hard merely for the worldly minded, who centre their aspirations on things of earth. For one who has a higher and worthier ambition to live and work for God, it is hard to see one's life cut short at the very outset of that career.

Is there not too often a lack of real faith, a want of realization of what this life is as a time of exile? If the desire is to live and work for God should it not be subordinated to the will of God? Is there not a lurking pride in it that overestimates one's own importance. "Such a one might have done so much for God," we say, as if God Himself were not the best judge. If He wants our services He will give us the life and the strength necessary for them. If we co-operate with His grace as long as He gives us life, then it matters not how many years go to make up its sum.

Thus does God act with his faithful servants. "For," as the wise man says, "venerable old age is not that of a long time, not counted by the number of years: but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age." How true is this of one like St. John Berchmans who passed away from earth when only twenty-two years old. Yet, humanly speaking, what great things for God's glory might have been expected of one so richly endowed with natural and supernatural gifts? But like his brethren in the Society of Jesus, Aloysius and Stanislas, God saw fit to make heaven the field of his apostleship.

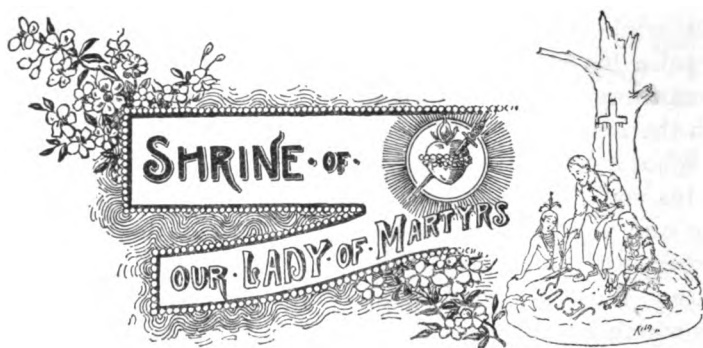
Worldlings look upon an early death as a misfortune and as a sign of God's displeasure. The wise man contradicts these false ideas. "He pleased God and was beloved, and liv-

ing among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. For the bewitching of vanity obscureth good things, and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind."

What a consolation for those who mourn the death of one in his youth to ponder over these words of Holy Writ. Was the one you lament pure, holy, innocent? Then rejoice, rather, that God has taken him when in that beautiful state. Why was he given at all, except to work out the end for which he was created—to know, love and serve God on earth and then to be happy with Him forever in heaven. "Ah, but he might have done so much for God." Remember that, "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased God : therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."

Filled with confidence by these inspired assurances we can resign ourselves to our loss when God sees fit to call away in the flower of their youth those whom we love. Knowing that "the grace of God, and his mercy is with his saints, and that he hath respect to his chosen."

ST. RICHARD, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, whilst lecturing in the University of Oxford, once attended a dinner given by one of his fellow-professors. During the meal he was informed that a very distinguished stranger on horseback was asking for him at the gate. The host invited the stranger in. But he very courteously declined the invitation, saying that he wished to say only a word to Master Richard. When Richard went to the gate, he found no one there, and no one could tell him whither the horseman had gone. Whilst he was absent, a huge stone fell from the wall above his chair and crushed everything in its way ; so that if he had been there, he would undoubtedly have been killed. Evidently his guardian angel had been sent by God to preserve the Saint from a fatal accident.—*Bollandists.*



There are many ways of reaching Auriesville. It is accessible by every known means of transportation, all of them agreeable as well as convenient. The children of nature were as quick as ourselves to select for their homes sites upon the highways of travel. Their missionaries, too, were always practical men, and when selecting subjects for their ministrations, they always preferred to go to tribes through whom they might have easy access to other tribes and nations. Indians and missionaries made the Mohawk valley the avenue of trade and of gospel ministry, just as our men of enterprise to-day find it the best avenue for commerce and travel.

When we arrived here, Wednesday last, we were hailed by an active young pilgrim, who had come here all the way from the middle of Jersey by wheel. He was delighted to have three priests visiting the Shrine so unexpectedly, the more so that it gave him an opportunity to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion next morning. To see him take up his long journey homeward an hour or two later, one would imagine he was to travel but a mile or so.

We came here from Troy, where we had said Mass after a night's sail up the Hudson. We might have gone direct from Troy, via Schenectady, to Auriesville, but we had business in Albany, and hence we took the New York Central from the depot there, leaving at 1:05 P. M., and reaching Fonda, the seat of Montgomery county, at 2:39 P. M. Fonda is nearly four miles above Auriesville, on the north

side of the Mohawk. We need not have gone that distance above our destination, because we might have stopped at Tribes Hill, the station two miles below the Shrine. We went to Fonda, however, partly to see more of the country, and partly because we could go by stage from Fonda to Fultonville, whence the West Shore train at 3:30 carried us to Auriesville in eight minutes. Of course, we could have travelled direct by the West Shore from New York, and this year the facilities by this route have been increased. The 9 o'clock morning train from Franklin Street, which leaves West Forty-second Street at 9:15, and Weehawken at 9:30, stops as usual at Auriesville to let off New York passengers at 3:09 P. M. Besides this, another train leaves Franklin Street at 11:20 A. M., West Forty-second Street at 11:35, and Weehawken at 11:50, stopping at Auriesville at 5:18 P. M.

The advantage in travelling by the West Shore R. R. is that its station is at the very foot of the hill, but a stone's throw from the Putman House, and not more than a quarter of a mile from Wood's Hotel in the village proper, for those who are fortunate enough to secure lodgings at either house in time. There is not much lost, however, by reaching the Shrine in a roundabout way. The scenery and the bracing atmosphere make the journey pleasant and dispose the pilgrim for the scenes of beauty and of fervor he is to witness at the Shrine itself. For this very reason many pilgrims prefer to live some distance from the Shrine grounds. In going and coming they see more of the beautiful surrounding country, and claim to find additional relish in their devotions at the Shrine after each short absence. Fortunately, the West Shore R. R. runs between Fort Hunter, which is one and a half miles below, and Fultonville, three miles above Auriesville, and at both places there are good hotels. On the upper side of the river the New York Central R. R. runs between Amsterdam, about six miles east, and Fonda, four miles west of Auriesville, and both towns can offer ample accommodations. The town of Glen lies back of the hill, but three miles distant, over a pleasant road for which conveyances are always ready. Some even go to Gloversville and Johnstown, respectively seven and ten miles above

Fonda, but connected with it by electric car and railroad. This year no one need go far from the Shrine, as its very hospitable neighbors, in view of the numbers who hope to attend its anniversary celebration, will do their best to accommodate all who wish to remain in the neighborhood any length of time. No one need fear to find a desert waste, or feel like a stranger on reaching Auriesville. Station-master, hotel-keepers, residents, all are friends of the Shrine and of those who visit it.

There was not much trouble in preparing to say the first Mass in the open chapel this year. The rooms back of the sanctuary had kept everything in good order, and the few pilgrims, who were staying at Auriesville, were glad to make things ready for the two Masses that were to be said next morning and every day until Sunday, the first Masses, by the way, ever said at the Shrine in black vestments, the gift of some Philadelphia pilgrims. It will be an agreeable surprise to those who made the spiritual pilgrimage, so devoutly composed for last month's PILGRIM, to learn that their intentions have been particularly recommended at the altar the past month.

Everything looks well about Auriesville. The drought prevailing in that part of New York State has left the ground parched and vegetation poor ; but rain is at last beginning to improve it. The fields in the neighborhood of the Shrine have been fenced, the trees pruned and the underbrush carefully removed. Visitors to Auriesville have always observed that much of the beauty of the place is owing to the industry with which its farmers have cultivated their fields. It is always the way: human skill and energy can add a charm to all of God's creatures, about which they are rightly employed.

Some changes are to be made at the Shrine itself for the month of August. The calvary is to be moved about fifty paces to the southeast, the Stations to be placed at equal distances along the avenue of trees planted between the calvary and the mission cross at the entrance gate. A grotto is building in the ravine, and an oratory, such as Father Jogues used always to erect for himself when praying in the

woods, is to be made in the glade west of the old stream bed. All will be ready for August, as many pilgrims wish to spend most of the month of pilgrimages at the Shrine during the month which is to open the celebrations of this coming anniversary.



As already announced in the PILGRIM, October 18th of this year will be the two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. It happens that between now and 1899 we shall have the same anniversary of the deaths of Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier and Daniel, whose cause is being prepared in Canada. It has been thought best to open these celebrations during this month of August. Naturally, the most proper day for opening such celebrations would be the Feast of the Assumption, on the eve of which Father Jogues first reached Auriesville, and mounted up the narrow path of heaven, under the blows of his tormentors, to the hill whereon the Shrine now stands, but on which he found the platform prepared as an altar for his torture. It would not be possible however to limit such a celebration to one day. Not all who would wish to attend it could be accommodated at the Shrine. Most of the pilgrims would wish to go to the Shrine along with others of their parish or neighborhood; many could go on Sunday, who would not be free on week days; some would go earlier, some later in the month. In fact, the various parishes, sodalities and other bodies of pilgrims have already chosen different dates. Hence, although August 15th will be solemnized as the opening day of these celebrations, there will be pilgrimages on every Sunday in August, notably on August 9th, 16th, 23d, 30th. During the year the notable events in the lives of the martyrs will be commemorated in various ways. The Rev. W. O'B Pardow, Provincial of this Province of the Society of Jesus, will visit the Shrine and preach at the late Mass on the morning of August 15th.



The West Shore R. R. has granted for pilgrims to Auriesville the reduced rate of \$5.30 on return tickets. This

reduction can be had by all who present to ticket agent a card-order issued and signed by us. It is good for travelling between New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn and Auriesville, from August 8th to August 15th inclusive, and for returning, from August 8th to August 24th inclusive. We shall be glad to furnish the card-orders to all who may wish to avail themselves of this reduction. The extension of time for which it has been granted covers the dates of the principal pilgrimages from Albany, Troy, Amsterdam, Fonda, Utica, and the weeks when many pilgrims from New York and Philadelphia will visit the Shrine.

To any one who knows how the site of Auriesville has been identified, it is amusing to hear the claims for other places as the proper site. Every one wants it on or near some spot in which he is interested ; near his home, or on some land he would like to sell at a profit. What is most amusing about it is that most of them are right to some extent. It is true that the Turtle Clan of the Mohawks lived below Auriesville at one time, and above it at another ; in fact, we can trace it to five different settlements. It is, however, beyond question, since the researches of General Clark, Dr. Shea, Messrs. Frye and Grider, that Auriesville was the site where Father Jogues was nearly two years a captive, and tomahawked two years later ; where René Goupil was slain, and where Catharine Tegakwita was born. This was between the years 1642 and 1659. After that time the village of the clan can be traced to the hills above the present village of Auriesville, then to the hills above Fonda and beyond, as the Indians found it necessary to move on account of disease, fire, invasion or other causes.



It speaks well for the interest taken in the process for the beatification of Father Jogues that, besides the thousands of pamphlet Lives already circulating, fully two thousand of the large Life, written by Rev. Felix Martin, S.J., and translated by Dr. Gilmary Shea, have been sold, and that a new edition is now in preparation. The publishers, Benziger Brothers, are to issue it for August, printed on fine paper, with a new

frontispiece. It will be on sale at the Shrine and at the publishers, or at our office, and we cannot recommend it too heartily to those who wish to know all about Father Jogues. It is rare that any man is blessed with such a biographer as Father Martin, and rarer still to have a scholar like Dr. Shea for translator and editor.



A Shrine Manual has always been in demand, and now that pilgrimages and pilgrims are multiplying themselves, the demand must be met. By manual we mean, not merely a guide book—our new Album of the Shrine supplies that—but a collection of prayers and services and of devotional readings suitable for those who are travelling to, or stopping at the Shrine. Such a manual is now ready. It contains a resumé of the history of the Shrine; cautions for pilgrimages; morning, evening, and Mass prayers for pilgrims; psalms, prayers and hymns for the journey to and from Auriesville; liturgical services for Benediction and procession of the Blessed Sacrament; practices for the special devotions of Father Jogues, as for instance, to the Holy Trinity, to the Cross and Passion, and to the Rosary; a Ravine service in memory of René Goupil and a Novena to Our Lady of Sorrows. All is in accordance with Father Jogues' own frequent expressions of piety, and short notices of his life and of René's and Catharine's are given in different parts of the book; all in all, it will be a great help to understand his motives and martyr spirit. The manual is on sale at Auriesville and at our office, bound in cloth, for twenty-five cents a copy.



The Album referred to above is the realization of a plan we have had at heart for years. Photographs of the Shrine exist in plenty, but few of them represent the most beautiful or the most interesting sites at Auriesville. The difficulty of getting first-class photographers at such a distance from large cities, and the amount of time it would take to select and photograph the best scenes under the most favorable aspect, all stood in the way of making a worthy collection of



views of the Shrine and its surroundings. What has been impossible up to this has at last been done. Two of the Fathers, connected with the Shrine, have selected and photographed every spot of interest on or near the grounds, and the views thus taken are now ready in the form of an album of twenty-four illustrations, which will be sold for the benefit of the Shrine at Auriesville or at our office for twenty-five cents a copy.



Casts have been taken from the small model of the statue of our Lady of Martyrs, and are now for sale at the Shrine or at our office. These statues are eighteen inches high, tastefully colored, and limited in number. They are a beautiful memorial of the Shrine. It was at first intended to sell them at a profit, in order to defray the costs of the large statue; it has been thought better to offer them at cost price in order that many more clients of the Shrine may be able to possess them. Their price is \$15 00.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

During this journey Father Jogues met the old man who had caused René Goupil to be killed. The savage invited the Father to eat in his cabin. The invitation was accepted, but, before eating, the Father blessed himself. When the savage perceived the sign of the cross, he said: "Stop that; it is no good, the Dutch tell us, and they don't use it like you. They hate that sort of thing, and so do we. This caused the death of your companion, and if you continue doing it among us it will cause yours, too."

"I don't care if it does," answered the Father. "I will not stop doing it, for the Author of our being has commanded it. Let them do what they like with me."

This freedom of speech closed the savage's mouth, and he treated the Father well all the time he was in the cabin.

The day he left it was so cold that he had difficulty in keeping himself warm that day and the next. When he reached the village he had resolved to give his life for God, as he had been told he was to die. But He who numbers and directs our days had not so ordained. No one spoke to him. Seeing that his life was prolonged, he begged for some sort of clothing, and a chief threw him an old rag. This he used until a Dutchman, moved by compassion, gave him something better.

No sooner had he arrived, than they told him to carry two sacks of corn to his mistress, who was hunting at a distance of some days' journey from the village. It was a heavy load for a man to carry, who was ill-clad, ill-fed, worn out by his long tramp and unused to such burdens. But charity, which refuses nothing and suffers everything, made him undertake what his weakness could not accomplish, for he was compelled to turn back on account of the ice which made him fall at every step. On his return they mocked and jeered at him. They teased him and said he was deformed.

They put him in the cabin of a man being eaten away by disease. It was the very man who had torn out two of his nails and beaten him with a club on the scaffold, when he first came to this part of the country. This unfortunate man was wretched in the extreme and had nothing to live on except a little corn cooked in water. This was all the food the Father had for the fifteen days he spent in this cabin.

After this, some of the family to whom he had been given, having returned from the chase, took him back and treated him kindly as far as words went, though he still suffered much from cold and exposure. When his *aunt*, as he called his proprietress, came back, she gave him two deerskins, one for clothing and the other for bedding. Towards March, when the streams began to flow, his aunt took him, with some others, fishing. He was delighted to get away from the noise and clatter of the Iroquois. This was a precious time for him and he made good use of it. He built a little hut in the woods, roofed it with pine and cut a cross in a tree at one end of the hut.

He spent the greater part of the day praying before this

cross. When his prayer was ended he would carry a load of wood to the cabin to keep the fire going. These happy days did not last long. Some young men came from their village expressly to warn the hunting party that they had seen some Algonquins prowling about the neighborhood, and that their lives would be in danger unless they hurried back to the village. This was enough to make them return in all haste.

It was only a ruse to get the Father back in the village in order to sacrifice him for the soul of a young warrior, said to have been killed in the country of the Abnakis, where he had gone on the war-path. This had been determined upon, and doubtless would have been executed to please an old man and an old woman, relations of the warrior supposed to be dead, had not God interfered.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A Friend, Leetonia, O., for an intention	\$ 1 00	S. J. O'H., New York City . .	\$ 5 00
T. M., Verplanck, N. Y. . . .	25	Rev. E. W. J. L., Doylestown, O.	5 00
J. I. D., Phila., Pa.	5 00	M. M. G., New York City . .	5 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	1 00	J. M. C., San Francisco, Cal. .	50 00
J. A. S., Memphis, Tenn. . . .	2 00	FOR THE CROWN.	
A Friend, Clayville, N. Y., in thanksgiving	1 00	A diamond ring.	
M. A. B., Fordham, New York City	5 00	"Anon." two gold medals and a gold ring.	
M. T. T., Newark, N. J., in thanksgiving	1 00	E. M., L. B., and S. A. Q., eight gold rings, a pair of earrings, two studs and a piece of gold.	
"Anon." Frankfort, Ky.	5 00	L. B., Hamilton, Va., a gold thimble.	
B. P. C., Everson, Pa., in thanksgiving	1 00	M. B., St. Louis, Mo., a gold necklace of exquisite workmanship.	
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions	5 00	H. G., Phila., Pa., gold ring.	
J. R. M., Chicago, Ill., in thanksgiving	1 00	FOR THE ALTAR.	
		M. D., Phila., Pa., a lace alb.	
		M. K., Phila., Pa., surplice.	

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For the Most Needy Mission.		For the Bulawayo Mission.	
E. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. . .	\$ 1 00	I. A. L., New York City . . .	\$1 00
M. F., per T. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.	1 00	For the Church of the Sacred Heart, Palamcottah, India.	
Mrs. B.	10 00	J. S., Great Neck, N. Y. . .	5 00
For the Propagation of the Faith.			
M. A. B., Prescott, Canada . .	55		



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

Some people are so dependent on routine, that the slightest change in the established order of things altogether disconcerts them. Even some Promoters are at a loss how to employ their zeal, when summer comes, and the July and August Councils cannot be held, owing to the absence of many Promoters, or even their Director; few of them seem to remember, or even to be aware, that the indulgence granted for Promoters, who confer together in the interest of the League, is not limited to the time of Councils, but extends to any occasion on which even two or three of them may confer together for this purpose, whether in the Council-room, at home, or elsewhere. This is something to be remembered at all seasons, but more especially in summer, when regular Councils cannot be held.

If these private conferences were held more frequently, the regular Councils would be much more interesting and fruitful. One of the drawbacks to a work like ours, is that its Promoters remain passive and leave everything to its Directors, instead of taking the initiative occasionally, or, at least, of suggesting means for advancing the work. The Councils but too often consist of opening and closing prayers, with an instruction, or, rather, a discourse or sermon from the Director. In this way they are nothing but a devotional service for select members of the League. In Centres conducted in this way Directors may be exercising their zeal, but the Promoters are not. It is even true that Directors who make the Councils simply a pious meeting are not as zealous as they would be, were their Promoters to co-operate with them more actively by contributing their share to the interest and life of the Councils.

When insisting on this point, we are aware of all the difficulties, real as well as imaginary, that timid and inert Promoters can raise. It will not do to plead timidity, because if all agree that it is the proper thing to speak out in Council, after a while every one will fear to keep silence. It need not take too much time, for if the Promoters be few, very few will need to speak ; if they be numerous, let them send in their suggestions in writing some time before the Council, and the Director will very gratefully take his points or headings of instructions from these. If it should make Directors grateful, it cannot raise any objection on their part ; rather, it must meet with their approval, if they want their Promoters to comply with all the conditions required for gaining the indulgence attached to these Councils. Finally, there is no lack of matter for such suggestions ; even if one cannot begin by suggesting, a question will be always in order, and will oftentimes lead to topics of greater practical importance than any the Director would think of discussing. What Promoter is there who needs not and who cannot ask questions ?

Routine is bad, not only when it makes us too dependent on an established order of things, but also when it leads us to confine our zeal to certain times or places, to the neglect of splendid opportunities for doing good. The Council and the regular distribution of *Decade Leaflets* are not the only chances Promoters have for exercising zeal. If so, what is to become of the Apostleship of some of them in the vacation season ? Why should they idle away a time which often offers more chances for spiritual enterprise than any other. At no time do we meet with more strangers, or happen upon so many new places. Either we go to out-of-the-way places, or when we remain at home the strangers from such places come to us ; and, in most cases, persons and places thus met with are hungering for some such help to their religious life as we can offer them by the practices of prayer and of devotion fostered by the League. Let each Promoter try but one such opportunity, and who will measure the result in solid Catholic practices ?

Those who read *The Messenger*, and Promoters should all

read it, and make every Associate in their bands read it, will find a great deal to interest them in the August number. One of the interests of the PILGRIM is recommended very urgently in this issue. The frontispiece is a picture of the new statue of Father Isaac Jogues, First Apostle of the Iroquois, in whose memory, and for whose beatification the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs is maintained. We speak of his cause as an interest of the PILGRIM: how general this interest is may be judged from the fact that this statue has been selected by His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, for the new seminary at Dunwoodie. Next month we hope to give as frontispiece a picture of the statue of Catharine Tegakwita, designed and cast for the same purpose by the same artist, Joseph Sibbel. The possession of these two pictures should be an eloquent reminder to *Messenger* readers to pray for the two interests thus so closely associated, the beatification of the pioneer priest of New York State and of the choicest offspring of this martyr's blood, and the formation of our seminarists in the virtues of missionary priests.

When Father Jogues and his companions were preaching the Gospel to the Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois, their neophytes used to call our religion "The Prayer." In their minds religion was identified with the one act which comprehends every other religious action. To pray properly, presupposes every good disposition and all the essential virtues of religion. If religion means the tie that binds us to God, prayer is the union resulting from that bond. How logical these poor children of nature were, and how simple in their first grasp of this great principle. We might learn from them not to wonder at the importance attached to prayer, more especially to that first utterance of prayer made by the soul that may have never before spoken with God, or that may have long thought of Him with sealed lips. This is one of our peculiar duties, to spread abroad the practice of prayer, and to cultivate its spirit. The apostolic life of Father Jogues and the fervor of his own neophytes teach us much in this matter, and they elicit our interest all the more that our own soil has been consecrated by them. Indeed, this is one of the reasons the interests of the Shrine and of the League have been so closely associated in the PILGRIM.

MONTHLY PATRONS.

The Patrons for the month of August are chiefly taken from among those who heard the voice of Christ calling them to sell all that they possessed and give the proceeds to the poor, and then forsaking all to follow Him.

In every age the call has gone forth and to every class in society. Though differing in worldly position, in education, in earthly possessions they were all one in the eyes of Him, who is no respecter of persons, and to whom a man's goods are as nothing in His sight ; so little, in fact, that the disciple must learn, as a first lesson, to despise them.

Those who take this step of detaching themselves from all earthly ties, place themselves voluntarily under a rule drawn up by a founder and approved by the Church. Thus in the month of August, we have among our patrons six saints who rank as founders. First in order of seniority comes the great Augustine, who gave the rule to the Augustinian Canons Regular, which rule has been adopted by many modern congregations. St. Augustine, who was Bishop of Hippo, conceived and carried out the idea of having his priests live under the same roof with him and observe certain regulations drawn up by himself. Being canons of his cathedral, they were called Canons Regular, because they were under a *regula* or rule.

Next in the twelfth century, comes the honey-tongued St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who, though not strictly the founder of the Cistercians, inasmuch as the Abbey of Citeaux was already established, still by the saintliness of his life, his fervor and eloquence, the Order became so known, loved and spread, that he is justly respected as the foster-father. His example of renouncing the world was followed by all his brothers, then by his father and sister.

Not many years after the Saint of Clairvaux, Dominic appeared on the scene. Chosen by God to raise an apostolic army in defence of the truth, he enlisted in the war against heresy both men and women to whom he gave his rule. The nuns were to wield as weapons, prayer and mortification ; the friars were to add the duty of preaching. He is dear to us all as the saint to whom our Lady said : " Preach my Rosary.

It alone will suffice to destroy heresy and nourish virtue. It alone will propitiate the divine mercy, and will be a great and singular safeguard to the Church of God."

About the same time arose that leader of another brigade in the army of the Church, St. Francis of Assisi. He enlisted St. Clara to found her Order of Poor Clares, who, to appease the wrath of God against sinners, vowed themselves to perpetual abstinence, constant silence and perfect poverty.

Four centuries later God called the noble matron St. Jane Frances de Chantal to forsake all and to institute, under the direction of St. Francis de Sales, the order of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. How God loved it is manifest by His choice of one of its members, Blessed Margaret Mary, to be the favored one to whom He revealed His Sacred Heart and whom He appointed its apostle.

Last in this month's list of saintly founders is St. Alphonsus Liguori, who has enlightened the Church by a vast number of books, which have won for him the title of a Doctor of the Church. When he entered the priesthood it was with the purpose of devoting himself to the most neglected souls. The more effectually to carry on this work and to ensure its continuance, he founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. The Redemptorists, so well known for zeal in reclaiming bad Catholics, are the living monument of their Father, St. Alphonsus, whose spirit they have inherited.

Besides the six whom we have mentioned, two other founders are commemorated this month: SS. Cajetan and Joseph Calasanctius. The former instituted the Regular Clerks, known as Theatines, who devoted themselves to preaching and administering the Sacraments. The latter founded the Order of Clerks Regular of the Pious Schools for the free education of children.

Thus is August rich in canonized servants of God who have practised the evangelical counsels, and, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, have drawn up rules of life for those who desired to follow in their footsteps by forsaking all earthly things in order to serve more perfectly Him, who had called them to the religious life in the practice of poverty, obedience and chastity.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.—The League was started here about six months ago by one of the Jesuit Fathers of the Head Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer, New York City. The result is most consoling, as may be seen from the increase of Communion on the First Friday, and the large attendance at the novena of the Sacred Heart. On the evening of this feast a solemn reception was held, at which His Grace, the Archbishop, presided, blessed and distributed the Crosses, and conferred the Diplomas on about one hundred Promoters. He was assisted by the Rev. Director and other priests. The ceremony closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—St. John's Centre, Canton, Ohio.—On Sunday within the Octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart our annual solemn reception was held. The ceremony was preceded by an eloquent discourse by our Rev. Pastor, and followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and *Te Deum*. On the Feast of Corpus Christi the members of the League, as usual, kept watch before the Blessed Sacrament. On the feast of the Sacred Heart we had High Mass, which was well attended, and at which a large number approached Holy Communion.

—St. Patrick's Centre, Washington, D. C.—A solemn reception of Associates and Promoters was held in our Centre, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, which will not easily be forgotten in our congregation. Sixty members received the Badge, and eight Promoters their Diplomas and Crosses. The preacher was the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University, who delivered one of his characteristic sermons, which never fail to reach the heart, on the love of God and the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Four priests occupied the sanctuary. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—St. John's Centre, Oswego, N. Y.—Tuesday evening, June 23, 1896, a most impressive celebration took place in St. John's Church, Oswego, N. Y. It was the occasion of a solemn reception of Promoters and the unveiling and blessing of a new statue of the Sacred Heart.

The church, which was far too small to accommodate all who sought admission, was beautifully decorated with flowers, while the sanctuary and altars were set off with palms, carnations and red and white roses in great profusion.

The services opened with the singing of the *Lauda Sion* by a full choir, with orchestra accompaniment, followed by League prayers, and a hymn to the Sacred Heart by the congregation. Afterwards came the solemn reception of twenty-six new Promoters, the act of renewal by the old Promoters, and the unveiling and blessing of the beautiful new statue of the Sacred Heart, which, with its grand canopy and pedestal, is the gift of St. John's League Centre to the church.

Following the blessing of the statue, the sermon of the evening was preached by the Very Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y. Dr. Lynch is a zealous Promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The great Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart was read in presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Solemn Benediction was given, and the ceremonies closed with a hymn of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, by the congregation. It was the first time congregational singing had been tried in the city and its success was remarkable.

The League has spread rapidly in Oswego, and now has a Centre in every parish of the city. To say it has brought blessings to the people, is but too mildly expressing the good effected. The pastors are loud in their acknowledgment of its benefit to their people, but only those who have watched the increasing numbers of Confessions and Communions, the attendance at church and the works done for the treasury can really appreciate the good accomplished; for which all praise and thanksgiving be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

—St. Joseph's Centre, Pittsfield, Mass.—The feast of the Sacred Heart was observed in a special manner throughout all Berkshire, even in those churches which are not Centres. It is remarkable how rapidly the devotion has spread in the hills of Berkshire. Four years ago there was no public celebration of the feast anywhere in the county. The devotion had just been established here in Pittsfield, the shire town, where alone (with the exception of a small Centre in Lee) the Sacred Heart was honored. Now in almost every church the feast is celebrated, and the statue of the Sacred Heart proclaims the devotion in almost every church where four years ago not a single one was to be seen. The spread of the devotion is simply marvellous.

In St. Joseph's we had Masses at 5, 7; 7:30 and 8 o'clock, and at each Mass the altar-rails were crowded many times with Communicants. It is safe to say that there were fully a thousand who received Communion that day. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day, the altar and sanctuary being

specially decorated for the occasion with smilax, palms, roses and peonies, and radiant with hundreds of lights. In the evening an eloquent sermon was preached on the text: "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

—St. Mary's, Newport, Md. — Our branches of the League, at Newport and Cob Neck, Md., are in a very flourishing condition. Every Sunday evening we have congregational singing, sermon and benediction. The Promoters' Councils are very well attended, and as the outcome of the Councils many new parish works have been brought to a successful issue. The feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated at Holy Ghost, Cob Neck, Md., with nearly two hundred Communions. A beautiful sermon was preached by Rev. Father Dougherty, Washington, D. C.

—St. Monica's Centre, New York City.—By the zealous efforts of our first Rev. Director and the hearty co-operation of our Rev. Pastor, the League was established in our parish in June, 1889, with a small number of Promoters, which has since then increased to some two hundred. Each Promoter has charge of at least a Band of fifteen ; some of several Bands. Our receptions are held every half year and are celebrated with great splendor—with a grand musical program and a sermon by one of our most eloquent preachers. The last reception was very appropriately held on the feast of the Sacred Heart. It was noted for the large number of men received as Promoters. These new workers are very enthusiastic and we hope soon to see the men outnumber the women. The two first officers of the League are men. Many proofs of the favor of the Sacred Heart have been given us in this parish. The most notable is that of a Promoter whose life has been saved by the wearing of his Badge. Being accidentally shot, the bullet struck the Badge and glanced off, leaving him unhurt. Both bullet and Badge are preserved in a glass vase in the rear of the church, and serve to remind the faithful of the power and love of the Sacred Heart.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary A. Gray, St. Michael's Centre, New York City ; William Purcell, Centre of Our Lady of Good Counsel, New York City ; William McGraw and Annie M. Roche, St. Rose's Centre, Milwaukee, Wis. ; Rev. T. J. Kilcoyne, St. Michael's Centre, Fernandina, Fla.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST 1896.,

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Mission in Iceland.

IN the beginning of the eleventh century, Iceland, which, up to that time, had known only the pagan worship of Odin, Thor and other deities of Valhalla, embraced Catholicity by a vote of the *Althing* or General Assembly. Under the influence of the religion of Christ they were a virtuous and prosperous people, and their bishops and clergy were distinguished for learning and sanctity.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Christian III., King of Denmark, determined at all hazards to introduce into the island the new doctrines of Luther. Encouraged by letters from Pope Paul III. the brave Icelanders made a valiant struggle for their faith and their freedom, but were finally conquered, and Lutheranism was imposed upon them by force of arms.

From 1550, when Protestantism was violently introduced into the country, no attempt was made until 1854 to win back the island to the Church. In this year two French priests, the Abbé Bernard and the Abbé Baudoin undertook the work, but owing to the fact that liberty of conscience had not been accorded the people, they succeeded in making only one convert, Gunnar Einarsson, who is now the father of the only Catholic family in Iceland. With the death of the Abbé Baudoin the work ceased until, in 1895, our Holy Father, Leo XIII., requested Mgr. Von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, to send two Danish missionaries to Iceland. In the summer of that year two young missionaries left Copenhagen for Reykjavik, the capital of the island. Although they did not know the language of the country, the inhabitants earnestly requested them to begin their work at once. They did so, giving their instructions in Danish. The instructions are well attended. The missionaries have been joined by four Sisters of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Chambéry, who among other works will have care of the lepers.

This new mission is under the special patronage of the Sacred Heart, and Father Sveinsson, S.J., was delighted to find, on a visit to his native land, that a picture of the Sacred Heart, left by Abbé Baudoin, still hung over the altar of the little Catholic chapel of Reykjavik. Hence the Holy Father asks the more confidently for the prayers of the League to win back Iceland to the kingdom of Christ.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE MISSION IN ICELAND.

General Communion of Reparation—**Sunday, August 18.**

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M.—*Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. S. *St. Peter's Chains*.—*Seven Machabees*.—Devotion to Holy See; Directors' Intentions.
2. S. 10th after Pentecost.—*St. Alphonsus*, Bp. D.F. (C.S.S.R. 1748).—Pray for bad Catholics; 155,171 thanksgivings.—S.S.
3. M. *Finding of St. Stephen's Body* (415).—Pray for persecutors; 56,117 in affliction.
4. T. *St. Dominic*, P. (O.P., 1221).—Daily rosary; 82,119 dead Associates.—Pr.
5. W. *Our Lady of the Snow* (366).—Filial trust in Mary; 51,872 League Centres.
6. Th. *The Transfiguration of our Lord*.—Renewal of spirit; 74,841 First Communions.—H.H.
7. F. *First Friday*.—*St. Cajetan*, P. (Theatines, 1547).—Pray for doubters; 256,704 departed souls.—1st D., A.C.
8. S. *B. Peter Faber* (S.J., 1546).—S.S. *Cyriacus and Comp.*, M.M. (303).—Devotion to angels; 157,937 employment, means.
9. S. 11th after Pentecost.—*St. Romanus*, M. Soldier.—(258).—Christian courage; 118,082 clergy.—S.S.
10. M. *St. Lawrence*, M. Deacon (259).—Suffer for Christ; 185,848 children.
11. T. S.S. *Tiburtius and Susanna*, M.M. (286–295).—*St. Philomena*, V.M. (300).—Confidence in saints; 227,233 young persons.
12. W. *St. Clara*, V. F. (Poor Clares, 1257).—Love of purity; 92,291 families.
13. Th. *St. John Berchmans* (S.J., Patron of Altar Boys, 1621).—Pray for altar boys; 151,509 perseverance.—S.S., H.H.
14. F. *Vigil*.—*St. Eusebius* (298).—Spirit of penance; 44,366 reconciliations.
15. S. *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*. (Of precept).—Rejoice at Mary's joys; 149,214 spiritual favors.—A.I., A.C., B.M.
16. S. 12th after Pentecost.—*St. Joachim*.—*St. Roch* (1327).—Love of Mary; 100,557 temporal favors.—C.R.
17. M. *Octave of St. Lawrence*.—S.S. *Liberatus and Comp.*, M.M. (483).—Forget self; 106,721 conversions.
18. T. *St. Agapitus*, M. (274).—Perseverance; 70,678 schools.
19. W. *St. Helen*, Empress (328).—Love of the cross; 54,782 sick, infirm.
20. Th. *St. Bernard*, Ab. D. (1153).—Love for Mary; 36,235 missions, retreats.—H.H.
21. F. *St. Jane Frances de Chantal*, W.F. Visitation Nuns (1641).—Pray for nuns; 24,132 pious works, societies.—Pr.
22. S. *Octave of the Assumption*, B.V.M.—S.S. *Timothy and Comp.*, M.M. (180).—Crush human respect; 32,734 parishes.
23. S. 13th after Pentecost.—*Most Pure Heart of Mary*.—Love of peace; 130,907 sinners.—2d D.
24. M. *St. Bartholomew*, Ap. (71).—Virtue of patience; 138,427 intemperate.—A.I., B.M.
25. T. *St. Louis*, K. (1270).—Love of purity; 138,013 parents, superiors.
26. W. *St. Zephyrinus*, P.M. (218).—Respect priests; 188,090 religious.
27. Th. *St. Joseph Calasanz*, F. (Pious Schools, 640).—Pray for children; 59,777 seminarists, novices.—H.H.
28. F. *St. Augustine*, Bp. D. (430).—*St. Hermes*, M. (132).—Pray for Bishops; 48,079 vocations.
29. S. *The Beheading of St. John Baptist*.—*St. Sabina*, W.M. (119).—Avoid sinful occasions; 77,090 special, urgent.
30. S. 14th after Pentecost.—*St. Rose of Lima*, V. (O.S.D., 167).—Pray for America; 100,168 various.
31. M. *St. Raymond Nonnatus* (1240).—Pray for captives; Messenger Readers.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 9.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY J. READER.

LORD, who hast taught our lips to say :
Thy kingdom come,
Hear us pleading day by day :
Thy kingdom come.
All we ask when thus we plead,
Not fully we may know or heed,
Enough, that Thou, who knew'st our need,
Hast said : " Thus shalt thou pray."

O prayer, with deepest meaning fraught :
Thy kingdom come.
By this, man's highest good is taught :
Thy kingdom come.
By this, to souls with longings riven,
The promise of adoption given,
Which makes us children, heirs of heaven,
With comfort sweet is brought.

What blessèd hope these words convey :

Thy kingdom come.

Pledge of our heavenly destiny :

Thy kingdom come.

Be this our watchword, this our cry,

While loud the foes of Christ deny

Our hope of immortality,

And our loved faith gainsay.

O sweetest prayer our lips can frame :

Thy kingdom come.

Expressing more than word can name :

Thy kingdom come.

Which lisping child as perfect prays,

As he whom subtlest thought can raise

To fullest knowledge, highest praise—

And heaven hears the same !

Lord, hear us pleading, day by day :

Thy kingdom come.

Against the world's increasing sway :

Thy kingdom come.

Give us Thy grace, Thy love inspire,

And if our prayer hath meaning higher,

Lord, so it is Thy Heart's desire,

Thy kingdom come, we pray.

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

“**T**HY Nativity, O Virgin Mother of God, hath brought joy to the whole world ; for of thee was born the sun of justice, Christ our God, who, loosing the curse, didst bestow a blessing, and vanquishing death hath given us life everlasting.”

Thus the Church sings in the office of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. The Church therefore regards this feast particularly as a feast of joy. She bids us rejoice and supplies us with motives of rejoicing. The chief motive of our joy is the birth of our Blessed Lady. But why rejoice at her

birth? Why celebrate with joy an event which took place two thousand years ago?

The Church in her liturgy is dramatic. She does not propose truths and mysteries to us as if they had happened two thousand years ago, but as if they were now taking place before us. There was joy on earth, there was joy in heaven at this blessed event. There was joy in the holy house of SS. Joachim and Anna. There was joy in the village of Nazareth. The angels ascended and descended in jubilee. The Holy Trinity itself rejoiced—the Father at the birth of His dearest daughter, the Son at the birth of His holy Mother, and the Holy Ghost at the birth of His beloved Spouse.

The Church wishes her children actually to join in this rejoicing. What a flood of joy inundated the hearts of Joachim and Anna, when first they contemplated that child of destiny and predilection!

Of the birth of our Lady the Scriptures say nothing; yet the event is much too important to be left in utter silence and obscurity. The pious tradition of the faithful tells us that more than two thousand years ago there lived in the village of Nazareth a wealthy, respected and, what is still more to be prized, holy man, whose name was Heli. Some called him also Heliakim and, what is the same, Joachim. He was a descendant of King David, of the tribe of Juda. He was wedded to a holy woman of the same tribe from Bethlehem of Juda. Her name was Anna.

They led a God-fearing and holy life in the strict observance of the law, and did also many works that were not strictly commanded. They divided their property into three equal parts. One part they gave to God's temple in Jerusalem for the divine service and the support of the priesthood of God; the second they gave to the poor; the third they kept for their own private use.

But they had no children, a circumstance which was a cause of great grief to them. Once upon a time St. Joachim, as the legend tells us, went up to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice and to pray; but, as he approached the sanctuary to present his offering the priest rejected it, saying that God had cursed

him, since he had no children. Joachim returned home sorrowing, and told his wife what had happened. Overwhelmed with grief they began to fast and pray that God might give them issue, promising, if God granted their prayer, to give their first-born to the service of God in the Temple.

At length God heard their prayer. In their old age, on the eighth day of September, in the sixteenth year before the birth of our Lord, a little daughter was born to them, fair and sweet above the children of men, who was destined before all ages to be the Mother of God. According to an ancient tradition, she was born on a Sabbath day; hence the Sabbath, or Saturday, has been dedicated by the piety of the faithful to the Blessed Virgin—a devotion which has received the sanction of the Church. Her conception and birth were a miracle and brought joy and honor to her parents, and every one asked himself, as in the case of St. John Baptist: "What a one, think you, shall this child be?"

But not only Joachim and Anna and the good people of Nazareth, but the whole world had cause to rejoice at the birth of our Blessed Lady. She is "the cause of our joy." She was the herald of good tidings to the entire world. She was the morning star, which arose over this world of darkness and sin, and ushered in the light, announced the coming of the Sun of Justice, who was to enlighten the world, to remove the curse of sin, and to bestow the blessing of peace and reconciliation on man, who was to vanquish death and give us everlasting life.

From all eternity she was bound up with the work of redemption, which God in His goodness had decreed. After Christ, His eternal Son, she was the first in God's thought and choice.

She and her divine Son form, as it were, one picture in the divine mind—the Word made flesh, and the Mother of whom He was to take His human flesh. She comes into this world as the reflex, so to speak, of the Light of the world. It was the eternal Light itself which sent before it the morning rays of its dawn. She came "as the rising dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set

in array." She is therefore called the "first-born of creation," because with her Son she is first in the mind of the Creator. Her birth was, then, the cause of joy to the entire world.

She comes forth from the hands of the Creator to gladden this afflicted world, this vale of weeping—she who, as St. Bernard says, "was chosen and predestined by the most High from all eternity to be the Mother of God, who was foretold by the prophets, who was foreshadowed by the patriarchs, of whom God Himself said to the serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." It was her foot that was to crush the head of the serpent. She was the first after the fall to enter into this world in triumph over the seducer. In her was restored the honor of our race. Of her may well be said as of the valiant woman Judith: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people."

But while there was joy on earth there was joy also in heaven. The angels of God rejoiced at the birth of this glorious queen, who had triumphed over the arch-enemy of God, of angels and of men. The Holy Trinity rejoiced at beholding the great plan of redemption so near its completion. *Nativitas tua gaudium annuntiavit universo mundo.*

A LIFE FOR A SOUL.

BY ROBERT BASSETT.

THE fever that raged for nigh unto sixty moonless nights and sunless days, left the town to mourn its dead in desolation that would have been profound, had not hearts been raised by saving thoughts of God, to whom those pallid ones had gone burdened with their human miseries, or bearing their sheaves in gladness.

The nights, I have said, were moonless and the days sunless, for little less than six decades of days of fear, dark clouds hung over the land, and storms threatened the power of him whom the people called the *Yellow King*. But no storm came till three days after the fiftieth dark day passed,

and then the rain fell for quite the length of forty hours. Then the sun again shone and the moon once more beamed on the land from whence had gone the *Yellow King*.

* * *

The lack of architectural beauty in the insignificant frame structure of the priest's house, was redeemed by a multitude of vines that clambered over its walls, and by the magnificent foliage of the magnolia grandiflora which shaded its roof and porches, and cast massive shadows over the rose garden in the morning, and let fall cool shade on the garden of herbs in the evening.

The curate of St. Genevieve, and the one who tells this story, sat in a porch that faced the east, the lagoon, and the cypress forest. We watched for the dawn that the priest might celebrate his daily Mass, as it is not permitted by Holy Church to offer the holy sacrifice before the break of day. He wished to celebrate early, as early as possible, in order to get to his bed ; not only because he was unwell, but because he had not rested in a bed for many weeks. For the last three days and nights he had had no sleep at all : not so much as those snatches of sleep he had been wont to take on the floor near the pallet of some fever-stricken patient who raved in delirium.

It was on one of those nights of horror that I made the curate's acquaintance. I had volunteered to nurse in the hospital of St. Etienne in Plaquemines, and having buried the district of St. Genevieve, where out of a population of three hundred souls less than a third survived, the curate came to St. Etienne.

It was my good fortune to be the one deputed to receive him on the night of his arrival at the hospital.

The night was oppressively hot, and I was glad to be sent to the door to wait for him, for there the atmosphere was purer at least ; but when I looked on his countenance stained with dust and perspiration, and on his torn and grimed cassock, all thought of self gave way to a feeling of concern for his welfare. His pleasant black eyes glowed on me with a cheerful light, the only pleasant human light I and hundreds

of others saw, God knows, in all that dreary time of peril. He apologized for his disordered aspect, saying that he had been burying the dead, for the man who had offered himself as a substitute for the dead sexton, was himself stricken down with the fever.

"Show me where I can wash, Robert," he said, "then I will go to the wards."

I had told him my full name, but from the first he never called me otherwise than by the one given me in Baptism.

I urged him to eat after he had washed, but he was eager to go to the patients, their delirious cries impelling him to abandon half swallowed the cup of black coffee that had been prepared for his refreshment.

I think that night and the following were the nights on which the rage of the fever reached its height. On those nights the acclimated were seized, and it was whispered that the convalescent relapsed. It was on the first of these that René Pitou, whose constitution we believed too strong for the fever to overcome, grew rapidly worse. As I have said, the night was stiflingly hot. The great fans that were suspended from the ceiling, though they flapped back and forth incessantly, scarcely cooled the heavy air; neither did the aromatic essences sprinkled freely, or the pastilles burned slowly, perceptibly purify the atmosphere of the crowded wards. Death in a guise repulsive and terrifying was abroad, and the crisis for René, I could see it in his countenance, was hopeless, till the pleasant eyes of the curate of St. Genevieve looked into his dilated pupils.

He was not a man one would be drawn to, even under the most favorable circumstances, for his was the face of a man sodden in crime, and the ochre tinge of the fever served to bring into relief the lines of malefactor written broadly on his overhanging brow. He had spent ten years of his life in the chain-gang of the penitentiary, and there was warrant for the belief that if strictest justice had been dealt him, he would long since have ended his life on the gallows. As a patient in the hospital he had been troublesome, exhibiting a selfishness almost beyond belief.

Repulsive as he was, it is but fair to those who nursed him

to state that he received the same care and attention as was given to worthier patients. And in that hospital there was none, as far as human eye could see, whose life was not worthier to be saved than that of René Pitou. Men died about him at peace with God, and others within his hearing were restored to life with thanksgivings to heaven on their lips. But on the lips of René Pitou sacred names were uttered only in the form of curses, and it seemed to rejoice him that he had breath enough left with which to blaspheme.

It was with a curse he responded to the paternal greeting given him that evening by the curate of St. Genevieve, and the curate answered the curse by resting his hand on René's forehead, and signing there the sign of the cross. I expected some outburst more terribly blasphemous than had yet been uttered by the stricken man, but to my surprise René only gazed at the priest in a dazed sort of way, then closed his eyes like one hypnotized and turned his head on its pillow.

The curate passed on to make the round of the ward, paused by every bed and left behind him a smile on every countenance, smiles that were in many instances disfigured by pain, but in every case hope appeared in the eyes into which he looked. When he had made the circuit of those beds of suffering he returned to René. I was told afterwards by one who had observed it, that the eyes of this man followed the curate throughout his visitation of the ward; but when the curate returned to his bedside, he would have feigned sleep had not this been made impossible by the fever which forced him to call for drink. And though René made a move to repulse him, it was the curate who held the cup of orange-water to his lips.

"That did you good, friend," said the curate, when with a gasp of relief the man had drained the cup.

René looked away from him without a word, but not repelled, the curate seated himself besides the bed, and began his office for the day. The hushed murmur of prayer, with at intervals the softened rustle of a turned leaf of the Breviary, continued for perhaps a half hour. Then René turned to the curate and cried roughly:

"Why don't you go away? I did not send for you; I have nothing to say to you—" and finished by a wild imprecation against priests and the faith.

"You must pardon me, friend," said the curate, when, exhausted by this vent of hellish fury, René fell back on his pillow: "I cannot leave you till you are better."

The eyes of René glared at the curate, but what he would have said was cut short by the appearance of the doctor at the bedside. He stared at the physician out of a face burning with fever, and exclaimed:

"So, doctor, you see I am alive; old Pitou will live to bury you all!"

The doctor felt his pulse, and then, when he had taken the curate aside, he whispered in his ear that if anything could be done for the soul of Pitou, it had best be done quickly, for the man would be a corpse before midnight.

"The final delirium is approaching now," the doctor ended by saying.

The curate bowed his head, and passing again to the side of the doomed man, he said in a low clear voice:

"My friend, the good doctor tells me positively that you have but a few hours to live, that you must die this very night."

I had to turn my head to avoid the look of despair on René's face. He grasped the sheet that covered him as if he would rend it, and shouted in tones made husky by impotent rage and fear:

"You lie, infamous priest, you lie! I will not die."

Immediately the physician began to reproach the curate.

"You should not have been so abrupt," he said, "you have hastened the man's end."

The curate was not abashed. In a voice that was earnest, though tremulous, he said solemnly:

"Not so, my good doctor." He paused, turned to René and continued: "I would not have you die, friend; and, friend, I call heaven to witness, for your soul I willingly offer up my own poor life."

René paid no heed to those awful words, which I now know sealed the final departure of the curate of St. Genevieve.

He called on the doctor to deny the curate's sentence, and when the doctor, in phrases intended to be ambiguous, only confirmed it, the curses he poured out upon the priest, and the blasphemies he vented, made the utmost horrors of that dreary ward, pleasurable in comparison to contemplate.

Horried at the thought of one whose life was lived for others, never more so than in these latter days, being exposed to the brutal abuse of a man whom we believed to be utterly irreconcilable to God, we called the curate to another part of the ward and begged him to leave René Pitou to what we believed to be his just fate.

The curate, visibly agitated by some thought that worked in his brain, waited a moment to compose himself and then said solemnly but with the utmost meekness :

"Can we, any of us, know what God intends with this man? Can we, do we know how small have been his opportunities for good? His temptations, do we know them? A great saint has said, and his words are the words of God : 'If a man be overtaken in fault, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.' Grace shall be given to every one sufficient to save him. If God should choose that the final grace for René Pitou should come through me ! "

It was an aspiration of desire that welled up, a prayer he uttered, an immolation of himself he made in those last words. He was not looking at us when he spoke them. His eyes were turned to the obscured sky to be seen through the open window by which he stood, and they gazed with an intentness that showed us our presence was forgotten, for a moment, only. He turned to us inquiring for our answer, and the best we could find to say was to beg his pardon for having called him from the side of the dying man.

He smiled, nodded his head, and an instant after we saw him bent over René Pitou. We saw that Pitou was now strangely quiet. What the curate whispered to him we did not know, save that he spoke words of consolation, that he strove to instil hope and sorrow for sin into his soul.

My duties kept me in another part of the ward, and I was not thinking of Pitou when close on to midnight the spoon

with which I was about to administer a medicine was shaken from my hand, by horror of the words he cried out. "He could be no God who would have mercy on me," René cried, and in that cry was made known to me the despair of the forever lost.

I saw that the priest now held Pitou's hand in his, and a little after that cry of despair had been uttered I heard Pitou sobbing on his bed.

René Pitou recovered, and the change that had been wrought in him by the curate of St. Genevieve was barely expressed by the epithet "miraculous," that sprang glibly to our lips when we had to deal with René after his confession. And the curate did not forget him when he was about to be dismissed from the hospital. Aware that René's antecedents would stand in the way of his finding honest work, he sent him to St. Genevieve, there to till the garden about the priest's house; and at the moment we waited the hour for Mass, René watched in the little church, for he was to receive our Lord that day.

* * *

A bar of light on the horizon, and a barely perceptible flush of rose on the bosom of the lagoon, warned us that it was time to repair to the church. The curate had been going over with me the sad scenes in which we had so lately participated, and he was busy arranging the future of families made destitute by the death of their bread-earners. But now that the dawn had come, he arose from his chair, and smoothing out the folds of his cassock (he was naturally the neatest of men) he walked to the end of the porch, leaned against the railing, and gazed out on the prospect before him, a gentle smile on his lips.

"It is a wondrously beautiful world the good God has given us, Robert," he said, and then the smile left his lips, and he seemed to meditate as he let his eyes rove over the scene before him.

I was about to speak, when he turned to me suddenly and said: "Well, let us go, Robert, it will not do to keep our congregation waiting. Poor René, poor René!" he sighed.

We had to pass through the flower-garden on our way to

the church, and the curate lingered often as we walked down the narrow path to the lych-gate. Once he paused to let his hand rest on the flowers of a noble tree of roses, roses he cultivated not alone because of his fondness for them, but that they might beautify and make fragrant the precincts of the tabernacle; and once he stooped to a little dog that ran up to greet him.

"No, no, stay here," he said to the dog, when it made a movement as if to follow us; and added under his breath with a lovable simplicity, "God keep you, Bijou, God keep you."

In the cozy sacristy, I held a taper to the Ordo to see the color of the day. It was a martyr's feast, so the color was that of blood, and I put out the crimson vestments, while the curate stood at the lavatory to wash his hands.

René hearing us stirring in the sacristy, had lit the candles for Mass, but all else was darkness in the church, save those two tapers on either side the humble tabernacle, and the light placed beside the missal-stand. The dawn, however, was beginning to show behind the stained window above the altar, and presently the sun would make glorious the sweet face of St. Genevieve pictured on the glass.

I have served many a Mass, at the best indifferently well, but on this occasion I felt what I should feel at every Mass, that I knelt on the threshold of heaven. For the first time I heeded as well as heard the words: "Thou wilt turn again, O God, and quicken us." I heeded what they should mean for me, and I thought with awe of what they had meant so literally for that other solitary participant in the Mass, who knelt with humbly bent head at the altar-rail.

The moment arrived when it was the duty of the server to present the wine and water to the officiating priest. I had noticed several times that the curate, as he proceeded from one part of the Mass to another, had been obliged to steady himself against the table of the altar. And now, as I presented the cruets, I stared anxiously into his face, to see if he were as ill as I feared him to be. My eyes fell before his countenance, for I declare his face shone. Not from any light reflected on it by the dim tapers, not by a reflection

from the stained window, for the sun had not risen, but from the inward light of a soul, white as is the light of a diamond.

I returned to the foot of the altar, and when I should have rung the Sanctus bell, the cymbals slipped from my nerveless fingers.

The time of Communion came (thank God I received that day) and I preceded the curate of St. Genevieve to hold the cloth, whilst he delivered to René the body of our Lord. I cannot tell you how it was, or why it was, for I had no presentiment of the great loss so soon to befall us, but I had great difficulty to keep down the tears that rushed into my eyes at the moment René received.

The curate reascended the altar steps, slowly picking his way as one does in a dimly lighted room. The ascent made, he bade me bring him quickly the wine and water for the purifying of the chalice. I know now that he could not permit his hour to come, while there remained a possibility of dishonor being done our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The chalice was covered, and the curate of St. Genevieve turned and pronounced the words, "The Lord be with you." "And with thy spirit," responded the server, and as he spoke, the priest swayed from side to side, then with a motion so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, he sank slowly to his knees. For a moment his shining eyes gazed on the Mission Cross suspended on the western wall of the church, then his head fell back pillowed on the folds of the silken cloth that formed the frontal of the altar.

René and the server rushed to his side, and strove to revive him. They strove in vain, for the curate of St. Genevieve had received his palm and crown.

The newly risen sun lit up the church, and beat on the figure of René, who, with hands outstretched to the altar, cried out, "My God, my God, I killed him; he said he would give his life for me! My good God, my good God!"

In that cry was no discord of despair. It was a cry of penitence and love.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

As autumn is the time for erecting and aggregating sodalities, we shall take occasion in this issue to make a few practical remarks on this subject. The duly canonical erection and aggregation of Sodalities is of the greatest importance, as upon this depend the indulgences granted to the Sodality as upon an essential condition ; and there is little likelihood that those societies that go under the names of sodalities will be conducted with any great advantage to the members if the first essentials are not complied with.

The following points will facilitate the work of erection and aggregation for pastors:

Sodalities may be erected in any church, chapel, college, school, seminary, or other institution ; even in the same place several sodalities may be erected for different classes of persons. The canonical erection may be obtained from the Ordinary directly or with the consent of the Ordinary from the Father General of the Society of Jesus. The aggregation to the *Prima Primaria* can be obtained only from the General of the Society of Jesus, who can effect both the canonical erection and aggregation, always with the consent of the Ordinary. In either case the consent of the Ordinary should be had, if possible, in writing.

The consent of the Ordinary being obtained, application is to be made to the Provincial of the Society of Jesus, either directly or through the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. Those who make application should specify the following items: Class of persons: for example, students, men, women, youths, young girls ; Chief Title of Sodality: which must be some feast or mystery of the Blessed Virgin, for instance, the Immaculate Conception, Annunciation ; Secondary Patron, as St. Aloysius, St. Agnes ; name of church or chapel ; place ; diocese ; name of Director appointed by the Ordinary. They should state, moreover, if the Sodality has any special statutes, what they are, and if they have

been approved of by the Ordinary. The date of the approbation or of the erection and approbation, by the Ordinary, is to be mentioned in the petition for aggregation.

A full set of instructions for erection and aggregation of sodalities will be forwarded on request to applicants, together with blanks with above headings. There will always be some unavoidable delay before the Diploma can be forwarded to the applicant, as each Sodality must be aggregated by the Father General before Diploma can be issued.

There are no charges. Any remittance made in view of Diplomas issued is regarded as a voluntary contribution towards the good work in which we are engaged.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—How St. Thecla Died.

We shall take this month our lesson in how to die well from one whom the Church has singled out of a countless multitude of saints to be in an especial way a patron of a happy death. For, in the recommendation of a departing soul, we are taught to say: "As Thou didst deliver Thy most blessed virgin and martyr Thecla from three most cruel torments, so vouchsafe to deliver the soul of this Thy servant (then in its agony), and make it to rejoice with Thee in the bliss of heaven."

Who is Thecla and whence her power with God? She was a convert of St. Paul, whom she met during his mission at Iconium. She heard him extol the beauty of virginity, and straightway gave up an earthly lover for a heavenly spouse.

Her parents and her intended husband were furious at her determination, but she was deaf to their remonstrances. Their love became hatred. She was handed over to the torturers. Then followed the "three most cruel torments" commemorated by the Church. First she was stripped and placed in the public amphitheatre, but she was veiled by her modesty as by a garment. Then she was exposed to the lions, but the very brutes would not harm her, but licked her feet; nor could the devouring flames harm her. At length

her heavenly spouse called her to Himself arrayed in the white robe of innocence, with the mantle of virginity and the crown of martyrdom.

It was her purity of soul and body that made St. Thecla strong in overcoming the most grievous temptations and torments. We shall not be called upon to endure what this virgin martyr underwent for the love of Christ, but each one of us has his own peculiar trials, which to him are most painful. We should prepare for them by leading a pure and holy life. We should accustom ourselves to resist in slight matters that we may be able to overcome in harder ones.

Invoke St. Thecla frequently in order that when we come to die, as St. Jerome says, she will come to meet us and embrace us with joy.

TO MARY'S HEART MOST PURE.

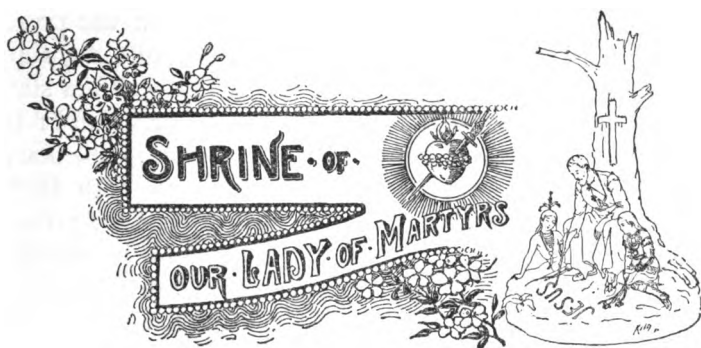
BY J. T.

Rondeau.

To Mary's heart most pure, the heavenly choir
Uplifts its joyful strain ;
Angelic fingers strike the sounding lyre,
While, from each earthly fane
A mighty hymn, ascending ever higher,

Pierces the skies. Our hearts, with love on fire,
Join in the glad refrain,
Off'ring themselves, without reserve, entire,
To Mary's heart most pure.

Sweet are the songs of the angelic choir,
And sweet from mortal lips the festive strain
Of praise, which love and reverence inspire :
Our hearts, inflamed with generous desire
Is dearer far, self-bound by lasting chain
To Mary's heart most pure.



The newspapers have had a great deal to say about Auriesville, Father Jogues, the process of his beatification and the pilgrimages. It is really gratifying to see the pains they take to put before their readers not only the news of what is actually taking place at Auriesville, or in regard to the Cause of Father Jogues, but also what is most of interest in his life among the Iroquois, in the captivity and death of his companion René Goupil, and in the story of the saintly Catharine Tegakwita.



Sometimes the newspapers, with all their pains to get things accurately, are at the mercy of reporters who look more to the length than to the correctness of their statements. It is hard to know whether to blame them or the peculiar typesetting now adopted by most of our daily papers for the ignorant, not to say irreverent, spelling of Father Jogues' name. Jacques and Jocques are the forms it takes from their pens. The type machine cannot be blamed either for the errors about his history, or for misstatements about the pilgrimages, process of beatification, the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs, the Crown, and in a word, about every detail connected with Auriesville and its interest.



So very little is known about the process to be taken for the beatification of a servant of God, that it has been thought advisable to treat this question more at length in the Octo-

ber *Messenger*, which will have an article on the present status of the Cause of Father Jogues. It should be stated here that there was no warrant for saying that the new statue would be cast in bronze and crowned on the occasion of this anniversary. There can be no question of casting the statue, until money shall have been provided to pay both for the design and for casting it, a matter still of nearly \$5,000.00. Properly, enough money should be collected for building the edifice in which the statue and its crown are to be placed before making such an outlay on the statue itself.



There was enough to tell of the Shrine and its interests this year, without resorting to misstatements. The improvements made at and about the Shrine grounds, the change of the Stations and Calvary, the building of a grotto and oratory in the Ravine, the blessing of the new bell, the exhibition of the portraits of Father Jogues, Catharine, René Goupil, of the manuscript of Father Jogues, and of the original documents about the marvels granted in answer to prayers made through the intercession of Catharine, might have been mentioned. Then the pilgrimages from the neighborhood and from a distance, the exercises to be followed during these pilgrimages—all this could have been made sufficiently interesting, and told with strict accuracy.



The most important news about the Cause of Father Jogues is the appointment of the Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., the editor of the English Canadian *Messenger*, and Archivist at St. Mary's College, Montreal, to prepare the preliminary process in the Cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwita, and also of Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died for the faith at the hands of the Iroquois. Nothing more important for the cause of the martyrs could be done than this. We may now hope for a speedy preparation of the first documents necessary for the process, and all who are interested in it will do well to pray that God may prosper the work and bring it to a happy issue.

The *Manual* and the *Album* announced in the August PILGRIM were happily ready for the pilgrimages. They should help greatly the piety of the pilgrims, not only when they are at the Shrine, but also at other times. The *Manual* gives, in brief compass, biographical sketches of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwita, the annals of the Shrine, and, arranged according to a program of exercises for the pilgrimages, all the devotions for which these servants of God were remarkable. There could be no better way of knowing their spirit, or of forming a right view of the virtues that recommend them for beatification, than a devout study of this *Manual*. The *Album* is the most complete collection of views of the Shrine that has yet been compiled. Thirty-five photographs have been combined in twenty carefully made plates. They were selected from the numerous views lately taken by the Rev. John A. Brosnan, S.J., Professor of Chemistry in Woodstock College, Md., each representing some site of historic interest. The table of contents will show how select and complete they are :

Tribes Hill.	Way of the Cross and Calvary.
Views from Tribes Hill.	Views from the Calvary.
The Mohawk and Schoharie.	Portraits—
Auriesville Station.	Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, Catharine Tegakwita.
Memorial Cross.	Entrance to Ravine.
The Open Chapel.	Rock in the Ravine.
The Pietà.	Glade and Oratory in the Ravine.
Statue designed for the Crown.	Auries Creek in Ravine and Village.
Views from the Shrine—	Auriesville and Indian Castles.
View south and east.	Bridge at Fonda.
View north and west.	Tegakwita Spring and Cayudutta Creek.

Besides these, there are maps showing the sites of the Mohawk villages in 1642 and at the present time. The *Album* is bound in super extra heavy sea-green leather paper. Both *Manual* and *Album* are on sale at the Shrine and at our office for 25 cents each.



The publishers, Messrs. Benziger Bros., have improved the *Life of Father Jogues* in the third edition which they

have just issued. It will always be a standard book, not only because it records a life so interesting in itself, but also because it is the work of two eminent historians, having been written in French by Father Felix Martin, and translated by Dr. Gilmary Shea. Printed on new paper and very neatly bound, this new edition ought to obtain a speedy sale, as it is offered at the reasonable price of one dollar.



A medal of Father Jogues has been prepared for pilgrims to Auriesville. It is made of white metal, and bears on one side the design which is at the head of these notes, an image of Father Jogues with two Indian children at his knees, for whom he is tracing in the sand the name of Jesus. The inscription of the back of the medal alludes to the 250th anniversary of his death. It makes a fine souvenir of the pilgrimages, and may be had at the Shrine or at our office for five cents.

SHRINE NOTES.

The Shrine land never looked more beautiful than it does now during the month of pilgrimages. Those who see it for the first time are captivated with the variety of its charms. Those who have visited it before always come back with keen pleasure.

The Stations of the Cross have been set up along the new avenue that was laid out a year ago, and which starts at the old Memorial Cross and ends at the Calvary. Owing to the moving of the Crosses the Stations had to be blessed over and this took place on the First Friday, on which day the Grotto also was blessed. Although the journey is longer, sweeping as the avenue does around the brow of the hill, still it is much more impressive than going round in the narrow circle, as was formerly the case. Devotion will also be helped by beautiful bas-reliefs, in zinc, of the different occurrences which took place on the sorrowful journey. They are to be memorials and four of the fourteen have already been given.

A very fine grotto, made of rough stones taken from the brook in the Ravine and firmly cemented, now holds the

statue of our Lady of Martyrs. It overlooks the well-known large stone near which the body of René Goupil was probably buried. It makes an excellent setting for the statue, which did not appear to advantage in its former position over the Shrine altar. Old frequenters of the Shrine are delighted to see their old favorite the Pietà, representing the Sorrowful Mother with the dead body of her divine Son upon her knees, restored to its former place in the sanctuary.

In the old Shrine are three oil paintings: one of Father Isaac Jogues, one of Catharine Tegakwita and one of Father Jogues and René Goupil awaiting death at the hand of two Indians armed with tomahawks. It helps to bring before the mind the circumstances of the death of these two great servants of God, for although they did not die at the same time they met a similar fate. The picture is faithful in depicting them both kneeling, for it is historically true that Father Jogues, seeing that his beloved companion was being put to death, knelt down, uncovered his head and bent it to receive, as he hoped, the blow that would win for him an imperishable crown. But his hour had not then come; much suffering and labor still awaited him!

When we see the crowds of pilgrims and notice their devotion, we are led to conjecture when the dream of Father Jogues, which partook, perhaps, of the nature of a vision, will come to pass. In it he saw a beautiful and stately temple erected to the glory of God in the old Indian village of Ossernenon; over its portal were the mysterious letters L. N., which he found to stand for *Laudent Nomen*, and which referred to the praise to be given to the Holy Name of God by those who were to erect this temple.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(*Continued.*)

About the end of April an Indian, Soriquois by nation, and a man of high repute, reached the country of the Iroquois. He brought a great quantity of china beads for the Father's ransom. He asked an audience. The elders

assembled. They listened to his account of the capture of one of his countrymen and of his base and cruel treatment at the hands of the Algonquins, his captors. On the other hand he told about the missionary Fathers and the kindness and generosity of these Frenchmen in trying to rescue the prisoner.

It was this liberality and kind treatment of his countrymen and their ally which compelled him and his fellow-Soriquois to seek to free Ondesonk, the name which the savages had given Father Jogues. For this reason he brought a letter from the Commandant at Quebec and presents from the Soriquois chiefs to obtain the relief of Ondesonk. The gifts were accepted and satisfactory promises were made to the ambassador. But they were only promises, and did not prevent a certain madman, who was running about the village, from almost killing the Father a short time after. This wild savage entered the cabin where the Father was and hit him two heavy blows on the head with a club. Had he not been prevented, he would have killed his victim. The only satisfaction the Father had was from his *aunt*, who showed her affection by her tears and kind offices.

Father Jogues was charitable even to those who persecuted him the most. The following incident is a proof. There was a cruel man in his village, who had treated him most inhumanly. The unfortunate fellow fell ill of a loathsome and infectious disease. Nobody helped him in his misery. Seeing him in this pitiable state the Father visited him frequently, and assisted him as well as he could. As it was strawberry season, he would pick some every day and bring them to the sick man. This kindness won the heart of the savage, and perhaps he would have been converted had Father Jogues remained longer in the country, but God did not permit it. This man and all the others, who had shown themselves extraordinarily cruel to the Father and the other Frenchmen, died within a year and a half, according to William Couture and the other Iroquois. God is just and thus does He in justice punish the malice of the wicked. But He also rewards the good, as the following shows :

It is the custom for chiefs or persons of rank among the

Iroquois to visit the neighboring and, as it were, tributary nations, in order to receive presents. Those who had charge of the Father paid such a visit and brought him with them. They were well received, but the only food they had was some very insipid berries, which, if not well prepared, are a powerful poison. Even the supply of these was so scant that the Father had to eke out his subsistence with wild herbs which he plucked in the fields. Water was his only drink. This fast, more rigorous than that of the hermits of old, was a good preparation for the co-operation in the salvation of souls.

One day, when visiting the cabins of these poor savages, he came across a man lying on the ground and very near death. The dying man had still, however, enough strength and consciousness to recognize the Father, whom he called by his name and asked if he did not remember a kind service rendered him in the first days of his captivity in the Iroquois village.

"What was it?" asked the Father. "I do not remember either it or you."

"Don't you remember a man who cut the ropes when you were strung up in the third village?"

"Oh yes, I remember him well and will never forget his kind act. I have prayed for him and will pray for him to the great Master of our lives. But who is the man?"

"I am he," replied the dying man.

At these words, the Father, moved by gratitude and charity, tenderly embraced him, showing as well as he could how grateful he was and how he regretted seeing him in such a pitiable state without being able to help him to get better. "But I can," he said, "repay you in a way for the kindness you showed me, and obtain for you the greatest blessing."

As the savage asked in what it consisted, Father Jogues instructed him thoroughly, and baptized him to the great joy of them both. Soon after, the soul of this good Indian went to receive the reward of his charity from the Judge, who is as just in His recompenses as in His punishments.



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

There are many things to begin with in re-opening or in carrying on the Councils with fresh interest in September. To mention them all might bewilder some inexperienced Promoters. To say that every Promoter should begin at the beginning with every member of their bands, might seem too extreme to those who are disposed to take for granted that all are faithful to some practices at least. And yet it would be worth while, if only for the experience it gives one, to ask particularly at this time how many are making the Morning Offering regularly and fervently. How many have been faithful to this practice all the summer, when vacation and its dissipations and pleasures left little time or chance for the prayers, the works, the suffering we ought to offer to God every morning.

Another starting point in League work is the recommendation of intentions. As every Associate is called upon to pray daily for the intentions of all the Associates in the world, so every Associate is entitled to recommend intentions to the prayers of all the others. Now, this should be done in some definite and manifest way. It will not do to feel like recommending one's intentions, or merely to mention to a few other Associates that prayers are needed for this or that object. Promoters have as one of their special duties the task of teaching their Associates how to recommend their intentions, and of urging them to do so regularly every month. They should know how to detect when there is some special need of prayers, how to express it in the terms

of our Intention Blank, how to get over the difficulty offered bashful Associates who fear to make known their wants and trials, and how to summarize and report all this in proper time to the Secretary of their Centre. Promoters are, as a general thing, too easy with Associates who neglect to recommend their intentions, or who plead that they dislike to publish their needs. The Intention Blanks have been issued for this purpose among others, and no one need know who is recommending a need or other object of prayer. The objection is more specious when it is urged against the Treasury of Good Works. But even in this case it will not hold. No one but the Promoter, who marks down the good works offered, need ever know the one offering, or the purpose of the offering. This fear of being known for doing good is a questionable fear when the good action one seeks to hide ought to be so common that no one would look for credit for practising it. Why should I dread to have a friend know that I recite the *Angelus* every day, say my beads or visit the Blessed Sacrament occasionally? I may see it's too calculating to count what I do for God. But that is the wrong way of looking at it. I am doing it, *i. e.* recording my good works, to encourage my neighbor, who certainly can derive edification from the knowledge that so much good is being done in his behalf.

The real work of a Promoter is to induce people to pray, and to teach them to pray until they are heard. Make them therefore put down in writing their intentions, hand them to the secretary or drop them into the box for intentions; see that they are properly recorded, and then watch with them for the answer, so as to record that too, as a grace obtained, among the thanksgivings. Let all this be done in your own Centre; do not advise them to write to us. We have more than we can conveniently do to keep account of the summary blanks that are coming to us daily. We make an exception in receiving special petitions from Associates who live at a distance from any Local Centre; but we always insist on Associates of active Centres taking part in their work at home, instead of seeking to be in correspondence with us.

The September *Messenger* has much to say on the importance of spiritual retreats, the subject of this month's General Intention. A synopsis of it all will be found on the last page of this PILGRIM. As advertised on the second cover page, the October *Messenger* will have a complete account of the present status of the Cause of Beatification of Father Jogues, and an article on the great August pilgrimages to Auriesville, both finely illustrated by plates made from photographs specially taken before and during the pilgrimages. Every Promoter should read carefully the articles on "Buddhism and Lamaism," "Popular Education in Germany before the Reformation," and "St. Wilfrid," the last named treating of the union of the Churches. It is in this way the *Messenger* strives to keep the interests of religion before its readers, and every Associate of the League should therefore be one of its readers.

HINTS FROM A SEPTEMBER FEAST.

As we look over the calendar for this month, our eyes rest upon the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Memory carries us back to the account of the first lifting up of that wood to be forever after hallowed by having borne upon it the Saviour of the world. The beautiful eulogy in the breviary responsory comes to mind: "Faithful Cross, above all other, one and only noble tree! None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peers may be! Sweetest wood and sweetest iron, sweetest weight is hung on thee."

Then, except to the eye of faith, it was dishonored, because of the part it played, and was buried with the crosses of the two thieves. There it lay hidden and unknown until the pious Empress Helen made search for it, and to her inexpressible joy found and authenticated it by the miracles wrought through it. Once again she had it raised aloft on Calvary, and in the words of another responsory: "The relique true from heaven revealed hath now the Gospel's figure sealed; as by the serpent Moses reared, so by the Cross the sick are healed. The dead that touch the Cross at once arise, God's wondrous works appear to mortal eyes."

Two centuries pass and the Holy Rood is carried away from Jerusalem by the impious Persian King Chosroës. After an exile of fourteen years, it was ransomed by the Emperor Heraclius. In solemn procession he bore it on his own shoulders to Mt. Calvary. A striking incident occurred as the Emperor sought to pass out the city gate with his precious load. But pass it he could not, in spite of every effort. An invisible power held him back. Then spake Zacharias, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, saying: "See, O Emperor, that it be not that in carrying the Cross attired in the guise of a conqueror thou showest too little of the poverty and lowliness of Jesus Christ."

Then Heraclius cast away his princely raiment, took off his shoes from his feet and in humble garb finished his journey and set up the Cross once more on Calvary. "Lo! the Church, with solemn gladness, hails the day forever glorious, when in kingly pomp was lifted that dread tree of mystic triumph, on whose boughs her dying Saviour shattered death and crushed the serpent. He, the Word of God eternal, on those stately branches hanging, hath for us a new way opened."

We might profitably reflect upon these three upliftings of the Cross, and ask ourselves with which of the three do our lives connect us? Have not we too often by our sins, our blindness to what is right and just, our rejection of the good and our election of the bad, been among the first who raised the Cross and crucified the Lord of glory?

Can we claim to be like the pious Empress Helen, who so honored the Cross and Him that hung thereon? At least, are not too many of us like Heraclius trying to carry the Cross, but at the same time trying to keep in with the world and worldly things? Like him we must put off our worldliness and put on humility. Let us say with St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory, but in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world."

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Mary's Centre, Sault St. Marie, Mich.—The League has been long established in the "Soo," and has done good work as testified by the full Communion-rails at the various Masses on First Fridays, also by the large number of *Messengers* it has not ceased to keep in circulation. Nevertheless, at a series of retreats given here at the beginning of the year it was thought that the good could be extended and what had been already done in the line of organization strengthened and perfected. Not a few of the Promoters had grown lukewarm and shown themselves fickle, though they had received Diploma and Cross. Hence our first care was to enlist a number of reliable and influential ladies as Promoters, to attend to the Bands already formed and to recruit others. They set about their work with energy, and have kept it up with zeal and self-sacrifice, the Promoters' meetings being always well attended, even on those stormy Sundays for which our Northern Peninsula is notorious. Complaints of Associates not receiving their *Messengers* and monthly leaflets are now rare.

The women's branch of the League, composed chiefly of the married, is most efficient. On every first Sunday they go in a body to Communion with Badge on, and always in such numbers as to make an imposing demonstration. Besides the practices of the Three Degrees they have given good account of themselves in other lines and especially in their valuable aid to church-work. It was mainly due to them that our congregation, mostly poor, was able to weather through a long and dull winter without adding to its debts. It is due to their efforts, too, that we were able to keep the Forty Hours' Devotion with surpassing splendor. They adorned the church, festooned the sanctuary, and decorated our exquisite Gothic altar with such a profusion of natural flowers that our Lord seemed to recline on a pyramid of roses. Latterly they have given evidence of the practical nature of their piety by organizing a scrubbing club to keep the church perfectly clean and neat, not an easy task in a region where men and youths are irredeemably given to the vice of tobacco chewing, inherited by many with their Indian blood.

It were, however, an error to suppose that the League at the "Soo" was restricted to women. The men also have their branch, and though not yet established a year, it has produced solid fruits of masculine devotion. With the Morning Offering the distinguishing plank of the men's League

is Communion five times in the year, in fulfilment of the five duties of the devout Catholic man : to the Incarnation at Christmas; to the Redemption at Easter; to the Sacred Heart in June; to the Mother of God in August; to the Holy Souls in November. On occasion of these festivals they go to Communion in a body, with Badge pinned on. A good test of our Men's League was the June Communion in honor of the Sacred Heart, one solely of devotion unaided by obligation or penalty.

On the Sunday following the feast, the altar-rail was kept in reserve for men only, as were the confessionals the evening previous. Despite the number of our men employed at this season on the lake-boats, fisheries and canals, or absent in the forests, a solid body of eighty received Holy Communion. It was also due to the piety of our men that we were able to hold the Forty Hours' Devotion in unbroken succession. They relieved one another in bands through the watches of the night, leaving to the women and children the hours of the day. The Juniors, too, have their branch of the League, with a Sunday each month for Communion, but their organization is confined to the school and directed by their religious teachers.

In recognition of all the good done by the League in this parish, there was a solemn reception of Promoters, with the conferring of Diploma and Cross, at the close of the Sacred Heart *Triduum*. The ceremony was an imposing one. There was a goodly number of men amongst the decorated Promoters. The effect of the ceremony has been a fresh stimulus given to the work of the League in Sault Ste. Marie.

—St. Gabriel's Centre, Hazleton, Pa.—I thought you would, no doubt, be interested in what we have done the past year. We had our reception on the feast of the Sacred Heart. There were thirty-five Promoters received, and among them were eight men. During the past year we registered one thousand more Associates, making the aggregate about four thousand. I can safely say that we have almost every man, woman and child in the parish enrolled. We have now the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every First Friday.

—St. Philip's Centre, Osawatomie, Kan.—The League was organized here late last fall, and since then it has progressed wonderfully. Its effects are very consoling. It is bringing piety into the parish and the number of Communions is steadily increasing. The Promoters meet regularly and the League Devotions are carried out fully.

—St. Mary's Centre, Anchorsville, Mich.—This is a small congregation made up of English, German and French speaking people. I appointed one Promoter to every five pews in the church. Thus I soon succeeded in enrolling nearly the whole congregation. We have thirty Promoters, each having from fifteen to fifty Associates.

OBITUARY.

Our readers will doubtless remember the beautiful poem printed in last month's *PILGRIM*, entitled "Life's Angelus." Little did we think when we published those lines that the *PILGRIM* of this month would publish the author's obituary. A letter from "St. Mary's of the Woods" pays the following tribute to this gifted poet and holy religious :

"The poem 'Life's Angelus' has been greatly admired by those who have read it, and to us they have now a deep significance, for, strange to say, the August Pilgrim containing those beautiful sentiments of one of our dear young Sisters reached us only a few hours after she had received her summons home. Her funeral took place Friday, July 31, and by a happy coincidence her little poem 'Consider the Lilies,' the simple expression of the dominant trait of her character—trust in God—was placed in the July *Messenger* opposite that beautiful picture of St. Ignatius, on whose feast she was laid to rest. A convert to our holy faith, she never lost her first fervor. Though singularly gifted, she ever sought to remain hidden, and it was only by accident that her talents were discovered, but she was generous and her desire to make some return for the favors God had bestowed upon her was the constant incentive to spend herself in a short, but most useful, life as teacher in our Novitiate. There she was a zealous Promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. She was always devising some means to make the devotion attractive and practical, and through our young Sisters we are assured she has done much, yes very much, towards spreading this devotion in our various Missions. Of your charity, then, pray for the soul of Sister M. Genevieve.

Miss Eliza Conway, St. John's Centre, St. Louis, Mo. ;
Miss Delia Philbin, St. Lawrence O'Toole's Centre, St.
Louis, Mo. ; Mrs. Alberta L. Cleveland, Holy Trinity Centre,
Paola, Kansas ; Mrs. Sarah Green, St. Patrick's Centre,
Buchtel, Ohio ; Miss Mary Ormes and Mrs. Anna O'Neil,
Miss Margaret O'Brien, Sacred Heart Centre, Kenwood,
N. Y. R. I. P.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Work of Spiritual Retreats.

MOST people know what a retreat is by what they hear during a mission. Some judge of it by seeing priests and religious going off every year to make or to give retreats. Others, finally, imagine that it is only for very spiritual people and that ordinary Christians never need such an experience, unless they are going to decide a vocation or attempt a reform of life.

All agree that it is something unusual, and, unfortunately this is too truly the case. What ought to be a common practice in every Christian's life is regarded as suited only for the select few, and for them only when they are thrown into peculiar circumstances. This is why so many have not only vague but erroneous notions of a spiritual retreat, looking upon it as a time for idleness, monotony, or as a series of religious readings, instructions or sermons, or, what is worse, as a thing to be on one's guard against, as if the exercises were designed to entrap the soul into some unpleasant vocation, or into some dangerous system of sanctification.

The only way to know the nature of a spiritual retreat is to make one under an experienced Director. By an experienced Director we mean one who knows not only how to guide the conscience, but to train every power of soul and body to live and act for God. It is very easy to give spiritual readings and instructions, but it is the hardest of all things to make people think and act for themselves, and take so much interest in the great truths of our holy religion as to meditate on them with earnest application of mind and make their own of them by practice. This is the art of a Director of retreats, and this is the work that we are recommending in this General Intention, the work of thorough self-reform, for which the Exercises now usually given in these retreats were first instituted, and which they have effected so signally in the lives of careless and fervent Catholics alike as to win for them the recommendations of sovereign Pontiffs, Saints, Doctors of the Church and spiritual writers.

We are to pray, then, that these retreats may become more common, that all may know and appreciate their fruits and that means may be provided the laity as well as the clergy for making them frequently.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE WORK OF SPIRITUAL RETREATS.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, September 20.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions),

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communions of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M. *Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. T. *St. Giles*, Ab. (720). — *Twelve Brothers*, MM. (III. Cent.).—Lowliness of heart; Director's Intentions.
2. W. *St. Stephen*, K. (Hungary, 1038.) —Pray for rulers; 167,781 thanksgivings.
3. Th. *BB. Anthony Ixida*, S.J., and *Comp.*, MM. (1631).—*St. Phoebe*.—Sanctify daily work; 79,973 in affliction.—H.H.
4. F. First Friday.—*St. Rose of Viterbo*, V. (O.S.F., 1252).—Watch over self; 119,608 dead Associates.—1st D., A.C.
5. S. *St. Lawrence Justinian*, Bp. (Venice, 1455).—Confidence in God; 84,786 League Centres.
6. S. 15th after Pentecost.—*St. Onesiphorus*, M., Disciple of the Apostles.—Teachableness; 74,735 First Communions.
7. M. *BB. Thomas Tzugi*, S.J., and *Comp.*, MM. (1628).—Kindliness; 240,817 departed souls.
8. T. *The Nativity B.V.M.—St. Adrian*, M. (306.).—Renewal of spirit; 265,491 employment, means.—A.I., A.C., S., B.M.
9. W. *St. Peter Claver*, S.J., (Ap. of Negroes, 1654).—*St. Gorgonius*, M. (304.).—Pray for colored race; 112,621 clergy.
10. Th. *St. Nicholas of Tolentino* (O.S.A., (1310).—Avoid deliberate sin; 24,393 children.—H.H.
11. F. *BB. Charles Spinola and Comp.*, MM. (1622).—Dare to do right; 270,156 young persons.
12. S. *St. Guy* (The Poor Man of Anderlecht, 1012).—Love the poor; 146,529 families.
13. S. 16th after Pentecost.—*Holy Name of Mary*.—Honor Mary's name; 172,195 perseverance.
14. M. *Exaltation of the Holy Cross* (629).—Way of the Cross; 58,262 reconciliations.
15. T. *St. Catharine of Genoa*, W. (O.S.F., 1510).—*St. Nicomedes*, M. (71).—Help the Holy Souls; 183,600 spiritual favors.—Pr.
16. W. Ember Day.—*SS. Cornelius and Cyprian*, Bpp. MM. (252-250.).—Zeal for the faith; 150,916 temporal favors.
17. Th. *Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi*.—Honor Christ's wounds; 265,551 conversions.—H.H.
18. F. Ember Day.—*St. Joseph of Cupertino* (Minorite, 1664).—Virtue of obedience; 98,007 schools.
19. S. Ember Day.—*SS. Januarius and Comp.* MM. (305).—Generosity; 75,923 sick, infirm.
20. S. 17th after Pentecost.—*Seven Dolours B.V.M.*—Compassion; 56,915 missions, retreats.—C.R., B.M.
21. M. *St. Matthew*, Ap. (90.).—Contempt for riches; 39,685 pious works, societies.—A.I., B.M.
22. T. *St. Thomas of Villanova*, Bp. (O.S.A., 1555).—Zeal for souls; 52,192 parishes.
23. W. *St. Linus*, P.M. (71).—*St. Thecla*, V.M. (90).—Devotion to Holy See; 683,866 sinners, intemperate.
24. Th. *Our Lady of Ransom* (Mercy) (1605.).—Help the unfortunate; 179,695 parents, superiors.—H.H.
25. F. *St. Cleophas*, Disciple of our Lord.—Readiness to believe; 295,707 religious.
26. S. *SS. Cyprian and Justina*, MM. (304.).—Christian fortitude; 98,578 seminarists, novices.
27. S. 18th after Pentecost.—*SS. Cosmas and Damian*, MM. (286).—Pray for physicians; 83,594 vocations.
28. M. *St. Wenceslas*, M. (K., Bohemia, 938.).—Devotion to Holy Mass; 59,422 special, urgent.
29. T. *St. Michael*, Archangel.—Confidence in angels; 173,671 various.—Pr.
30. W. *St. Jerome*, D. (420).—Study the Bible; *Messenger Readers*.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 10.

MY ANGEL.

BY A. J. ELDER MULLAN, S.J.

AS the still silent sap, e'er ascending afresh,
Bears its vigor and life to each cell,
Through the morn-tide of youth to the sure ways
of truth
And of goodness he guided me well.

As the spring's freshening rill to the hart on its bank,
As the dew to the parched leaf of June,
'Mid the deep cares of life and its plentiful strife,
Steals the thought of my angel at noon.

In the eve of my days, O! I know, trusty friend,
As the dread parting hour anears,
Thou wilt yet be my stay and my comfort alway
'Neath the press and the weighing of years.

THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

THE rose is the queen of flowers. As the rose among flowers, so is the rosary among prayers. What gives its special excellence to this form of prayer is the fact that it combines in best harmony mental with vocal prayer. Mental prayer, or the exercise of our mental faculties—the memory, the intellect and the will—on the mysteries of our religion, is the shortest and surest way to Christian perfection. It teaches us to know God and to know ourselves; to hope in God, and to distrust ourselves; to love God, and to hate ourselves.

Now, the rosary initiates us in the simplest, easiest and most efficacious kind of mental prayer—the contemplation of the mysteries of the birth, life, passion, death, and glory of our divine Lord. These mysteries have the power of fascinating the imagination, arousing the affections, swaying the will, and inspiring us with an enthusiastic love of our Blessed Lord. This contemplation purifies the imagination, elevates and chastens the affections, and strengthens the will. It weans the heart from earthly and sensual desires, and raises it to things heavenly, to God Himself. In this consists the essence of prayer—the elevation of the soul to God. The nearer we approach to God, the farther we recede from self and from the things of earth. This is, as it were, the natural result of mental prayer, such as we practise it in the recitation of our Lady's beads—sentiments of faith, hope, love, contempt of self, and detachment from earthly things.

All these sentiments find the most fitting expression in the vocal prayers which we recite in saying the beads. In the *Creed* we profess our faith, in the *Our Father* we express our hope, while the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory be to the Father* are the most eloquent expression of our love.

We begin with the *Creed* professing our faith in the chief mysteries of our religion—the existence and the attributes of God, the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, the incarnation, death and resurrection and glorious ascension of the Son of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and the super-

natural and everlasting goods which Christ has merited for us by His passion and death. Thus we renew, increase and strengthen our faith.

Our hope is likewise augmented and confirmed by that prayer of prayers which our Lord Himself has taught us: "When you pray say: 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" In this one word "Father" we have the motive of all our hope. If God is our Father He will surely give us our bread—the natural food of our bodies and the supernatural food of our souls. He will forgive us our sins, if we approach Him in the spirit of penance; and in His good providence He will keep us from temptation, or "will make with temptation issue, that we may overcome." As a loving and provident Father He will deliver us from all evil of body as well as of soul, if He foresees that it is for our spiritual good.

We can hardly recall the mysteries of our faith and repeat those tender words of the Lord's Prayer, which Christ Himself has taught us, with that recollection and reverence due to them, without at the same time being inflamed with the love of God. Yet we said that the words of the *Hail Mary* are particularly adapted to enkindle the fire of divine charity in our hearts. Certainly no words ever gave expression to a sincerer love of God than those words addressed by St. Elizabeth to the Mother of God: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." She had the tremendous mystery of God's love towards us before her, when she spoke those words; and she spoke them filled with the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of love. For us the words have the same significance, and should give expression to the same sentiments of love.

This love is summarized and emphasized in the doxology with which each decade of the rosary is closed—in the *Glory be to the Father*. This is the highest expression of love, that we give glory to God. For love does not consist in words and sentiments, but in the communication of goods. All that we can give to God is glory. We cannot add to His happiness. We cannot give Him anything that He does not possess in infinite abundance. We can only give Him the external glory of our praise and service; and this we offer to

Him—to the Father, who created us; to the Son, who redeemed us; to the Spirit, who sanctified us—when we say: “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.”

Hence we may conclude the power and efficacy of this prayer, as it comprises the most perfect exercise of the divine virtues themselves, in which consists chiefly the spiritual or supernatural life. It is not an incidental or passing awakening of those holy virtues; it is rather a deliberate and systematic exercise of the theological virtues, by recalling the most powerful motives. And these religious acts are elicited not only once, but repeatedly from motives ever varying and increasing in intensity with each mystery, until they culminate in the contemplation of the glory of heaven, which is the most powerful motive to arouse our hope and kindle our love. No one can, therefore, say the beads even once with moderate fervor, without great spiritual profit. If he is in sin, he will be moved to repentance and disposed to obtain reconciliation with God. If he is in the state of sanctifying grace, that grace will be increased, and with it the divine virtues of faith, hope and love.

Moreover, this powerful prayer we offer through the hands of Mary, the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, the Mediatrix, the Refuge of Sinners, the Dispenser of the favors of her divine Son. This gives a special efficacy to the prayer of the Holy Rosary. The rosary is a peaceful, but at the same time a powerful weapon—powerful against the foes of God and His Church, and against the private enemies of our souls. With this weapon our Lady is truly “terrible as an army set in array.” This tiny weapon in the hands of St. Dominic vanquished the Albigenses, whom fire and sword could not subdue. It sunk the armament and routed the forces of the Turk. It dispersed the enemies of the Church more than once. Its power has not been diminished in our day.

In this tiny weapon the great leader of the Catholic world, the successor of St. Peter, our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., trusts, and, therefore, for the last thirteen years, he has not omitted a single occasion to exhort the faithful by a special encyclical letter to renewed fervor in the devo-

tion of the Holy Rosary during the month of October, in which the feast of the Rosary is celebrated. Before these lines have reached our readers the God-guided voice of the supreme Pastor of our souls may again be directed to the Catholic world in behalf of this time-honored devotion. Be this as it may, the prayer of the Holy Rosary is sure to ascend in unison from millions of hearts in all parts of the world to the glorious Queen of the Most Holy Rosary and to her divine Son at every hour during this beautiful month which is specially dedicated to her honor.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

BY E. E. MELVIN.

I LIVE no more, but Thou, my God,
Within my soul dost dwell ;
I breathe no more, but Thou, my God,
Dost animate this cell.

This narrow, lonely, chilly cell
Of my poor, empty heart,
Is filled by Thee, my dearest Lord,
Oh, never thence depart.

Or if it is too cold and small
For Thee, My God adored,
Take me with Thee, and let us go
Into Thine own, sweet Lord.

There in the depths of Thy great Heart,
I'll live and breathe in Thee,
And Thou wilt kindle with Thine own
The fire of love in me.

Then all my thoughts shall be Thy thoughts,
My will shall e'er be Thine,
My words, my deeds, my suffering
Be offered in this shrine.

THE STORY OF ST. PETRONILLA.

BY F. H. HOLLAND.

IT is a glorious day in Rome. A day when nature smiles in sunshine and azure skies, when all her green things bask in floods of golden light, which, falling on just and unjust alike, proclaims the beneficence of a divine Creator. A day glorious to live, to enjoy ; a glorious day to walk forth and call the first spring flowers, to inhale the perfume of violets, to hear the soft notes of nesting birds—but what a day to die.

Yes to die, as a fair young Roman girl is to die this day in the Colosseum. Even now the tiers of seats are crowded with the human beasts of prey assembled to witness the death agonies of a little band of Christians, among whom is Petronilla, the daughter of Menenius, betrothed of Messala the warrior, now absent on a seven years' warfare, at the command of the very Emperor who sits under the silken canopy, clothed in royal purple, awaiting to witness with approving eyes the death of his best beloved.

He has not long to wait, this Emperor of the world, this wild beast in human form ; a howl of approval from eighty thousand throats rends the air, and a shrinking girlish form, slender, willowy, clad in a scanty gown of white, stands alone, a pure snowy speck in that terrible human shambles, where freshly spread sand is sodden with the blood of tortured humanity.

Then with proud mien and stately stride, a gladiator steps forward, broadsword in hand, and measures his intended victim with critical eye.

With hand crossed on her breast, with eyes upraised which see not the savage faces of the mighty throng awaiting the sight of her heart's blood, the maiden stands. It may be that her large soft eyes, blue as the Roman sky above her, can look beyond and see the crown shining above the cross she has chosen, which looms up behind the bitter cup she must drink to its very dregs. Not too gently the executioner moves the little white hands from the fluttering breast, then

posing his broadsword, the girl never flinching, deals a blow which sends the cruel weapon straight through the slender form of the young martyr. A howl of savage delight comes from the crowded tiers as the girl falls lifeless down in the blood-stained sand, without a sigh.

In the gloaming, with tears and sobs, Petronilla's young companions, her parents and sisters, carry her body away to burial on the Appian Way, along which her warrior lover, young Messala, must pass on his return from Rome, when he comes with spoil and captives in his train to give account of his service to his royal master.

Summer is over. On the Ides of September Messala the warrior, crowned with success, laden with spoil, returns to Rome in triumph, to learn that his promised wife, Petronilla, has confessed Christ and suffered a violent death in the Colosseum. Crazed with grief, the brave young soldier, scarcely knowing what he does, turns his chariot back over the Appian Way and enters the gloomy corridor of death, where, four months before, the bleeding body of his beloved was placed.

"Petronilla! Petronilla!" he calls, his voice echoing strangely through the dismal underground passages.

"Petronilla! It is I, thy Messala, come to wed thee! Awake! I have brought spoil from many lands. I have slaves whose pleasures will be but to wait on thee! Awake, Petronilla! my love, my bride!" But no voice replies, only muffled echoes mock the brave man's hopeless pleading.

"Tear down the cursed slab of stone that hides her from me," Messala commands his faithful charioteer, who has followed him into the tomb, and he, not daring to disobey, puts all his strength to move the heavy stone, expecting that it hides but corruption.

In a short time, Petronilla, withdrawn from the niche is before them, beautiful in death. On her breast the fresh spring flowers, placed by loving hands, have budded and bloomed anew and twined delicate green leaves and tendrils about the martyr's form. Just as they had placed her the beautiful Roman maiden reposes, like a child asleep, awaiting her lover's return.

Throwing himself on his knees beside the bier of his beloved, Messala weeps like a woman and calls on his Petronilla to speak to him once again. But no sweet, clear voice replies. No blue eyes look into his. No earthly power can bring the young Christian back from the joys of a martyr's heaven.

Then Messala, realizing that his Petronilla is indeed dead, kisses her marble brow in loving farewell. Taking the little vial which contains the young martyr's blood, he makes the sign of the cross on his breast and vows allegiance to the Christ Petronilla had confessed.

"A God who can perform such a miracle, is indeed a God," he declares openly, joining the little band of Christians whose numbers are daily decreasing in heathen Rome, under the cruel mandate of a cruel Emperor.

Ere long the brave soldier Messala, fighting for his life in the Colosseum with a gladiator celebrated for his strength and ferocity, defeats and slays his opponent. The victor looks up at the crowded tiers, knowing full well his fate.

"Deny the false Christ!" shrieked a thousand voices. "Deny! Deny!" For an instant the young warrior stands irresolute, then a soft voice—the voice of his Petronilla, sounds in his ear—just one word "Messala."

A moment later every thumb in the vast amphitheatre points downward. Messala has signified his faith, and confessed Christ, his master, with the sign of the cross.

An attendant steps forward and takes his broadsword from him; then there is an ominous clang of iron gates and two fearful, writhing agile forms spring into the arena. Shriek upon shriek of delight from the brutal spectators rend the air, as the leopards attack the defenceless man and fight over his mangled body.

"He fought well," remarks the Emperor to the hideous dwarf who keeps him company under the silken canopy. "He was a soldier after my own heart."

With huge burning brands the leopards are driven back to their quarters by the attendants. One more soul has joined the glorious army of martyrs. One more witness for Christ the crucified has found his reward in the mansions of the blest.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

One of the most striking manifestations of Catholic life in the Catholic countries of Europe consists in pilgrimages to holy shrines. The Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin particularly make it a point to organize such pilgrimages every year to some one of the numerous shrines with which the "old country" is blessed. One of the most imposing of these annual pilgrimages is probably that of the Men's Sodality of Vienna, Austria, to the Shrine of Mariazell. It was held on the 18th, 19th and 20th of July of the present year, and was remarkably successful. More than 2,000 men of all classes took part in it. Three special trains were insufficient to carry the multitude of pilgrims.

At four o'clock A. M. crowds began to congregate at the railway station. Every train that left was accompanied by thundering and prolonged cheer from the multitudes who assembled to see the pilgrims off. After leaving the station, at a given signal, the pilgrims began the recitation of the Rosary—the first train taking the joyful; the second, the sorrowful; and the third, the glorious mysteries. Having arrived at the railway terminus about twelve o'clock at noon, a considerable portion of the journey remained still to be made on foot, or by waggon, through the Styrian Alps. Though it had rained heavily in the forenoon, the sun now burst forth in all its glory and poured out its splendor on the magnificent scenery, so that the pilgrimage now became a most enjoyable mountain excursion.

The scene was most imposing when this company of able-bodied and strong-limbed men, under their marshals, formed in ranks and marched to the Shrine, singing the triumphant strains of the "Grosser Gott." On their arrival at the Shrine, a stirring address was delivered to them by their Director, the Rev. Father Abel, S.J., who exhorted them to make a good use of the grace which God offered to them in this pilgrimage, and particularly to prepare themselves by a

good confession for the worthy and devout reception of the Bread of Life.

At four o'clock next morning all the confessionals were surrounded with men. Mass, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and General Communion, was celebrated at 7. At nine o'clock all assembled to listen to the sermon of the occasion, which was preached by Father Victor Kolb and treated of the importance of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in our days, particularly for Catholic men.

In the evening a sermon was preached by Father Abel on the dedication of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart and its happy results, the centenary of which was then being celebrated, and the exercises closed with the consecration of those present to the Sacred Heart.

Next day the pilgrims returned in the same order. The railroad officials decorated the trains most sumptuously for the occasion. The pilgrims were received in triumph by the people at every station they passed.

We hope this example will yet find imitation in the New World. The Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., witnessed a similar scene, though on a smaller scale, on the feast of the Assumption of this year, when it was visited by 500 Children of Mary, from St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, N. Y.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—The Angels.

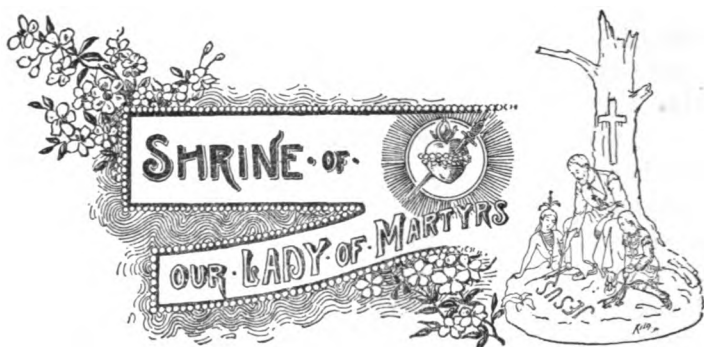
The Church, guided by the Holy Ghost, teaches us how interested the angels are in the eternal welfare of the members of the great household of faith on earth. For this reason when the Holy Viaticum is to be administered, the priest prays that Almighty God will vouchsafe to send His holy angel from heaven to guard, cherish, protect, visit and defend all those that dwell in that house. Again in administering Extreme Unction, the priest begs that the angels of peace may be present, and later on all the holy angels and archangels are invoked to aid in extinguishing the power of the devil.

When death is at hand these heavenly spirits are implored in the Litany to pray for the person dying. As the soul is about to take its flight, the priest bids it: Go forth from this world, first in the name of the Blessed Trinity, then in the name of the choir of angels. Later on comes the aspiration that when the soul leaves the body the glorious company of angels may meet it, and that Satan with his demons may give way and tremb'e at the coming of the soul attended by the angels. May the heavens be opened unto it and may the angels rejoice with it. May St. Michael, Archangel of God, prince of the heavenly host, receive it. May the holy angels of God come forth to meet it and lead it into the heavenly city, Jerusalem.

When the soul has departed, the following beautiful responsory is used: Come to its assistance, ye saints of God, come forth to meet it all ye angels of the Lord, receive this soul and offer it in the presence of the Most High. May Christ, who hath called thee, receive thee, and may the angels bear thee to Abraham's bosom.

Thus have the blessed spirits been summoned by our holy mother the Church, to be present in an especial way with the soul about to face eternity and to lend their mighty aid to guard and lead it safe to heaven. Should we not, then, in life cultivate the friendship of these great friends of God and endeavor to imitate the way in which they do God's will in heaven by perfectly serving Him on earth?

How great the joy which consists in the mutual love and converse of the saints and angels in heaven! God has made men for this wonderful happiness; their minds and hearts are formed to know and love one another, and to communicate their thoughts and affections by means of speech. The enjoyment of which we are thus capable is higher and deeper in proportion to our own intellectual and moral perfection, to the degree of the same perfection which those with whom we can converse have attained, and to the mutual good-will and confidence which exists between us. To know intimately and love tenderly only one very good person who returns our love, opens to us a whole world of delight and profit.—*The Prisoners of the King.* REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J.



The *Messenger* for October contains so much about the Shrine at Auriesville and the pilgrimages to it during the month of August, that it would seem no more could be added which would interest even those who cherish the slightest details about the chosen place and the Cause of those who lived and suffered and died there. Still there is much to be said, not only by way of recording what happened at Auriesville since the events narrated in the *Messenger*, but also by way of reminiscence and review of the entire pilgrimage season of 1896.



Although the great crowds that visit Auriesville usually select the Feast of the Assumption or the Sunday following as the day of pilgrimage, still many come on the other Sundays, and towards the end of the month the week-day visitors seem to grow in number. This year the last Sunday in August brought about 600, and besides the number stopping in the neighborhood of the Shrine, on some week-days there were forty or fifty pilgrims, many of whom had walked long distances fasting in order to receive Holy Communion.



With the kind permission of Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, the new bell was blessed Monday, August 24, by Rev. J. Wynne, S.J., assisted by Rev. James Conway, S.J., in presence of about fifty pilgrims. A rustic belfry had been prepared for the occasion and in the hope of having the blessing take

place the day previous, during the Utica pilgrimage, the scaffolding had been decorated with bunting in papal and national colors and with evergreens. The rain prevented the ceremony which was therefore postponed until the following day when clearer and cooler weather favored the beautiful services. From its position on the brow of the hill, "Maria Isaac," for so the bell has been called, can be heard far back on the hills and clear down through the valley as far as Fort Hunter. May the martyr in whose name it was given intercede for the pious donor whose patron's name it also bears!



Usually the closing of the Shrine brings a cessation for a while of the active correspondence that marks its opening and the few months previous. This year quite the contrary is the case. Letters keep coming in daily, some reporting favors, others urging petitions, several containing donations, many recalling a visit with gratitude, and some making inquiries and suggestions that prove the earnest interest of the writers in all that concerns the Shrine. It is a sign that the pilgrimages, the services, and the general spirit of enthusiasm developed by the devotions during August have left a deeper impression this year than formerly. The proper result of this impression should be a renewal of confidence in the intercession of the martyrs in behalf of whose Cause the Shrine and the pilgrimages have been fostered.



Not the least factor in producing this deep impression about Auriesville is the series of prints that were issued during July and August, the circular appealing for a proper celebration of the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, the *Shrine Manual* and the *Album of Views*. The medals commemorating the death of Father Jogues contributed their share to this result. Nothing can give a better view of the characteristic sanctity of Father Jogues than the *Manual* which gives the very devotions that he used to practise. Although the actual pilgrimages cannot be conven-

iently made by many during the year, applications for the *Manual* and *Album* prove that they have found favor with many as a means of making pilgrimages in spirit, after the suggestion so piously made in the August PILGRIM. The contents of these two publications which will be found in our advertising pages will readily show how excellent they are for this purpose.



One of the means which we have taken to make the impressions of the late pilgrimages lasting was forced upon us by the insistent demands of the pilgrims themselves. For many serious purposes, among others, for a well illustrated lecture on the Cause of the martyrs, one of the Fathers in attendance at the Shrine has taken numerous photographs of the sites of interest at and near Auriesville and of the various groups of pilgrims taking part in the devotions there. At the urgent request of many of the pilgrims these views will be printed as soon as possible, and sold for a slight cost in the interest of the Shrine. A list of these views will be given in the advertising pages of the *Messenger* for November, and we shall be glad to furnish any of them on application to all who may wish some as souvenirs of August, 1896, at the Shrine.



Some of the results produced by the pilgrimages of this year are a renewed interest in the lives of the servants of God who lived or died at Auriesville, and a stronger belief in the identity of the Shrine site with the Ossernenon of Father Jogues' time. To satisfy the former the new life of Isaac Jogues, published by Benziger Bros., is most ample and valuable, too, as the work of a competent biographer, Father Martin, S.J., who had for translator one who undertook the task as a labor of love, the eminent historian, Dr. Gilmary Shea. It is but one of the dozen or more tributes that Dr. Shea paid to the memory of Father Jogues. The *Ave Maria* is now giving us a hitherto unpublished biography of the martyr by the same devout historian.

During the summer several Catholic newspapers published good accounts of the sufferings and death of Father Jogues. One was particularly good. So far as we can accredit anything to its proper source, in these days of disregard for copyright, the *Republic* of Boston, was the first to print the article. Several other newspapers, not Catholic, printed the most arrant nonsense on this same topic and on the Cause of the martyrs. Even when pains were taken to furnish some of them correct data, the absurd statements they made, all, of course, on the authority of those who had tried to inform them rightly, make it seem as if it were impossible for some of our so-called great dailies to tell the truth. It was bad enough to announce that the new statue would be unveiled and crowned, when there was not even a thought of attempting to do either, simply for lack of means. One paper was painstaking enough to discover and announce the name of the crownmaker, and to tell where the crown would be kept for safety. Thanks to the enterprise of this paper, we had to keep special watch night and day at the Shrine this year, when there was really nothing to watch. Next, "the Jesuits," it was reported, "expect the Pope to announce the beatification of Father Jogues," when the same Jesuits were straining every point to devote a man to take up that work. As usual, the *New York World* of August 9, surpassed all others in these erroneous statements. "A vast body of American Catholics," it reported, "for twelve years has been striving to bring about the beatification of the martyred priest. Eighteen thousand volumes of carefully compiled matter bearing on Father Jogues' self-sacrificing work and pure life have been forwarded to the College of Cardinals at Rome, and the Pope is now considering the digest of facts submitted for his personal perusal." The poor Holy Father ! What eons of time he must have, in spite of his solicitude for all the churches. Still, the *World* report, if ridiculous on the face of it, is innocent, compared with the report of its rival, the *Journal*, which published on the same day a three-column letter on this subject, signed by the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, with name and address, although he had never written or dictated such a letter, or, so far as he

knows, furnished its contents to anyone connected with the *Journal*, or, for that matter, to anyone else.

Unfortunately, some Catholic papers have copied statements from such misleading sources. Here is one from across the sea, stating that Father Jones of Montreal, who has been chosen to prepare the first steps in the Cause of Father Jogues and the Canadian martyrs, has already travelled over France and England and Rome to hunt up documents, when the same good Father is quietly editing the English-Canadian *Messenger* in Montreal and putting in order his own valuable documents, having gone no further since his appointment about two months ago than Auriesville and New York.

Every good cause, sooner or later, meets with opposition that good may come of it. The Shrine is no exception to this rule. This year, for the first time, some newspaper statements were made with the sinister motive of throwing discredit on the identity of the site of Auriesville of to-day with Ossernenon of Father Jogues' time. Some devout pilgrims were startled about August 18 by the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Amsterdam Sentinel*:

"A number of the Catholic priests of this diocese, and perhaps there are many others, are not particularly pleased with the purpose of expending large sums of money in magnifying the importance of the shrine at Auriesville, holding, that this money could be used to much better advantage in some of the struggling parishes in the diocese. One of them tells our reporter that while the Shrine may commemorate the life and sacrifices of the devout and martyred Jesuit priest, who was cut down in his missionary labors, it does not positively mark the spot where he met death so heroically. Rev. Father Lowery is said to believe that the actual location of his death is in or about Cohoes, while Rev. Father Quinn is said to assert that Galway is the spot. They claim that there is nothing in the historical facts touching Father Jacques' death to justify the belief that it occurred at Auriesville or in that neighborhood. Another priest tells us that the Jesuit Fathers assert that the remains of the martyr priest are buried 'neath a great boulder on the Auriesville

possessions. This the priest regards as a sort of fairy tale. He says: 'It would require the efforts of but two or three men an hour or two to remove this stone and reveal those remains, if there. This has not been done and is not likely to be done so long as our Jesuit friends can make, what I regard as a myth or a hoax, the good Catholic people believe is an actuality.' "

Illogical as this paragraph was, friends of the Shrine thought it due to our interests to gainsay it, whilst the reverend clergymen to whom false statements were imputed, promptly denied them, as the following communications show. The first appeared in the *Amsterdam Democrat*:

"In speaking of the doubt in the minds of some people as to whether Father Jogues was massacred on the site of the Auriesville Shrine, the *Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs*, a New York publication, says: To any one who knows how the site of Auriesville has been identified, it is amusing to hear the claims of other places as the proper site. Every one wants it in or near some spot in which he is interested; near his home or on some land he would like to sell at a profit. What is most amusing about it is that most of them are right to some extent. It is true that the Turtle Clan of the Mohawks lived below Auriesville at one time, and above it at another; in fact, we can trace it to five different settlements. It is, however, beyond question, since the researches of General Clark, Dr. Shea, Messrs. Frye and Grider, that Auriesville was the site where Father Jogues was nearly two years a captive and tomahawked two years later; where René Goupil was slain and where Catharine Tegakwita was born. This was between the years 1642 and 1659. After that time the village of the clan can be traced to the hills above the present village of Auriesville, then to the hills above Fonda and beyond, as the Indians found it necessary to move on account of disease, fire, invasion or other causes."

The same day the *Sentinel* itself published its own refutation from Father Quinn:

"*Editor of the Morning Sentinel*:

"DEAR SIR:—Anent the precise location of the martyrdom of Father Jogues, the Jesuit priest, which you called in ques-

tion in yesterday's issue, on the strength of irresponsible rumor, I wish to say that you are misinformed with regard to my sentiments. What was said was simply this: Father Jogues passed through Galway twice as a prisoner in the hands of the savage Mohawks, and again as the envoy of France to negotiate a treaty with the Mohawks. Sylvester's *History of Saratoga County* so affirms. The Auriesville Shrine has been authenticated by the *Annals of the Society of Jesus*, among which were many letters written by Father Jogues himself, and descriptive of his captivity, the Indian village, the beautiful river of the Mohawks, and the martyrdom of the youthful and sainted Goupil, his companion. Add to the above testimony the deep research of Shea, the voluminous writer and the profound Church historian of national reputation, who personally interested himself in locating, according to documentary evidence, the scenes of the martyr's apostolic zeal and glorious death in the conversion of souls.

J. V. QUINN.

"Galway, N. Y., August 20, '96."

The *Dispatch* of Albany, printed the following from Father Lowery:

The following communication from Rev. Father Lowery, of Cohoes, to the *Cohoes Dispatch*, explains itself:

"To the Editor of the *Dispatch*:"

"I read in the *Daily News* of this date that the *Amsterdam Sentinel* says: Rev. Father Lowery is said to believe that the actual location of his death (Father Jogues') is in or about Cohoes.

"I desire to say that this is not so. There can be no doubt that Father Jogues was put to death by the Indians in the vicinity of Caughnawaga.

JOHN F. LOWERY.

"Cohoes, N. Y., August 20, 1896."

What seemed likely to shake the belief of some in the exact location of the scene of Father Jogues' death, really confirmed their belief and showed how many and how staunch the friends of the Shrine are.

We are grateful to our reverend friends for their prompt denial of the *Sentinel's* statements, gratuitous as they were. In fact, gratitude is our chief reminiscence, or impression,

or sentiment, as we review the work of August—gratitude to the benefactors of the Shrine who have helped us to meet the expenses for the many improvements made this year, gratitude to the kind friends who furnished and embellished the sanctuary, gratitude to those who have started the contributions to the new Stations, gratitude to all the pilgrims and to the pastors who came with them or encouraged them to come, and to the many who could not visit Auriesville this year, except in spirit ; gratitude to the martyrs for the many proofs of their intercession during August and since, above all for the great success of the pilgrimages in spite of our weak and tardy efforts.

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

On his way back from his trip, Father Jogues passed by some cabins of the Iroquois near the dwellings of the Dutch. There he learned of both Iroquois and Dutch that certain warriors, to whom he had given letters to be carried to the French, had returned and complained of being ill-treated at Richelieu on account of his letters, and so had determined to put him to death. The Commandant of the Dutch, whom he visited, confirmed the report and invited him to escape. There was a fine chance. A Dutch vessel was anchored before the fort. It was to sail in a couple of days for La Rochelle in France.

The Father answered that as it was a matter of importance, and as there were reasons on both sides, either to return to the Iroquois or to escape, that he would consider the question. The strongest reasons for returning to the village were that he had learned that there were Hurons, prisoners lately brought there, whom he might baptize if he got an opportunity to speak to them. Moreover, if he went away he would leave Couture and the other Frenchmen brought from Montreal six weeks before, to say nothing of the other Christian Hurons, to whom his presence seemed necessary. Besides there was fear lest this escape might be the effect of self-love

which was fleeing from the burden of the cross by embarking for France, unmindful of the greatest good.

But, on the other hand, he saw the evident danger of death. If he died the knowledge he had of the country, language and other matters would all be lost. The conflict within him was an agony. He longed for death and could not embrace it. He spent the whole night in prayer. At last God made His will clear. It was to take advantage of the chance which was offered, for he would do more in France for the welfare of both French and Iroquois than he could do in this country in which he could seldom speak to them.

He then went and told the Commandant his decision. The latter seemed not to expect it, but the Dutch Dominie, who happened to be present, encouraged him, as did all the others, following his example. It was decided that the Father should go to a certain Dutchman's house, where the Indians who had charge of him were, and remain there till night when he was to go to the vessel in a boat, which was to be left for that purpose at the bank of the river. The Father agreed to everything and betook himself to the dwelling of the Dutchman, who was one of the chief settlers and was married to an Iroquois squaw by whom he had several children. The house was built like a barn. It was 100 feet long. At one end were the cattle. At the other end was the proprietor with his wife and children. There was no partition in the building. The Father and the savages were in the middle part.

An undertaking like the one he was about to engage in demanded assistance from heaven ; so Father Jogues spent the time in prayer. Towards midnight he decided to go out to reconnoitre by moonlight. Hardly had he crossed the threshold when a huge mastiff seized his bare leg and bit him in two places. The master of the house arose at the noise and lighted a candle to see what the trouble was. When he saw the wounds, he was moved with compassion and dressed them by filling them with dog's hair. He then barred the door so that the Father could not open it. It seemed that God was pleased to try His servant.

When Father Jogues had given up all hope of escaping and had made the sacrifice of his life, it happened that a servant got up and left the house about three hours after midnight. It was too good a chance to lose, so the Father made a sign to the young man to fasten the dog. When this was done, he then went outside the stockade and made his way to the boat, but with great difficulty, both on account of the pain of the wounds and the roughness of the ground, which was covered with reeds as sharp as razors.

When he reached the boat a fresh difficulty arose ; the tide had gone down and left the boat high and dry. How could a man who could scarcely stand have strength to move it ? However, he tried, but in vain. It was already daylight and he could be easily perceived from the cabins of certain Iroquois who dwelt close by. Death stared him on every side. He had recourse to God who saves those who hope in Him. Help came to him, for he was given strength to get the boat in the water and to reach the vessel, where he was put into the hold. It was a day of fasting for him, as he stayed without any food in the bottom of the vessel until six o'clock in the evening. Then the Dominie visited him and told him of the threats the Iroquois had made, and how the lives of all the Dutch were in danger unless they returned him to the savages. The captain of the vessel and the Dutch, therefore, decided to send him back.

When they had spoken, he said : " Sirs, I have no wish to be the cause that any injury should befall even your household animals, much less that you yourselves should be injured. The suggestion to save myself from the Iroquois and from death came from you. Since you are no longer of the same mind, I, too, will change mine and am quite ready to return to the Indians ; do not fear."

This was all he could say before he fainted away. Want of sleep, heat of the weather and of the ship, pain of his wounds and fasting, had overcome his body but not his courage. They gave him a little wine to restore him. Thereupon the Dominie spoke up and showed why they should not send the Father back. He said that the commotion made by the Iroquois was only for the purpose of extorting

presents. These they had to give, not to buy him, but to console them for their loss, for they thought that he had escaped. The right thing to do was to take him to the fort, where he would be safer. If the Indians would not be satisfied with presents, and if it became necessary to hand him over, if they used violence, then would be time enough to deliver him up to them.

The captain and the others followed this advice, and the Father was taken to the fort. He was lodged in a wretched barn. When it rained the water came in on all sides. As it was August, the heat was extreme. His bed was an old piece of stuff lent to him. His food was a little brown bread and butter; sometimes he had a bit of boiled pumpkin, but rarely any meat. His only drink was water, but such water! It was brought to him once a fortnight in a pail in which his host mixed lye. So offensive was the water that it caused violent cramps. This Dutchman was so mean that he held back half the provisions sent to the Father, though the whole amount was scarcely enough to keep him alive. Consequently he was half famished. Yet he never complained, and his need would not have been known, had not the minister called on him and inquired how he was being treated. He told the true state of things quite frankly, so his visitor sent him half a loaf of bread and some meat. But his greatest trouble came from the pain in his wounded leg, for gangrene had set in. The surgeon on the vessel had given him a plaster of scurvy ointment for his wound, which had the effect of causing his leg to swell to such a degree that if the doctor of the settlement had not dressed it, he would have lost the limb.

Such were his sufferings in this prison, as it may well be called; for he could not leave it by day or night without the risk of being seen by the Indians, who were constantly going in and out of the building, or lying in the courtyard of the fort. In fact, he was in constant danger of being discovered and captured by the savages, who, when they came into the garret, a part of which was used as a store, were only separated from Father Jogues by a thin partition of planks.

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A Promoter, St. Clair, Pa., . . \$ 2 00	M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . \$5 00
V. T., Madison, N. J., 1 00	C., Phila. 5 00
M. A. P., Darion, Minn., in thanksgiving, 1 00	"Anon.", Virginia City, Nev. 5 00
T. H., Rosemont, Pa., 1 00	Sundry Donations 53 25
A grateful Petitioner, Albany, N. Y., in thanksgiving, . . . 5 00	J. P. S., Meadville, Pa. . . 100 00
N. R. H., Wheeling, W. Va. 5 00	FOR THE CAUSE.
C. E. H., Cohoes, N. Y., . . . 1 00	M. A. C., St. Louis, Mo. . . 50 00
E. M., Buffalo, N. Y., 25	E. C. W., Phila. 1 00
Mrs. O'G., New York City . . 10 00	Mr. G. 10 00
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa., 2 00	Mrs. T., Baltimore 50 00
Miss H., New York City, . . . 5 00	"Anon." New York City . . 1 00
S. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y., in thanksgiving, 5 00	M. H., Boston, in thanksgiving 1 00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., for two intentions, 10 00	FOR THE STATIONS.
R. K., Geneva, N. Y., 1 00	T. C., New York 50 00
E. M. A., Phila., in thanksgiving, 2 00	M. G. 25 00
A Friend, 1 00	E. A. B., New York, . . . 25 00
Sisters of St. Dominic, . . . 1 00	FOR THE ALTAR.
"Anon." per Rev. C. Vitta, Brooklyn, 2 00	Miss K., Phila. (for canopy) 12 00
C. M., Tompkinsville, N. Y., 10 00	FOR THE CROWN.
A Friend, Chelsea, Mich., . . 1 00	J. A. B., Summit, N. J., a silver vase.
D. J. G. 10 00	G. A. F., Clayton, Del., a gold ring.
J. M. 10 00	C. M., Phila., a gold ring.
Mrs. R. 2 00	B. O'D., Elgin, Ill., per Mrs. H., a brooch and a pair of earrings.
Rev. E. J. F. 1 00	S. P., Elgin, Ill., per Mrs. H., a pair of earrings.
U. M. 2 00	C. H., Elgin, Ill., a gold ring.
A Pilgrim, Jersey City . . . 5 00	"Anon." Johnstown, N. Y., a gold ring.
T., New York 5 00	G., New York, a gold ring.
G., " 5 00	F. X. B., New York, a gold ring.
E., Hartford, Conn. 1 00	J. C., a gold ring.
L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . 6 00	



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

Promoters must not forget the angels during this month, even though they be called upon to devote their chief efforts to the Rosary. The angels make excellent patrons for Promoters, since their office with the Almighty is to be messengers of reconciliation, love, grace, happiness, of every good tidings to men. Promoters are also messengers, commissioned by their pastors who represent God; and their work is one of peace and piety and joy to all whom they can induce to take up the practices of our Apostleship.



In October the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary occurs, and every Promoter should endeavor to help forward the Cause of her canonization. Miracles are needed before that is decreed and although there are several under examination, we should not desist from praying for others. The very fact that favors marvellous enough to be deemed worthy of examining have been granted in answer to prayers in her honor, should be a sufficient motive to increase our confidence in the power of her intercession, and our desire to see her still more honored by the Church. Her feast falls on October 17; but in churches where the octave of St. Francis Borgia's feast is observed that day, Blessed Margaret Mary's feast is kept October 24. In many churches, *triduum*s are given to the Promoters or to all League members prior to either of these dates.



It is one of the glories of the Apostleship of Prayer that it has done much to propagate devotion to the Rosary by the

practice of the Daily Decade. Promoters should prove how effectual this practice can be made by making all who have promised it renew their fidelity to it, and by getting as many as possible to take it up, if only for this month ; or if only by attending the evening devotions of the Rosary so common in our churches during the month of October. Remember, to practise the Daily Decade, one need not have the beads about him, nor add any other prayers to the one *Our Father* and ten *Hail Marys*. Remember, too, that the intention of the Decade is that of His Holiness in recommending the General Intention for the months. This month, therefore, the Daily Decade should be said for the very object we are inviting Promoters to work for—the spread of devotion to the Holy Rosary.



We are sometimes told that many Associates have never heard of the *Messenger*, or even of the PILGRIM. It seems to us it may be their own fault, as it surely is their great loss. We cannot for a moment suppose that Promoters do not know all about our periodical publications, or that they fail to ask the Associates from time to time to read them. Until they shall have done so, they have not the slightest notion of what the League is. Every Promoter should subscribe to the *Messenger*. Many of them subscribe to the PILGRIM and distribute several copies of it among their Associates. This is doing a great deal, but it is not enough. At least one copy of the *Messenger* should be circulated in every band. We know of pastors who have not yet established the League and who still circulate the *Messenger* in this way. Every band should subscribe to at least one *Messenger*. By paying 15 cents each, yearly, every one of the fifteen members of a band could read each of the twelve *Messengers* of the year. Better still, if several be subscribed for by the Local Director, then by paying ten cents each, yearly, every member of a band could read the *Messenger* every month. This is a topic for the monthly Councils. The Promoter who can bring it to the notice of a Council is doing more for the League than can be done in any other way.

HINTS FROM AN OCTOBER APOSTLE.

To whom could we go for hints this month in preference to the one whom our Lord Himself selected as the confidant of many wonderful truths, which He revealed to her.

Blessed Margaret Mary has a right to the love and devotion of all who love and honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus. So we shall ask her to impart to us some of those counsels which she received direct from our Lord Himself, some of which, indeed, He intended for us through her.

She speaks continually of the rewards prepared by Christ for those who have a zeal for the glory of His divine Heart. "This zeal," she says, "is the most essential means for entering into the friendship of this loving Heart, advancing far into its favors, rising higher and higher in its pure love, deserving the sacred tenderness of this divine Heart, being of the number of its true friends, its dearest friends, its well-beloved favorites, being regarded as an object of complacency, being before this Sacred Heart as an odor of sweetness.

"The Sacred Heart of our good Master will not let your zeal to make Him known, loved, and honored go unrewarded ; and I think that we are enough rewarded when He judges us worthy to render Him some service. It is reward enough to please Him. You do His Sacred Heart a pleasure which will procure for yourself great favors for all eternity.

"How happy are they whom He employs to help Him to establish His kingdom. For it seems to me that He is as a king, who does not give rewards while making His conquest and triumphing over His enemies, but when He reigns on His throne victorious. The adorable Heart of Jesus wishes to establish in all hearts the Kingdom of His pure love, overturning and destroying the kingdom of Satan ; and it seems to me that the strength of His desires is shown in the great rewards which He promises to all those who with good will engage in the same enterprise, by following out with all their power the lights and means which He offers them.

"It seems to me that the intention of those who, after

consecrating themselves to the Sacred Heart, seek only to increase its honor will give more merit and acceptableness to their actions before God than all that they could do in any other way without this application.

“This divine Heart will reward you not only in yourself but also in your relations and all with whom you are connected, whom it will regard with favorable and merciful eyes, whom it will help and protect in all things, if they but address themselves to it with confidence, for it will have an eternal memory of all that they do for its glory.

“You must know that this Sacred Heart will remember and enjoy during all eternity what you have done for it; so that a day will come when you will say that if you had suffered all the torments of the martyrs you would be well rewarded, were it only on account of the great number of souls which this divine Heart will save from perdition by this means. It seemed to me that the Sacred Heart made me see that many names were inscribed in it on account of the desire which they have to get it honored, and on this account it will never let them be erased from it. But it did not say to me that its friends should have no crosses; for it wants them to make their greatest happiness consist in tasting its bitterness.”

She once saw angels presenting to the divine Heart certain hearts. “Several of them had their names inscribed in characters of gold in this Sacred Heart, into which some of them entered and plunged themselves with eagerness and delight, saying: ‘In this abyss of love is our abode and rest forever.’ These were the hearts of those who had worked the hardest to make the Heart of our divine Master known and loved.”

Such are some incentives which Blessed Margaret Mary offers us to inflame our zeal to make known the glories of the Sacred Heart and to advance its kingdom upon earth.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—Plattsburgh, New York.—The usual ceremonies attendant on the observance of the First Friday of the month had a singular beauty and significance on the seventh day of August from the fact that this occasion inaugurated the Catholic Summer School of Cliff Haven as a Centre of the League of the Sacred Heart.

After a night of rain, the day broke in cloudless light, and as the distant mountain peaks rose majestic above the purple haze, and Champlain Lake shimmered white beneath the warmth of an August sun, the Blessed Sacrament was lifted to its place of adoration in the little chapel on the Summer School grounds, and hour after hour saw a stream of faithful visitors moving in and out of the widely opened door, while from fifteen to twenty-five kneeling figures in constant attendance bowed in reparation before that Presence whose agony of soul once wrung from Him that gentle, pathetic reproach of His friends: "Could you not watch one hour with me?"

The altar was beautiful and fragrant with every delicately colored blossom grown in the old-fashioned gardens of the outlying farms, while the snow-white linen, dainty lace and lighted tapers made a picture long to be treasured as a sweet, happy memory by those who assisted at the half-past six o'clock, or any of the eight Masses said that morning in honor of the Sacred Heart in the little Chapel so appropriately called "Our Lady of the Lake."

A large Intention Blank was hung on the Chapel wall, and before the day closed a showing of figures was made at which any old Centre might reasonably have felt proud. Then, too, at the entrance was stationed a small box containing many little leaflets of Cardinal Newman's beautiful invocations to the Sacred Heart, while the benches were plentifully strewn with copies of Ella McMahon's "At the Foot of the Altar," and the pendant of that truly fine prayer, "The Holy Hour." These pamphlets were for the use of the adorers.

The timely presence of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, then on his way from a short sojourn in the Adirondack Woods, completed the success of this great religious event by his officiating at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which took place at four o'clock.

Preceding Benediction, Dr. Conaty, the President of the Summer School, read the prayers appropriate to the occasion from the *League Devotions* and these, doubtless, together

with the influence of the beautiful ceremonies of the day, proved the means of bringing many new Associates into the League of the Sacred Heart, and caused some, already members, to become Promoters in that great evangelical work. It is a fact significant of the strength of this marvellous organization, that nearly every one of the large numbers of the morning communicants wore the little Badge, and that the Hour of Adoration was carried through four of the most interesting lectures of the session.

The ceremony of Benediction, impressive always, was peculiarly solemn and beautiful on this occasion, as the entire congregation—those within the crowded chapel and the larger number forced to kneel on the green without—all joined in singing that hymn of the ages, *Tantum Ergo*; and afterwards, as the procession slowly filed out, the chapel organ gave the signal which was responded to by nearly four hundred voices and which is the keynote to the Summer School movement, "Holy God, we praise Thy Name."

—Cordillac, Mich.—The League of the Sacred Heart is doing here, as everywhere, a great amount of good. This Centre has now 124 members, of whom about 60 receive Holy Communion every month. Our Promoters are working very well. We are doing our utmost to advance the good work.

—Blackwell's Island, N. Y.—Allow me to give a short account of the League of the Sacred Heart in the Penitentiary, Blackwell's Island. It is now over three years, since it was introduced there. The Cathedral Centre furnishes Badges and all other requisites. I have enrolled about 500. A good many have left in the meantime, but there is reason to think that at least a goodly proportion of them will continue to be practical members of the League. When enrolling any one, I tell him or her at once to show Certificate of Admission, after having left the Penitentiary, to a Promoter of a League Centre in the city, and to ask for a monthly ticket. They all promise to do so. Since the introduction of the League the number of communicants, especially on every first Sunday of the month, has much increased. There are now quite a number who receive Holy Communion every first Sunday of the month. It is a very edifying sight to see the Badge on the prison uniform. Whenever I hear confessions of prisoners, I ask them whether they would like to join the League. Often they come requesting to be enrolled before being asked to do so. I make out the Certificates at home and give them out on Sundays before Mass, calling

out the names of those who have expressed their desire to be enrolled. Every last Sunday of the month I distribute the Leaflets for the next month before Mass, asking all those who belong to the League to stand up. All this helps very much to make the League known. When the prisoners receive visitors on Saturdays, they often take their Badges and Certificates of Admission along, to show them to their friends. Thus every one of their visitors, relations or friends, profit by the League. I asked the prisoners some time ago to induce their relations and friends to order the *Messenger* or at least the *PILGRIM* for them, as the visitors are very often anxious to do something useful and pleasing to them. Furnishing them every month with a copy of the *Messenger* would certainly be an act of great charity and would be greatly appreciated. If such friends or relatives fear that the *Messenger*, if sent directly to the Penitentiary, would not be delivered, or do not wish it to be directed to the Penitentiary, they may have it sent in care of the Catholic Chaplain, City Hospital. I shall then forward it. I receive, continually, for distribution among other Catholic reading matter a number of copies of the *Messenger*, but they are old copies. While these are always very acceptable, a copy of the current issue would be more welcome and timely.

OBITUARY.

Prayers are asked for the souls of the following Promoters, lately deceased:

Miss Lily Pixley, Miss Lizzie Heil, Miss Mary Moll, St. Bartholomew's Centre, Steven's Point, Wis.; John Powers, St. Joseph's Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Ernestine Nardin, Superior of the Ladies of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Buffalo, N. Y.; Helen O'Keefe, Mary Smith, Mary Ellen Smythe, James Plunkett, Margaret McCormack, St. Patrick's Cathedral Centre, New York City; Mrs. Catharine Carney, New York City; Anna Hughes, St. John's Centre, Schenectady, N. Y.; Rev. Michael Nevin, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.; Miss Susie Walsh, Holy Rosary Church, Elizabeth, N. J.; Sister Mary Lewis, St. Joseph's Asylum, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Wynne, New York City, N. Y.—*May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.*

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

Devotion of the Holy Rosary.

WHY should we desire and work to have every Catholic say the rosary and say it frequently, even daily? Because it is, in a nutshell, all the catechism that we need to know best, all the devotion we need to practise most; in a word, it is the most effective act of devotion within the power of the majority of Christians.

Not to repeat what is written more at length than we could express here, on page 290 of this number, the rosary comprehends every mystery in the life of our Lord, and impresses on our minds more deeply than any other practice the great fact that He was born of a woman, and, therefore, a man like us, of our race, flesh and blood as we are, a brother in reality, not merely in name, albeit God also, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity having taken up our human nature as the Son of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

All Catholic faith and piety can be reduced to the grasp of this great fact. Without it there can be no faith, no piety of any sort. Historically, the rosary has brought home this great truth and made men feel their close relation to Jesus Christ and His blessed Mother more than once, notably when it was the means of destroying the Albigensian heresy, and of obtaining other signal favors which are mentioned in the General Intention as explained in the *Messenger* for this month. What is most important, the devotion of the rosary is so simple and so well calculated to take hold of the human heart, of the memory, by its pleasing repetitions, of the intellect by the great truths it expresses, and of the will and its affections by the tender sentiments it calls forth, that no one, however untrained in Catholic piety, can fail to derive speedy benefit from it.

But why pray for the spread of this devotion? Because it is not one that men will adopt readily. It needs a devout disposition to take it up and to persevere in it. Men raise so many objections to it. The length, repetition, difficulty of recalling the mysteries, and such like objections which beget a prejudice in many minds against this beautiful and effective devotion. Against prejudice only prayer can prevail. The prayers of millions will prevail this month in having countless other souls honor our Lady and her divine Son by reciting her holy rosary.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, October 18.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M.—*Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. Th. *St. Remy*, Bp. (Apostle of the Franks, 533).—Hold fast the faith; Directors' Intentions.—H. H.
2. F. First Friday.—*Holy Guardian Angels*. Honor the angels; 383,170 thanksgivings.—1st D., A. C.
3. S. *St. Romaine*, V.M. (II. Century.) Morning Offering; 105,475 in affliction.
4. S. 19th after Pentecost.—*Most Holy Rosary*.—Daily Decade; 174,546 dead Associates.
5. M. *St. Francis of Assisi*, F. (O.S.F., 1226).—Reparation; 141,935 League Centres.—Pr.
6. T. *St. Bruno*, F. (Carthusians, 1101).—Detachment; 74,736 First Communions.
7. W. *St. Mark*, P. (336).—*St. Justina*, V.M. (I. Century).—Fortitude; 302,483 departed souls.
8. Th. *St. Bridget*, W. (1373).—Honor the Passion; 221,322 employment, means.—B.I., H.H.
9. F. *SS. Denis and Comp.* MM. (117).—*St. Louis Bertrand* (O.P., 1581).—Confidence in God; 156,997 clergy.
10. S. *St. Francis Borgia* (S.J., 1572).—Love of Blessed Sacrament; 313,374 children.
11. S. 20th after Pentecost.—*St. Kenny*, Ab. (598).—Perseverance; 610,799 young persons.
12. M. *BB. Camillus and Comp.*, S.J., (1622).—*St. Wilfrid*, Bp. (709).—Avoid slight faults; 177,278 families.
13. T. *St. Edward the Confessor*, K. (1066).—Love purity; 320,222 perseverance.
14. W. *St. Callistus I.*, P.M. (72).—Respect authority; 106,622 reconciliations.
15. Th. *St. Teresa*, V. (Carmelite, 1582).—Loyalty to Christ; 350,110 spiritual favors.—Pr., H.H.
16. F. *St. Gall*, Ab. (614).—*St. Colman*, Bp., (550).—Pray for Missions; 170,547 temporal favors.
17. S. *B. Margaret Mary*, V. (1690).—*St. Hedwig*, W. Q. (1243).—Honor the Sacred Heart; 197,592 conversions.
18. S. 21st after Pentecost.—*St. Luke*, Evangelist, (Physician, 90).—Read the Gospel; 147,250 schools.—C.R.
19. M. *St. Peter of Alcantara* (O.S.F., 1562).—Spirit of penance; 86,243 sick, infirm.
20. T. *St. John Cantius*, Parish Priest (1473).—Prudence; 319,346 missions, retreats.
21. W. *SS. Ursula and Comp.*, VV., MM. (383).—*St. Hilarion*, Ab. (372).—Christian courage; 49,497 pious works, societies.
22. Th. *St. Mary Salome*.—Respect the innocent; 65,587 parishes.—H.H.
23. F. *The Most Holy Redeemer*.—Pray for sinners; 234,790 sinners.
24. S. *St. Raphael*, Archangel.—Trust in the angels; 259,999 intemperate.
25. S. 22d after Pentecost.—*Maternity*, B. V.M.—Love Mary; 128,602 parents.
26. M. *Holy Relics*.—*St. Evaristus*, P.M. (109).—Respect holy relics; 389,552 religious.
27. T. Vigil.—*St. Elesbaan*, K. (523).—Despise the world; 78,602 seminarists, novices.
28. W. *SS. Simon and Jude*, App.—Firm hope; 56,753 superiors.—A.I., B.M.
29. Th. *Ven. Bede*, D. (735).—Fidelity in trifles; 149,140 vocations.—H.H.
30. F. *St. Alphonsus Rodriguez*, Lay Brother (S.J. 1617).—Spirit of prayer; 340,776 special, various.
31. S. Vigil.—All Hallow Eve.—*St. Quentin*, M. (303).—Honor patron saints; *Messenger Readers*.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

NO. II.

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

OF T as I see her pace the busy street,
Or rainbow-gay bazaar, her raven hair,
A rippling darkness over shoulders fair,
With downcast eyes and smile demurely sweet,
Purity's self with dainty-slippered feet
Thridding the market like a silent prayer,
Or guerdoning with sweetly solemn air
The grave salaam of reverent eyes that greet,
I call to mind that maiden of her race,
Immaculate, unblemished, free of sin.
E'en so, methinks, went Mary to and fro ;
E'en so she walked with hallowing steps of grace,
Favored of God amid her kith and kin,
In that blest Nazareth of long ago.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

NOTHING is recorded in the Holy Scriptures of the birth, childhood and girlhood of the Mother of God.

Yet a more or less reliable tradition tells us that she was given to her pious parents in their advanced age, in a preternatural manner, long after they had abandoned all hope of issue. Therefore, like the pious Anna, the mother of Samuel, they vowed or promised to give their marvellous offspring to the service of God and His house.

There was in connection with the Temple at Jerusalem, a house in which young Jewish girls were brought up in the service of the Lord. They spent their time in prayer and the service of the Temple. They were instructed in the Law and the Scriptures, and the traditions of Israel. It was their duty to make the priestly vestments, to wash them and to keep them in repair, as was befitting the divine services. Here they remained until they grew into womanhood.

Hither, tradition tells us, the Blessed Virgin was brought by her parents, when she was three years of age. She was received with the usual ceremony, and admitted among those privileged girls who had been dedicated to the divine service. We may well imagine how she rejoiced at heart as she consecrated herself irrevocably to God. She, unlike others of her age, fully realized the importance of the step she was taking ; for it is a very common opinion that, as a privilege intimately connected with her Immaculate Conception, she enjoyed the full use of her reason from the first moment of her existence ; and while others had consecrated themselves to God only for a time, she gave herself to Him for good.

Whether it was at her first presentation in the Temple, or at a later date, that she vowed to God perpetual virginity, it matters little. There is no doubt but she had already made up her mind on this matter, and had virtually offered this pleasing oblation to the Almighty.

We may well ask ourselves what manner of life our

Blessed Lady led during those years. In our opinion, the tenor of her life might be conjectured from that of her divine Son at Nazareth. Though somewhat more public and honorable in the eyes of men, yet it was a life of retirement and obscurity. She had no communication with the outer world. No one, not even in her immediate surroundings, knew anything of her extraordinary worth, as she pursued the even tenor of her life.

Hers was a life of prayer, of intimate union with God, of meditation on the coming Redeemer, of attentive and assiduous reading of the Sacred Books, singing and recitation of the Psalms and Canticles, in common and in private—in short, a life of constant mental and vocal prayer. Next to our divine Lord Himself, she was, doubtless, the most recollected and united with God of all His creatures. She walked continually in His presence.

Her close union with God, however, was no bar, but rather a help, to the performance of her ordinary external duties. Hers was also a life of assiduous hard work. With her, work was prayer, worship of God, a pleasing sacrifice to the Most High. Her ordinary work was in the service of the Temple; but, no doubt, she was also much employed in menial and not at all agreeable services. The humblest work in the house of God was honorable in her eyes. Therefore her ambition was to be the “servant of all,” anticipating the teaching of her divine Son.

As Jesus Christ, her Son, in Nazareth signalized Himself by His obedience, being “obedient unto them,” *viz.*, His mother and St. Joseph, so also we must conclude that His mother, during her stay in the Temple, was obedient to all those whom God, in His providence, had placed over her as superiors. In their guidance and direction she recognized the voice of God.

Like her Son, she also “advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men.” Well does St. John Damascene say of her: “Planted in the house of the Lord, and watered like a fruitful olive-tree, she who was destined to conceive God in her womb, became the dwelling-place of all virtues—for God, being holy Himself, dwells only in the saints.”

Who can measure the height and depth of her sanctity at the end of those twelve blessed years spent in the House of God? No wonder that the Angel should salute her "full of grace" after such a life of retirement, recollection, union with God, labor and obedience in His service. Therefore, the Lord was with her.

St. Ambrose, in his book on Virginity, describes her virtues admirably, when he says: "She was a virgin in body and mind. Her pure love of God was tainted by no irregular passion. She was humble of heart and grave in speech, prudent, sparing of her words, fond of reading. She placed her hope not in the vain and fleeting things of earth, but in the prayers of the poor. She was devoted to labor, modest in her words. She sought not the approval of men but of God. She gave offence to no one, loved all, revered her superiors, envied not her equals, avoided ostentation, was governed by reason and was covetous only of virtue. Whoever knew her to grieve her parents, to quarrel with her kindred, to despise the lowly, to scoff at the weak, to flee the poor? She never was seen in the society of men except when she was called to render them those services of mercy which were consistent with her virginal modesty. There was no pride in her looks, no harshness in her words, no disorder in her actions. Her carriage was composed, her gait was moderate, her voice was low, her external conduct expressed the peace of her soul, she was a model of propriety. For as a good house is known in its very entrance, and the first glance reveals that there are no dark recesses in it, so our souls should appear in our exterior deportment in such a manner as if the members of the body did not conceal them from view.

"And what shall I say of her temperance in eating, of the excess of her humility, of her regard for all, and her exactness in the fulfilment of every duty? Her fasts were frequent. In the nourishment of the body she retrenched even what was necessary. When she was obliged to take food it was of the commonest kind, merely to sustain life, not to gratify the palate. Her rest was measured by necessity. While the body slept the soul watched, and either repeated what she had read, or occupied itself with the thoughts of the

work which had been interrupted by sleep, intent either on executing what she had planned, or planning what she was to execute. She knew no other way than the way to the Temple, and that only in the company of her parents. Thus when she was at home she was always occupied ; when she went abroad she was always attended by a companion, though no one was a more vigilant guardian to her than herself."

"Hence," this holy Father concludes, "the life of the Blessed Virgin should be for all young women a mirror of chastity and a model of virtue. Of her they should learn how to shape their lives. In the presence of so perfect a model they should study what to imitate and practise." The life of our Lady in the Temple should be a model particularly for the young girls of our Catholic schools and academies.

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



UR Lady of the Martyrs ; oh, most fair!

Most beautiful ! Thy servants—one by one

Redeemed by Him who deigns to be thy Son—

From many a distant land are gathered there

Where God abides with thee, oh Queen ! They bear

Palms in their hands ; the hard-fought fight is done,

Their sorrows past and endless joys begun,

For in the triumph of the Lamb they share.

Yea, ev'ry tribe and kindred, ev'ry tongue,

All who have wept and suffered, who have been

Faithful in life, in death ; whose hearts were wrung

By many a cruel anguish—shall be seen

'Mid that glad host by whom thy praise is sung,

Our Lady of the Martyrs, and their Queen.

A DOCTOR'S FEE.

BY VINCENT GREGORY.

A FEW years ago a kindly face known to whole generations of students, disappeared from the community of a certain Western college, and a devout and faithful gleaner went to lay his sheaves at the feet of the great Reaper.

Brother John Boggio, S.J., spent a third of a century in the trying office of infirmarian in Santa Clara College, during which time his self-sacrifice and devotion won for him, not the mere regard, but the warm affection of those who came into familiar intercourse with him. This feeling of the students did not end with their college course, for in after life when they re-visited the scenes of their school days, they invariably sought out Brother Boggio for a friendly chat.

We do not purpose to mention all that might be said of the good brother's devotedness to the students and to the poor who knew his skill and blessed his name ; but we wish to relate one of his famous cures, which resulted in a spiritual recovery more remarkable than the restoration of the patient to bodily health.

We shall give the incident just as we received it from Brother Boggio's own lips. Embellishment would be out of place, for the simple story conveys its lesson in language more direct and forceful than any that we could frame.

Early in the fifties, Brother Boggio held the position of infirmarian in the hospital of Algiers in Africa. This office was no sinecure. A dreadful famine had so preyed upon the people that they had been compelled to satisfy the cravings of hunger with all kinds of unwholesome substitutes for food. Disease speedily attacked their weakened bodies. The hospital was soon crowded with patients old and young, whose pitiful condition would have appealed irresistibly to a heart far less tender than Brother Boggio's.

At the time of which we write, the city of Algiers was garrisoned by French troops under the command of an officer who lost no occasion to express his contempt for religion and his hatred for the members of the Society of Jesus, who were

engaged in their apostolic labors in Algiers and its vicinity. The toadies that always attend even a little "great man," took their keynote from him and chorused their scorn for missionaries and missionary labors.

The commandant's wife, a most estimable woman, strove by her exercises of piety and by the example of a truly Catholic life to win back her husband to the practice of his religious duties, but her prayers remained unanswered and her example seemed lost upon him.

Their two children, bright little boys aged about seven and nine years respectively, were the cause of the most cruel anguish to their hapless mother. Their father had taught them to disregard her wishes even in trifling things, and to utter in her presence the grossest expressions and the most shocking blasphemies. The children, it is true, were too young to grasp the meaning of the words which they repeated with parrotlike exactness, but their sorrowing mother could foresee the time when ignorance could not be urged in their favor.

On a certain day, the commandant, who was passionately given to shooting, went out to indulge in his favorite pastime. Game was plentiful and he hurried on in defiance of the blazing sun. Upon returning home at nightfall, he was so exhausted from his prolonged exertions in the tropical heat that he took to his bed and summoned the chief physician of the garrison. The doctor pronounced the symptoms very dangerous, and at once called all the medical staff in consultation. Their united skill was powerless to check the inflammation which had declared itself; and they were forced to inform the commandant that his recovery was hopeless.

"Consult other physicians," cried the sick man.

"Every physician in the city has already been summoned," they replied, "and every available remedy has been tried."

"Then send for the Jesuit infirmarian," he exclaimed in desperation, "perhaps he can do something."

Brother Boggio was soon at the patient's side, but he quickly perceived that human remedies could accomplish nothing.

"Brother," said the Commandant, "save my life and name your fee ; I'll pay it."

"The case is desperate, but I'll do what I can," was the quiet reply.

Then the consulting physicians surrendered their patient to Brother Boggio, who at once applied what he thought was the most efficacious remedy. The Brother prayed and his religious brethren joined their prayers with his. The Masses on the following morning were offered for the recovery of the commandant, and many a rosary was said for the same intention. Some of the religious took up their watch before the Blessed Sacrament, to beg and even to importune for the wretched man's life.

Our Lord, in His boundless mercy, received those fervent petitions with favor, for Brother Boggio soon made the joyful announcement of a change for the better, which was followed later by the news that the patient was out of danger.

When the flickering sparks of life had been fanned back into a steady but feeble flame, the Commandant told the Brother to name his fee.

"Not yet, not yet," was his reply, "not until you shall have entirely recovered."

With returning health and strength, the officer waxed impatient, but the imperturbable brother had but the one answer.

At last the day came and the brother declared his patient restored to health.

"Brother, name your fee which you have richly earned."

"My fee is that you go to confession !"

"I won't go ; I haven't been to confession for years and I don't intend to go now."

"When you called me you promised me my fee it you recovered ; a man of honor keeps his word."

"Brother, I'm fairly caught and I'll pay the fee."

Some days were spent before that fee was properly paid, but the Commandant paid it to the last cent. And then he approached the Holy Table.

Hardly had he returned to his home with his resolutions of amendment still on his lips when his younger son, with

his wonted effrontery, uttered before his mother one of the vile expressions which he had so faithfully learned. A resounding box on the ear was the reward meted out to the astonished child by the Commandant.

"Father, you told me to say it," whimpered the boy.

"Well, now I tell you and your brother never again to say anything like it, and if you do —"

The sentence remains to this day unfinished.

We cannot describe the joy of that faithful, long-suffering wife, but we can say a word about the change of sentiment in Algiers. The Commandant was now a friend and supporter of the missionaries. Many, who before had seen nothing good in a missionary, suddenly discovered that his task was one of toil and self-sacrifice for no worldly reward. Brother Boggio's fame was established, but he always acknowledged with humble gratitude that the glory of the cure was due to the Good Shepherd, who went in search of the sheep that was lost.

ABANDONMENT.

Father de Caussade, in his golden book on the abandonment of oneself to divine Providence, lays down the two following principles as the firm foundation of the virtue of abandonment :

First principle : Nothing is done, and nothing can happen, either in the material or in the moral world, which almighty God has not foreseen from all eternity, and which He has not willed or at least permitted.

Second principle : Almighty God cannot will anything, nor permit anything, except in view of the end which He proposed to Himself in creating, that is to say, in view of His own glory and that of the God-man, His only Son, our Lord.

These are principles of the utmost importance for men to keep in mind amid the trials and sorrows of life. Things occur which are incomprehensible to the eye of sense, but the eye of faith sees in all things the will of God.

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

THE SODALITY.

In a previous number of the *PILGRIM* we took occasion to refer to a Sodality organ, published in Vienna, Austria, under the title, *Sodalen-Correspondenz*. Then we drew attention to the broadness of its programme, and the mine of rich materials which it offered to its subscribers. We are pleased to see that the learned editor and his able contributors have nobly carried out their purpose for nearly two years, and that the publication is growing in interest from month to month.

During this time the *Correspondenz* has published a number of important documents bearing on the foundation and organization of the Sodality, the lives of eminent Sodalists, particularly such as held a high position in Church and State, important original articles on the history, constitution and workings of the Sodality, and numerous interesting correspondence from various parts of the German-speaking world.

At present it is publishing a series of brilliant and instructive editorials on the life and work of the Sodality. The editor, in his introduction to these articles, very truly says: "When the young scholastic Leunis began to assemble his pupils before the picture of the Queen of Heaven, little did he think that he was scattering on the fertile field of Church and State that seed which, in the course of centuries, was to produce such wonderful fruits of blessings and graces. Only one thing was clear to him, that at a time of such danger to faith and morals, it was necessary to draw the people closer than ever to Mary, the Mother of God, and through her to Christ Himself, the immovable Corner-stone. Without knowing it, he was the instrument of the Holy Ghost, who ever watches over His Church, and who gives to His spouse at all times the means to persevere and quicken the true spirit of Christ."

Assuredly it was the Holy Ghost who inspired and fostered this work. Hence it was that the Church, which is always guided by the Holy Ghost, gave such encouragement to this work and enriched it with such extensive privileges. Hence it is also that wherever the Sodality is rightly organized and conducted, it is productive of such marvellous fruits.

Nor is the Sodality less effective to-day than it was in days gone by, provided only it is directed on the same lines. The main object of the Sodality should be always kept in view: through tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin to bring the Sodalists nearer to Christ, the source of all sanctity, and through the example and influence of the Sodalists to lead others to a Christian life. The more the Sodalities will be kept to these lines, the more good they will effect. If, on the contrary, they are allowed to degenerate into social clubs, they will soon fail of both their religious and social purpose.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

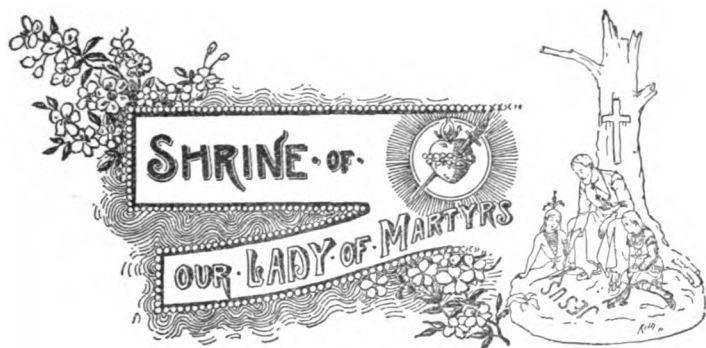
St. Joseph's Church, Greenville, Miss.; St. John's Church, Roxbury, Mass.; St. Joseph's Church, Roxbury, Mass. (two aggregations); All Saints' Church, Bridesburg, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, West Albany, Minn.; St. John Baptist's Church, Duck Creek, Wis.; St. Ignatius' Church, New York City; St. John Francis Regis' Church, Arnaudsville, La.; St. Thomas' Church, McCauleyville, Minn.; House of Refuge, Randall's Island, N. Y. (two aggregations); St. Joseph's Church, Erie, Mich.; St. Cecilia's Church, Rochester, Pa.; St. Thomas of Canterbury's Church, Cornwall, N. Y.; St. Paul's Church, Mansura, La.; St. Mark's Church, Catonsville, Md.; St. Boniface's Church, Fort Smith, Ark.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mobile, Ala.; St. Joseph's Church, Salem, N. Y.; St. Andrew's Church, Fairfax, Minn. (two aggregations); St. Gregory's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Aurora, Ill. (two aggregations); St. Mary's Church, McCracken, Kan.

BONA MORS.

The Art of Dying Well.—All Saints.

The month of the Holy Souls opens with the great feast of All Saints. What a significant lesson the Church thus teaches us. She would turn our thoughts to these her favored children among the faithful departed. They have fought the good fight, have kept the faith, and have received the crown at the hand of the Just Judge, who gives to each the glory due.

Who form this glorious band of the heavenly court? Men and women of every age, of every race, of every class are found there. And every one there is of the family of Adam. Every one there, Mary Immaculate alone excepted, was conceived in original sin. All, except those who died before the age of reason, have merited their crown by overcoming the temptations to which our flesh is heir. Some have had severer trials than others, but all, even an angelic Aloysius, have been made perfect by a mastery over the lower inclinations. If asked how they gained the victory, the answer of all would be: "By the grace of God, I am what I am." That same grace is present to each of us, although all have it not in the same degree, for all are not called to the same height of perfection. But, as St. Paul puts it, all Christians are called to be saints, even as Christ had commanded: "Be ye, therefore, perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect." In other words do your part, co-operate with the grace given you. It matters not whether you have received ten talents or five, or but one talent, you will only have to answer for the use you have made of what God has given you to use for His glory and your own spiritual good. All the saints, of whatever degree of glory, have received from Him the verdict of "well done." What they have done, cannot we do? This is the question that should encourage us to live holily, in order that we may die confidently and be rewarded gloriously in heaven.



One of the things that made the greatest impression on the pilgrims who were fortunate enough to see it, was a collection of documents bearing on the Cause of the Martyrs of Auriesville, which Father Jones had kindly brought with him from Montreal. The handwriting of a famous man is always considered as a relic and treated reverently; that of Father Jogues is the only relic we have of him, and it is all the more venerable because it was in part done with his mutilated fingers. But venerable as it is, it does not rank in importance with the manuscript testimonies collected by Father Paul Ragueneau, of the Society of Jesus, who took care, as soon as possible after the death of our early New York and Canadian martyrs, to have their companions or eye witnesses write down what they knew of these heroes, and then certify to these accounts by signature under his oath. These documents are now invaluable as testimony in favor of the Cause of all the martyrs in question.



Very interesting likewise were the lives of Catharine Tegakwita, in the manuscripts of Fathers Chauchetière and Cholenec, and also the account of the miracles obtained through her intercession, every page of which is written and signed by P. Remy, the pious Sulpician, who used to exhort his people to honor the pious memory of the saintly Indian maiden. These documents speak volumes even to those who

cannot read them ; and very few indeed attempt to read them. In fact, one of the difficult tasks and one of the chief sources of expense in the conduct of this Cause of the Martyrs will be the faithful transcription and translation of such documents as these.



Auriesville in October is quite different from Auriesville in August. Always peaceful and always invigorating, the air about the place is quite wintry, too much so, with our present accommodations to admit of a pilgrimage on the day of all days when pilgrims would prefer to visit the place—October 18, the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. Still this year Mass was said there for the first time on his anniversary and some few devout pilgrims were present, even from as far as New York. Those who were absent were not forgotten in the memento at the altar, and those who joined in it were sure that the thousands who had visited Auriesville last August were not unmindful on that day of what had once taken place there, nor of what all would most wish to see there soon, a temple and accommodations that will make it a place of pilgrimage at one season of the year as well as at another.



The Utica pilgrims, with the thoroughness that marked their happy pilgrimage to Auriesville, have issued a Souvenir of their day there, which proves how gratefully they look back to their pious visit. Not a detail has been overlooked. Even the names of the pilgrims appear, showing that St. John's, St. Patrick's, St. Agnes', St. Francis de Sales', St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Churches were represented ; and also that many came from Little Falls, Frankfort, Whitesboro, New Hartford, Clark Mills and other places. But for the space we must give to some of the numerous thanksgivings that have come to us as a result of the pilgrimages, we should gladly quote from the Souvenir. We are sure, however, that even the Utica pilgrims will prefer to read the following list.

GRACES OBTAINED.

The question is often put to us, either by word of mouth or in writing, whether there were any miracles yet at Auriesville. We have to reply that so far there has been nothing that could be technically called a miracle, although there have been many answers to prayer, which are accounted by those who received them in the nature of the miraculous. For instance, we recorded two in the October *Messenger* among the Special Thanksgivings. They were as follows: "Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted through the intercession of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., when all human means had failed. Publication was promised."

"Great relief was obtained in a case of supposed cancer by applying the Promoter's Cross and making a novena in honor of Father Isaac Jogues."

The following is the substance of a letter from the parents of a little boy of Amsterdam, who acknowledge gratefully his cure: "This child was born January 12, 1892, and at the time of birth was strong and healthy. He remained healthy until the spring of 1894, when he was taken with spasms and worked in them for forty-eight hours. He suffered untold agony and the doctor could not relieve his pain. We then called a priest and he read an office over him. The spasms stopped immediately, but he remained very sick for about two weeks longer, then he regained his strength again. He continued strong and well until August, 1894. At that time we noticed a very small curvature of his spine. We placed him under the care of a first-class doctor, but he still kept getting worse, and by September 20 he had lost all use of his limbs. He still got worse, and we took him to the Children's Hospital in Albany. The doctors there would not treat him, as they said it would do no good. At that time he had to be handled on a pillow. For six months after that he did not improve, until we took him up to Auriesville in August, 1895. After the first visit he was able to stand alone, and after the second visit he was able to walk. He was prayed for by one of the Fathers, who told us he would soon be able to walk, and he *was* able to walk as soon as we got

home, for the first time in eleven months. We thank God that he has been improving ever since then, and now he plays around with other children and is getting stronger every day."

"A young man came all the way from Western Pennsylvania in thanksgiving for what he considers his cure of consumption, for which the ablest doctors, whom he had consulted in various places, were powerless to give any remedy. He had then appealed to the Queen of Martyrs, and was heard. He left a substantial proof of his devotion in a generous contribution to the Shrine, although he was only a hard-working mechanic."

The interest in the beatification of the servants of God, Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and Kateri Tegakwita is widespread. In great part it comes from the fact that those interested have received favors through their intercession. One from *St. Louis, Missouri*, sends fifty dollars towards the fund to meet the expenses of the beatification. Another from a town in *Michigan* sends a thank-offering. A widow from a village in *Minnesota* acknowledges the obtaining of a position which enabled her to earn a livelihood for herself and little orphan family.

From a place in *Louisiana* comes a request for a little space in the magazine "to express sincere thanks and gratitude to the loving Heart of Jesus and Father Jogues for two great favors obtained when everything seemed impossible."

Philadelphians have always been the foremost promoters of the Shrine, but the devotion is not limited to the city, but it seems to be spread all over *Pennsylvania*. Besides the case already mentioned, we have before us two other letters from places in that State. One is a thanksgiving for means to make a pilgrimage to Auriesville and the "cure from a stubborn pain of rheumatism in the arm through the prayers of Father Jogues and his companion;" and then the writer adds "I wish that the body of René Goupil were discovered."

From *Boston, Massachusetts*, comes an offering "in thanksgiving for favors received." From *Brooklyn, New York*, we have two acknowledgments of favors, one being a cure of eyes; two subscriptions towards the building of the Shrine

church come from *Buffalo*. "A grateful petitioner," from *Albany* sends a contribution as a thank-offering. From *Newburg* we have the following: "About two weeks ago we sent a donation to the Shrine of the American martyrs for a special intention. To honor them we wish to state that, although the request seemed to require a miracle, we received the favor to the full satisfaction of our desires."

These are but samples of what has been going on for some years. Hitherto we simply acknowledged them in the PILGRIM as contributions to the Shrine, without specifying the motives of their being sent. But the greatest proof of devotion to Our Lady of Martyrs and her children at Auriesville is the concourse of devout pilgrims during the month of August.

To the thanksgivings given above, we could add others. We can only mention one more, which ascribes an easy sentence in a civil suit to the interposition of the martyrs. Enclosed in the letter is the regalia of the Catholic Iroquois Club, which is conferred, it seems, with the reminder that the club hopes one day to visit Auriesville and place this regalia at the Shrine as a memento. Aquinas, who signs the letter (it comes from Canton, Ohio) begs of us to make an earnest appeal to our readers to erect a church at Auriesville. We are glad to read his enthusiastic words, and glad also to learn that devotion to Our Lady of Martyrs is on the increase in his neighborhood. As the next *Messenger* will announce, we hope to do more for that devotion next year, and one way of helping us to do it will be by increasing subscribers to the PILGRIM. The church at Auriesville will come in due time.

PRAYER.

*To advance the Cause of Isaac Jogues, René Goupil
and Kateri Tegakwita.*

O God, who didst inflame the hearts of Thy servants with an admirable zeal for the salvation of souls, grant, we beseech Thee, that the favors we obtain through their intercession may make manifest before men the power they possess in heaven, for the greater glory of Thy name.. *Amen.*

THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Continued.)

The boards of the partition which shut out the savages from the hiding place of Father Jogues, were so badly fitted together that some of the cracks were of a finger's width. To avoid being seen he had frequently to hide himself behind some casks. There he had to stay, sometimes for hours, in a painful crouching position.

"I was astonished," said the Father, "that they never came to look for me especially when the sun shone, for then my body cast a shadow. It would have been so natural for them to look behind the casks to see the cause. But our Lord preserved me to do penance for my sins."

During the six weeks he spent in this wretched garret his chief converse was with God and the angels, for the minister, his only visitor, came to see him very seldom. His only book was an Imitation of Christ. The minister had given him back his breviary, but he left it behind him when leaving the village, not daring to take it with him. It is true that he did not need books for he lived in almost perpetual union with God and absorbed in prayer.

This union was scarcely broken even by sleep, in which he had mysterious dreams and lights from heaven. These he wrote down in good Latin. He would never have done this had not I, as his superior, obliged him.

The Governor of the country (New Netherlands) having learned that the Father was being poorly treated at Fort Orange (Rensselaerswyck) wrote to the commandant to send the Frenchman to him at the first opportunity which offered. This soon came, for a ship was to go down the river. Word was sent to the Father, who thanked God for this favor. He embarked accompanied by the minister and some of the chief men of the place. The voyage (from what is now Albany to what is now New York) lasted six days. Good Dominie Megapolensis (such was the minister's name), wishing to honor the Father, gave some bottles of wine to the crew so

that they might give a name to a certain island lying between the two settlements. They named it the island of Jogues the Jesuit, and fired the cannon and broke the bottles in honor of the naming.

When they reached New Amsterdam, where the Governor, William Kieft, resided, they were received very courteously. Father Jogues sat at table next to the Dominie and was kindly treated by the settlers, who were astonished at the ill-treatment he had undergone. They even asked him what the Trading Company would give him for damages. The good Father took advantage of the question to teach them concerning the true religion and its apostolic power.

One day when he was out walking, a young workman ran up to him, took his hand and kissed it, saying: "O, you martyr, you martyr!"

"Are you a Calvinist?" asked the Father.

"No, no," said he, explaining as well as he could that he was a Pole and a Lutheran.

As the Father could not speak his language he could not instruct the young man. For the same reason he was unable to hear the confession of a Catholic woman whom he met. She was the wife of the color-bearer and lived near the fort. He was invited to visit their house and when he entered he saw two pictures: one of the Blessed Virgin, the other of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The husband told the Father that they belonged to his wife, who was a Catholic. Father Jogues was much impressed with her Christian modesty.

During his stay he heard the confession of an Irishman, who had just come from Virginia. The latter told him that there were Jesuit Fathers in that colony, and that one of them, having accompanied the savages into the forest, had been killed by hostile Indians. He said that there were about 12,000 English there then, and that the number would have been greater had the country been healthier. He said that the soil was good and produced all sorts of fruit, grain and vegetables.

The Father also saw a great many English people from New England, which is situated between the Iroquois and the Algonquins. They informed him that there were more

than 100,000 souls in that colony ; that commerce was established there and that they fertilized the land with codfish which they spread over the ground and left to decay.

Father Buteux remarks that there can be no doubt that this country is more beautiful and the temperature milder than Canada, for there were peaches on the trees on the fourth of November. This was the date when the Dutch Governor bade the Father hold himself in readiness to sail in a brig they were despatching to Holland with news of the state of the country.

The savages with whom they were at war were destroying everything : they burnt the grain, the barns, the houses, and had killed more than forty persons, besides the cattle. A drunken Indian was the cause of the war. He had a bow in his hand and drew and shot a Hollander standing on a ladder. The soldiers and settlers, indignant at this murder, determined to take vengeance.

An occasion soon offered, easy to take, but quite unreasonable. A band of savages, belonging to the nation of the murderer, fleeing from their enemies of another nation, took refuge on a little island near the Hollanders. The soldiers and the others learned this, and applied to the Governor for permission to wreak their revenge. Being more prudent, he advised them to wait, else it would bring on an open war, which would cause the death of many Hollanders. He said that it would be wiser to call together the chiefs, and act according to the custom of the country, which was either to demand presents in satisfaction, or the surrender of the murderer.

This advice was not followed ; on the contrary, one of the soldiers was bold enough to accuse the Governor of being an accomplice in the death of the murdered man. He even went so far as to point his pistol at the Governor, but the priming failed. The Governor at once commanded one of his men to shoot this assailant, which was instantly done.

The Governor, then fearing a sedition, said that they might do what they liked, but that he would not hold himself responsible if misfortune befell them. He had no sooner spoken than sixty soldiers went straight to the island and massacred the unsuspecting savages. They killed as

many as eighty. Some escaped and set fire to everything they passed in their flight. The poor settlers, who knew nothing of the state of things, saw their houses burned before their eyes, quite ignorant of the reason.

Father Buteux remarks that he has wandered away from his subject. To return to Father Jogues, he embarked on the vessel which was to bear the news of the war and to ask for help.

They clothed him in a new black suit, and gave him provisions and a letter of recommendation. But crosses were not wanting: the ship was very small for a long voyage of over a thousand leagues; he had to sleep on the ropes on deck, and when the sea ran high, he was drenched by every wave; if he went down into the hold it was unbearable, as cats had possession of it; the provisions were scant and poor, and the ship, on account of its size, was much tossed about by storms.

It pleased our Lord to bring him safe to Falmouth, in England, in spite of another danger that threatened. Two ships belonging to the Parliament, gave his vessel chase, because this port was in favor of the King of England, and consequently the vessels that landed there were considered hostile to Parliament.

The evening they arrived he was left in the ship with only one sailor; the rest had gone ashore to refresh themselves. At midnight some thieves boarded the boat and, pointing their pistols at the Father's throat, stripped him of all he had. When they discovered that he was a Frenchman, they were satisfied with taking his cloak and hat. All he had left was a very thin garment. On the morrow, as soon as it was daylight, he went in search of his pilot and related to him what had happened. He met a Dutch sailor who gave him some breakfast and also an old cloak. He remained in town for three or four days, and then departed on Christmas eve.

The next day he reached Brittany, where two devout women procured him some articles of dress in order to be decently dressed to receive Holy Communion. A merchant of Rennes, hearing who he was, undertook to defray his expenses and bring him to that city.

Such, says Father Buteux, was a part of what I could learn from Father Jogues. His modesty has hidden from me the chief and most beautiful part, namely his inmost sentiments: the charity, the patience, the conformity with the will of God, with which he bore everything. These would be the things we should wish the most to learn, but of which we know the least. I shall, however, be content to remark some things which seemed to me most admirable.

During all the time in which Father Jogues endured such cruelties from the Iroquois, he never felt any aversion to them; on the contrary, he compassionated their blindness with the tender pity of a mother for her child gone mad; or else he considered them as an instrument of God's justice towards himself. Nay more, he was strongly moved by charity to procure their salvation and to pray for them. Besides the pleasure he took in suffering, knowing that God had granted his prayer and was punishing him in this world, it was a source of joy for him to be the first to shed his blood for God's glory amid this savage nation.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

C. T. A., Waterbury, Conn.	\$ 1 00	medals, a pair of silver earrings, and a silver medal.
M. U., Waburn, Mass.	1 00	
Anon, Philadelphia, per Bro. O'Neill, S.J.	1 00	M. F., Phila., per Bro. O'Neill, S.J., a gold cross.
P. Q., Cazenovia, N. Y.	5 00	Mrs. C., Phila., per Bro. O'Neill, S.J., a gold ring.
T. K. S., Maryland	1 00	A mother's wedding ring, Phila.
C. J. W., Altoona, Pa.	1 00	N. G. F., New York City, ten gold coins.
M. E. S., Providence, R. I.	2 00	K. B., Levonia, N. Y., a gold ring.
A. D., Melrose, N. Y.	5 00	
M. K., Baltimore	1 00	
W. F. W. E., Rome, N. Y.	10 00	
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5 00	

FOR THE CROWN.

M. W., a gold watch, a cross, two gold

FOR THE SACRED VESSELS.

J. A. B., Summit, N. J., a silver vase.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For the Most Needy Mission.

C. K., per Sister Victoria, San Francisco	\$10 00
J. L., St. Lawrence's Centre, New York City, per E. A. B., in thanksgiving	5 00
A Promoter, St. Agnes' Centre, New York City	1 00

For Father Daignault, S.J., Zambesi Mission.

K. L. S., per W. J. K.	5 00
C. C., " "	2 00
S. P., " "	1 00
Mrs. M., " "	1 00
M. D., " "	1 00
Miss D., " "	1 00
W. J. K.	1 00



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

Do not overlook the suggestion already made in the November *Messenger* about getting Associates to pray, and work and suffer this month for the relief of the souls in purgatory. Study every word of the General Intention and give some little time to reading such books as Father Coleridge's *Prisoners of the King*, so as to be ready to make every one contribute something. The subject is an eloquent one and will not need to be set forth in many words. It appeals to the feelings of all. All that need be said is the exact means of practising devotion to the holy souls, and the best way of helping them by Holy Communion, prayers, almsdeeds, penance, work, suffering. The Treasury of Good Works suggests what can be done, and if it be hard to make Promoters fill their Blanks at other times, this will be a good occasion to stir them up. Send us the totals for publication as soon as possible.



The PILGRIM has not been issued in time for all the Councils during the past year, and consequently many of these Points have had to be put into practice by the private efforts of Promoters, without the help they might have had by advising or conferring with their Directors or other Promoters when in Council. Many have taken the full *Messenger*, in order that they might have all the best suggestions and items of interest concerning the League. We hope by January to issue all the League news in the *Messenger* only. For this reason the *Messenger* will be enlarged, and its working departments so printed as a special part or Supplement that copies of it can be had separately. The final announcement about this change will be made in the December numbers.

Now that League work is becoming more active Promoters will often be asked by people at a distance how they can join the League. As a rule, it is best to refer them to their own or to some neighboring church in which the League is established. If this is not feasible, there is no objection to their being taken into the Band of a Promoter at a distance, provided the Director approves of this. If there be any difficulty in doing this, the candidate should be referred to us and we shall answer for their membership, or direct them to a Promoter who will look after them.



There is nothing a Promoter can do for a Band that will further the work of the League, or increase devotion to the Sacred Heart, more than subscribing for a *Messenger* to circulate among its members. We are constantly asked for back numbers of our periodicals which have been loaned to the Associates of a Band, and which were so much appreciated that they were never returned. Why not make the Band form itself into a subscribing party, or for that matter subscribe for two or three copies? For forty cents *i. e.* for \$6.00 yearly every Band could get three copies, and for less, *viz.*, for \$5.00, if three in a Band organize a club. This is the proper time to canvass for subscriptions, and a Promoter's relations with the members of Bands are such as to make agency work of this kind easy for all. These are the reading months of the year, and religious as well as entertaining reading should have a place. The *Messenger* provides both.



The First Friday falls within the Octave of All Saints. Holiness is the quest we should all have in view this month, holiness in our proper degree, and according to our vocation. Promoters can contribute to it in themselves and others. It is their rule to do so, and it is their privilege to have the special patronage of the elect of God, who delight in every effort made with zeal for souls.

A NOVEMBER PATRON.

No wonder St. Elizabeth of Hungary was chosen as one of the Promoter's patrons; for, from her very entrance into the world, she seems to have advanced the kingdom of God. Nay, it is said that a holy man named Kingsor, when in consultation with the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, suddenly interrupted the conversation. He was silent for awhile; then, lifting his eyes to the starlit heavens, he exclaimed: "I perceive a beautiful star rising over Hungary. Its rays will reach the castle of Wartburg, and thence its brilliant light will radiate over the entire globe. This very night a daughter will be born to my lord and master in Hungary. She will be called Elizabeth, and will marry the Duke of Thuringia. Her pure and saintly life will be a source of joy to the world in general, and to this country in particular." That very night King Andrew and his wife, Gertrude, the sister of St. Hedwige, rejoiced at the birth of a daughter.

"Dear St. Elizabeth," as the Hungarians love to call their heavenly patron, was an apostle from her childhood. It was noticed that the wars and dissensions that had long devastated Hungary, ended at the birth of the little princess. Prosperity began to dawn, and Christianity made great progress. All these blessings were attributed to the advent of the new-born babe. As soon as she could speak, she preferred above all things to recite her little prayers, and before she was three years old she showed great pity for the poor, and was delighted to give them alms.

The Landgrave of Thuringia had not forgotten the prophecy of Kingsor. So, when Elizabeth was four years old, he sent a solemn embassy to King Andrew, to ask the hand of the little princess for his son Louis. In case of consent, the baby bride was to be confided to the keeping of her future father-in-law. So great was the reputation of Hermann for wealth, power, and especially virtue, that the offer was accepted, and Elizabeth was conveyed in state to the castle of Wartburg.

The education of the little princess was carried on with

the greatest care and solicitude, and she was the source of continual edification. One of her companions writes of her that "when she was only five years old, she would kneel before the altar, kiss the floor, and join her hands in prayer whilst the Psalms of the Divine Office were being recited in the chapel.

"If we played games in which there were forfeits, the penalty would be a genuflection or a *Hail Mary*. If she won any prize or received a present, she would always give part to poor children, on condition that they would recite an *Our Father* or *Hail Mary* for some good intention. At play she would manage to make her young companions run in the direction of the church. Sometimes she found the doors closed; then she fervently kissed the walls outside, in honor of her Lord in the tabernacle within.

"She was fond of taking her playmates to the cemetery, where she would say: 'These are now dead; but they were once alive, just as we are; we must all die just as they have died, so let us love God now.' Then she would recite the *De Profundis*."

When she was seven years old, her mother, Queen Gertrude, was killed in warding off assassins from her husband. It is related that Gertrude appeared to her daughter in a dream, and said: "Dear child, I am dead and am undergoing cruel suffering for having wasted my time in the world; for having been wanting in purity of intention, and for having judged unjustly." When Elizabeth awoke, she was full of grief at her mother's sad state. She began to pray earnestly for the suffering soul, and at length, it is said, Gertrude appeared again to say that she was at peace in heaven.

Two years later the Landgrave Hermann died. Then began the trials of Elizabeth. The Landgravine Sophia and her daughter, Agnes, were thoroughly worldly, and could not appreciate the piety and humility of the princess. The courtiers naturally took their cue from their leaders. Louis, however, was faithful in his love and admiration for his betrothed, and in due time the marriage took place. The Landgrave was pious, virtuous and full of esteem for his

saintly partner, who, while a model wife and mother, still found time to carry on her charitable works.

Every one knows the oft-told tale of how one day the Landgrave, when returning from the chase, met the Landgravine, carrying in the folds of her long mantle some provisions for the poor. Wondering at her dress, he asked, rather sternly, what she was carrying. She at once unfolded her cloak and disclosed the most beautiful and fragrant roses—the exquisite flowers of charity.

All went well for a few years. Then Louis died on his way to the Holy Land, and Elizabeth was left a widow at twenty. Soon after she was driven from the castle at Wartburg with her two children. So poor was she, that, princess though she was, she had to beg her bread. She bore all her trials with patience and resignation, and God rewarded her with heavenly consolation, even while on earth. She died in the odor of sanctity when twenty-four years of age.

THE following maxims which were given to St. Elizabeth by her confessor, were beautifully exemplified in her life :

- 1st. Suffer patiently the contempt which comes from voluntary poverty ;
- 2d. Give to humility the first place in your heart ;
- 3d. Renounce human consolations and carnal pleasures ;
- 4th. Be merciful towards your neighbor in all things ;
- 5th. Keep ever in your heart the remembrance of God ;
- 6th. Thank God that by His death He has redeemed you from hell and from everlasting death ;
- 7th. Since God has so suffered for you, you also should bear the cross patiently ;
- 8th. Consecrate yourself entirely, body and soul to God ;
- 9th. Call frequently to mind that you are God's handiwork, and consequently act so as to be eternally with Him ;
- 10th. Forgive your neighbor whatever you would have him forgive you ; do for him what you would have him do for you ;
- 11th. Think always how short life is, and that the young die as well as the old ; look forward always to eternal life ;
- 12th. Deplore without ceasing your sins, and beg God to forgive them.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Ignatius Centre, San Francisco, Cal.—I enclose our Intention and Treasury List for September. It is the largest we have yet sent. The Treasury amounts to 450,000. . . . On the thirtieth of June we had in actually existing Bands 2,044 Associates of the 1st Degree, 2,112 of the 2d Degree, and 3,596 of the 3d Degree, making a total of 7,752 active members up to that date. I have not got the exact figures for Promoters, but I believe they are about 300. Our Bands of Perpetual Communion of Reparation are 69.

—St. John's Centre, Utica, N. Y.—The souvenir number of the *League Bulletin* issued to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart in St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y., presents an organization, which could hardly be improved upon. The control exercised over Promoters and Associates by means of an efficient corps of Arch-Promoters is perfect. This is evidenced in the table appended to the *Bulletin*, which we take leave here to insert for the benefit of Directors and Promoters, and the edification of all :

Promoters' Annual Report to the Local Director, from the feast of the Sacred Heart, 1895, to the feast of the Sacred Heart, 1896, aggregated. Number of Associates, 3,691 ; number of Promoters who made annual reports, 156 ; number not registered in this Centre or in some other, 124 ; number who have not yet received Certificates of Admission, 79 ; number in the 2d Degree, 3,016 ; number in the 3d Degree, 1,385 ; number of new Associates, 697 ; number of Associates who have passed from the 1st to the 2d Degree, 149 ; number who have passed from 1st or 2d to the 3d Degree, 193 ; number of times Promoters were absent from monthly meetings, 317 ; number of times Promoters were absent from League meetings, 404 ; number of Associates who are in the habit of regularly attending League meetings, 1,094 ; number of times Promoters failed to make their monthly reports, 51 ; number of times Promoters failed to give out their *Decade Leaflets*, 70 ; number of Associates who regularly met their Promoters every month, 2,302 ; number of times Promoters have made a half-hour organized adoration on First Fridays, 1,159 ; number of Associates who made a half-hour of adoration on First Fridays at least once a year, 1,600 ; number of Communions of Reparation made by Promoters, 2,780 ; Number of Promoters who

have already completed the chain of Communions for nine First Fridays, 77; number of Promoters who have made part of the chain of the nine First Fridays, 39; number of Associates who have already made or are making the nine First Fridays, 512; number of Associates who intend to become Promoters in the near future, 93; total number of Associates of St. John's Centre, 4,300.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, Boston, Mass.—As the PILGRIM goes to press a retreat of five days is being given to the Promoters of the League of this large Centre—beginning October 13 and ending on the 17th. The exercises are conducted by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S J., Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. We hope to be able to give the readers of the PILGRIM some interesting items on this active Centre in the next issue.

—Immaculate Conception Centre, St. Albans, Vermont.—The League has been successfully inaugurated here. It started with some 200 Associates, and is daily increasing.

—SS. Peter and Paul's Centre, Frankfort, N. Y.—A solemn reception of Promoters was recently held in this Centre, at which twenty-two Promoters were received, with award of Diplomas and Crosses. A very eloquent and exhaustive sermon on the devotion to the Sacred Heart was delivered on the occasion by the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y. The League is firmly established and well organized in this Centre.

—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.—About two-thirds of our students received Holy Communion on the First Friday of October.

—La Salle Study, Toledo, Ohio.—We are happy to be able to state that the League is making great progress in this institution. The boys have become earnest Promoters. During the past two weeks we have enrolled nearly 300 new members.

—St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City.—The Apostleship of Study has been reorganized in the College. The following exposition of its organization and advantages is taken from the *Xavier*, and may be read with interest:

"For many years the League of the Sacred Heart has had a successful existence among our boys. The Promoters have displayed great zeal and the Associates much fervor in car-

rying out the simple requirements of the League. Nearly all the boys practised the 1st Degree, and a large number the 2d and 3d. However, something was still wanting to the completeness of our League organization. It is well known that the League has a special form for schools. It is known as the Apostleship of Study or the Pope's Militia. It was first started in France some thirty years ago at the time when the Zouaves were devoting their lives to the service of our Holy Father, the Pope; the military spirit was caught up by the boys at school, and this form of devotion was adopted to satisfy their youthful loyalty and love for the Holy Father.

"In addition to the simple obligations of the League, the student must offer every day one hour of study, one hour of silence, and one hour of recreation for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart. As a reward for this offering the Pope has granted very rich privileges, which appeal to the heart of nearly every student. It was thought that our students would respond to an invitation to make this offering with the same generosity that the students of France displayed, and the results justified our expectations.

"On September 26 the Apostleship of Study was explained to the boys, and they were invited to join this branch of the League, and to show their generosity to our Lord and their love of our Holy Father. They did respond with great generosity, for on that very day twenty-five boys offered themselves as Promoters, and others followed on the subsequent days. We have not yet the exact numbers of those who have joined the Pope's Militia, but the boys from Philosophy down have shown much interest and enthusiasm for this new field for their piety and zeal. In the College classes alone there are twelve Promoters of the Pope's Militia."

OBITUARY.

Miss M. Burke, St. Charles Centre, Charleston, Ill.; Kathryn Hassett, St. Mary's Centre, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Mary Fitzmorris, St. Leo's Centre, Tacoma, Wash.; Bridget E. Bird, Taunton, Mass.—*May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.*

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Souls in Purgatory.

EVEN had the Holy Father not appointed this Intention for November, pious Catholics would pray for it fervently during this month, and Associates of the League would make it the special object of their prayers. The fact that the Father of all the faithful on earth recommends to our pity the souls no longer under his care is an additional motive for redoubling our piety in their regard.

By faith we know for certain two things about the souls that have departed this life. Unless they die without the slightest stain of sin upon their souls they are not worthy to enter God's presence, and must, therefore, be cleansed in the purgatory His mercy has created for that purpose. While being thus purified they cannot do anything to help themselves to hasten the time of their admission into heaven, but our prayers, penance and almsdeeds can satisfy for their sins and bring about more speedily their union with their Creator.

This we know from Scripture, that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." We know it also by the constant tradition of the Church, and by the unanimous testimony of holy writers, who, in their utterances on this point, are not only loyal to Catholic doctrine but also sympathetic with the cravings of our hearts, that apart from faith would make us wish that God had established this merciful means of purging the departed from every stain of their faults. In fact, according to St. Catharine of Genoa, purgatory consists chiefly in the intense suffering which the departed soul experiences after its first realization of the infinite purity of Almighty God, in the consequent deep sense of its own guilt in His sight, and in the intense and painful longing to be fully worthy of Him.

To pray for the dead is a great act of faith and it is also a great act of mercy. We cannot do it without feeling forced to look into our own lives and to cut away from the faults and the occasions of sins that may lead or add to our own purgatory ; by doing it we likewise merit the favor of God, the love of His divine Son, who has deigned to identify Himself with the souls detained in His prison-house, and the gratitude of the souls released through our prayers.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, November 15.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—*Apostleship*. (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*, S.—*Sodality*; B. M. *Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. S. 23d after Pentecost.—*All Saints*.—Honor the Saints; Directors' Intentions.—A. C., A. I., B. M.
2. M. *All Souls*.—*St. Victorinus*, Bp. M. (303).—Help the holy souls; 262,836 thanksgivings.—A. C.
3. T. *St. Winifred*, V. M. (1050).—*St. Malachy*, Bp. (1148).—Patience in trials; 81,816 in affliction.
4. W. *St. Charles Borromeo*, Bp. (1584).—*SS. Vitalis and Agricola*, MM. (304).—Pray for seminarians; 94,805 dead Associates.
5. Th. *B. Martin de Porres* (O. P., 1639).—*SS. Zachary and Elizabeth*.—Union in family; 420,645 League Centres.—H. H.
6. F. First Friday.—*St. Leonard*, Hermit (575).—Recollection; 52,546 First Communions.—1st D., A. C.
7. S. *B. Anthony Balduino* (S. J., 1717).—*St. Florence*, Bp. (693).—Generosity; 214,218 departed souls.
8. S. 24th after Pentecost.—Octave of All Saints.—4 *Bros. Crowned*, MM. (34).—Think often of heaven; 192,556 employment, means.
9. M. Dedication of Basilica of our Saviour (Rome, 324).—*St. Theodore*, M. (304).—Respect God's house; 109,835 clergy.
10. T. *St. Andrew Avellino* (Theatine, 1608).—Filial confidence; 242,509 children.
11. W. *St. Martin*, Bp. (Tours, 400).—*St. Mennas*, M. (303).—Self-sacrifice; 212,790 young persons.—Pr.
12. Th. *St. Martin I.*, P. M. (655).—Morning Offering; 139,470 families. H. H.
13. F. *St. Didacus* (1463).—*St. Lawrence O'Toole*, Bp. (1181).—Pray for schismatics; 142,756 perseverance.
14. S. *St. Stanislas Kostka* (S. J., 1580.) (Nov 13 for S. J.) Union with God; 109,948 reconciliations.
15. S. 25th after Pentecost.—*Patronage B. V. M.*—*St. Gertrude*, V.—Peace of heart; 139,279 spiritual favors.—C. R.
16. M. *St. Josephat*, Bp. M. (1623).—*St. Edmund*, Bp. (1240).—Confidence in God; 148,705 temporal favors.
17. T. *St. Gregory*, Wonder-Worker, Bp. (270).—*St. Hugh*, Bp. (1200).—Spirit of faith; 143,328 conversions.
18. W. Dedication of Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul, (Rome, 1626).—Zeal for God's house; 73,727 schools.
19. Th. *St. Elizabeth*, W. Q. (Hungary, 1234).—*St. Pontian*, M. (135).—Charity for the poor; 55,534 sick, infirm.—Pr., H. H.
20. F. *St. Felix de Valois*, F. (Trinitarians, 1212).—Honor the Trinity; 41,305 missions, retreats.
21. S. *Presentation B. V. M.*—Self-oblation; 29,908 pious works, societies.
22. S. 26th after Pentecost.—*St. Cecilia*, V. M. (230).—Angelic purity; 47,836 parishes.
23. M. *St. Clement I.*, P. M. (100).—*St. Felicitas*, M. (150).—Despise the world; 136,358 sinners.
24. T. *St. John of the Cross* (O. C. 1591).—*St. Chrysogonus*, M. (304).—Patience in suffering; 143,770 intemperate.
25. W. *St. Catharine*, V. M. (310).—Spirit of wisdom; 156,103 parents, superiors.
26. Th. *St. Sylvester*, Ab. (1767).—*St. Leonard of Port Maurice* (O. S. F., 1751).—Zeal for God's glory; 220,809 religious.—H. H.
27. F. *St. James Intercisus*, M. (Persia, 421).—All for Jesus; 77,077 seminarists, novices.
28. S. *St. Sosthenes* (Disciple, Corinth, I. Century).—Kindliness; 64,403 vocations.
29. S. 1st of Advent.—*St. Saturninus*, Bp. (650).—Zeal for conversions; 242,830 special, various.
30. M. *St. Andrew*, Ap. (62).—Pray for Scotland; *Messenger Readers*.—A. I., B. M.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 20th of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.)

XII. YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 12.

THE CHRIST-BEARER.

BY M. R. COLGAN.

TOO long, I thought, my heavy cross I bore ;
To cast it far away I now was fain ;
I longed to know my worldly joys again
With heart as free from care as 'twas of yore ;
My feet were wearied with their journey sore,
My heart was bleeding with its bitter pain ;
I threw my thorny cross upon the plain,
And cried : " I'll bear this agony no more !"
When lo ! upon my cross my Saviour lies !
" My child, why cast Me thus away ? " He cries.
" With patience once again thy burden take,
For to thy cross I've nailed Me for thy sake."
" My Lord," I sobbed, " I knew not I bore Thee."
" Who patient bears the load I send, bears Me."

THE ESPOUSAL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THIS mystery of the life of our Blessed Lady has much that is edifying and instructive; and, therefore, we shall here put the principal facts before our readers.

It is an article of faith defined by the Church, that the Blessed Mother of God remained a virgin intact both before the birth, and in the birth, and after the birth of her divine Son; whence she is called *ever Virgin*. It is also manifest from the teachings of Holy Scripture that she had sealed her virginity by a vow or promise. So the Holy Fathers of the Church understand those words she spoke to the Angel Gabriel: "How shall that be done (that is, how shall I conceive), whereas I know not man?" "She surely would not have spoken thus," says St. Augustine, "if she had not before vowed herself a virgin to God."

Such a vow and such a state of life were unprecedented among the Jews. Therefore St. Ambrose says that the Blessed Virgin was the first "to raise the standard of that holy virginity of which she found no precedent except in heaven." And St. Bernard says: "Who has taught thee, O wise Virgin, O pious Virgin, that virginity was pleasing to the Lord? What law, what page of the Sacred Writings commands, or counsels, or exhorts to observe virginity, to lead on earth the life of the angels? Thou hadst neither a precept nor even a counsel nor yet an example, unless that the living and effectual word of God became thy teacher, and first instructed thy mind before taking flesh in thy virginal womb."

How this idea of virginity developed in the mind of the Blessed Virgin has been revealed by herself to St. Bridget of Sweden in the following words: "When first I heard and understood that God was, I was always careful and full of fear about my salvation and my observance. When I heard more fully that God was my creator and judge of all my actions, I loved Him most tenderly, and at all hours I was seeking and taking thought that I might not offend Him in word or act. When I heard that He had given to the people His law and His precepts, and had done for them so many wonderful

things, I firmly proposed in my mind to love nothing but Him, and all worldly things became very bitter to me. After this I heard that God Himself was to redeem the world and to be born of a Virgin. I was so moved by love of Him that I thought of nothing but God. I desired nothing but Him. I withdrew myself as much as I could from conversations, and from the presence of my parents and friends, and I gave to the poor everything I could get. I kept nothing for myself but a slender sustenance and clothing. Nothing pleased me but God. I always desired in my heart that I might live at the time of His birth, if perchance I might win the favor to be an unworthy servant of the Mother of God. I also vowed in my heart, if that might be acceptable to Him, to observe virginity and to possess nothing in this world, but if God desired otherwise, that His will might be done and not mine, because I believed He could do all things and willed nothing but what was profitable for me, and therefore I committed my whole will to Him."

The law compelled her to take a husband, but not to break her vow, if she found one who was so minded as herself. Virginity and marriage are not incompatible. Therefore, God, who inspired this holy desire in the heart of her who was chosen to be His Mother, had singled out a partner for her who was to be guardian and witness of her spotless virginity.

There is a beautiful legend in connection with the espousal of the Blessed Virgin. According to this legend the young men of the tribe of Juda, who sued for the hand of the Blessed Virgin, brought each a rod or wand and placed it on the altar. Like Aaron's rod, that of St. Joseph blossomed—which was to be the sign that he was the one chosen by God to be the custodian of the virginity of His holy Mother.

This legend, however improbable in itself, points to the fact that St. Joseph was chosen by God of all men to that exalted guardianship. And surely God's choice must have been a happy one. The determining circumstance was probably that St. Joseph was the next in kin to the Blessed Virgin, on whom devolved the duty of providing for her after the death of her parents, SS. Joachim and Anna. Thus St.

Joseph would be her natural guardian and her betrothed spouse, according to the law. Some even say that while Mary was in the Temple, St. Joseph, in order to exercise his guardianship over her, practised his trade in Jerusalem.

However this may be, owing to their nearness of kindred, they must have been intimately acquainted before the Blessed Virgin arrived at the age when Jewish maidens were wont to enter the state of wedlock. Nor is there any doubt but there was a clear understanding between them as to the mutual observance of virginity. Nay, it is highly probable that St. Joseph bound himself by a similar vow as the Blessed Virgin herself. Certain it is that she, who interposed her purpose of observing perpetual virginity as an obstacle to her becoming the Mother of the Incarnate Word, would never agree to enter upon a nuptial alliance on any other condition than that of mutual and perpetual continence.

The question here suggests itself whether between Joseph and Mary there existed a marriage in the strict sense of the word, or only a promise of marriage—whether they were truly man and wife, or only betrothed. To those acquainted with the marriage laws and customs among the Jews, the question becomes almost irrelevant, as betrothal with the Jews carried with it all the rights and duties of the marriage contract. Besides, the Scriptures call Joseph “the husband of Mary,” and Mary, on the other hand, his “wife.” Therefore, we may rightly conclude that these holy spouses were truly husband and wife, and were looked upon as such at the time of the Annunciation and the Incarnation.

The reason why our Blessed Lord wished to be conceived and born of a virgin are manifest, as such a manner of conception and birth alone seem to befit the author of all purity—that, while taking our entire nature from a spotless Mother, He might have God alone for His Father; and that He, who came to destroy sin, might not, even in the remotest sense, contract the debt of original sin by natural descent from Adam, the author of our guilt. Why He should wish to be born of a *wedded* Virgin is not so evident; but various reasons are given by the Holy Fathers of the Church.

The following reasons are assigned by St. Jerome. He

wished to be born of a wedded virgin in order that His descent from David might be established by the genealogy of St. Joseph, who, according to the law, must have been of the same tribe as the Blessed Virgin, his spouse. The records were kept only of male ancestors and descendants. The second reason was to shield the Blessed Virgin from the imputation of adultery and the penalty of being stoned to death by the Jews; for as St. Ambrose says: "The Lord preferred rather that some might doubt of His own birth than of His Mother's integrity; for He knew how delicate virginal modesty is, and how easily the reputation for purity can be tarnished." The third reason was, that the Mother of God might have a solace and protection in her persecutions and hardships. The fourth reason, according to St. Jerome and other Fathers, was that the birth of the Saviour might be concealed from the evil spirit.

We may add a fifth reason, which regards us more than the Blessed Virgin and her divine Son—namely that the Mother of God and also her holy spouse St. Joseph might be the models, not only of those who live in the unwedded state, but also of those who have entered, or wish to enter, the state of marriage. In them the young man and young woman of the world have a model of spotless purity, and wedded people the ideal of continence.

It was their example that inspired thousands of both sexes with the love and purpose of holy virginity. It was their example that inspired even wedded people to lead a life of perpetual continence—to live in the bond of pure and angelic love. Such was the union between St. Pulcheria and her husband Marcian, between the Emperor St. Henry and his wife, Cunegunde, between Count St. Elzear and his wife, St. Delphina, between St. Edward the Confessor and his wife, St. Edith—and thousands of others, some of whom are known to history, but most of whom are known to God alone. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are the first of that long line of virgins, who sing the "new canticle" before the throne of the divine Majesty, which none else can sing, and who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

JIM'S HEROIC EXPIATION.

BY JOHN P. RITTER.

IT was Christmas eve. The waiting-room of the railway station was crowded with holiday shoppers, homeward bound ; some standing in groups, chatting and laughing familiarly together ; some hurrying to and fro, bending under the weight of heavy packages, and others pressing forward in an eager line to the ticket-office, or crowding round the newspaper-stand to procure " holiday numbers " of the illustrated papers before the supply should be exhausted.

People of all conditions in life jostled elbows with each other in a truly democratic spirit, for the exigencies of travel do not admit the recognition of social castes or distinctions. Friends met with words of cheerful greeting, and shook hands heartily as they exchanged assurances of mutual good will, and strangers passed each other with a familiar nod or word, as if they had been old acquaintances. Faces glowed and eyes sparkled with happy anticipations of the morrow. The spirit of Christmas had descended upon all, and even the Jew pedlar—who stood apart from the throng, the one solitary person in that motley assemblage—did not wholly escape its contagious influence, but felt emotions of benevolence towards his Gentile companions stirring within his breast.

Suddenly a gong sounded outside the door leading to the trains. The door was thrown open, and an employee, in smart uniform, mounted guard at the exit, to punch the tickets of those who passed through. " Waytrain for Madelands, Townlots, Villatown, Paradise Park and Boomville ! " he cried, in clear, metallic tones.

Immediately there was a rush on the part of the inexperienced travellers, who held tickets for the express that was to follow fifteen minutes after the local, to board the wrong train at all hazards ; but their mad attempt was frustrated by the doorman. Then the commuters and regular travellers on the road, who were the happy possessors of suburban

homes in the charming settlements enumerated, turned toward the door and passed through leisurely, in single file.

While this scene was transpiring in the waiting-room, another of a very different character was being enacted on the platform outside. A young brakeman, fresh from the bar-room of a neighboring hotel, had just sauntered into the station, where his train was in waiting, to report for duty.

"Hello, Jim!" exclaimed big Harry Brooks, the engineer, leaning out of the cab of his engine, to accost him as he passed. "You shave time pretty close, don't you? Hawkins says he'll report you to the 'super' if you don't show up earlier. We had to make up the train without you."

"Well, I'm not to blame," answered Jim, with a careless toss of his head. "I left word at the hotel for them to knock me up in time, but they didn't do it."

Although this excuse sufficed with the jovial engineer, it by no means satisfied Hawkins. As conductor of the train, it was his duty to see that every member of the crew performed his work punctually; and, as tardiness is an unpardonable crime in the opinion of railroad men, he could not regard his brakeman's present delinquency as a trifling matter. He upbraided him, therefore, severely, using language that Jim construed as insulting to his manhood; and so it happened that when train No. 24 went out upon the line that memorable evening, a marked coolness existed between the conductor and his rear brakeman that was not without its influence in shaping an event that was soon to occur.

Train No. 24—the Boomville local—pulled out of the station promptly at 7:20 P. M., and started up the road in a drizzling rain-storm. It felt its way along slowly at first, but, as it left the populous city and emerged upon a stretch of meadowlands beyond, its speed gradually increased, until it was gliding over the rails at the rate of forty miles an hour. Jim stood in the rear end of the last car, his face close to the glass panel of the door, looking sullenly out upon the long lines of serpentine track that was reeling off behind him, and meditating on the unwarrantable language Hawkins had employed in reminding him of his neglect of duty.

The train stopped in turn at Townlots and Villatown, and

then started on the long down grade that led to Paradise Park. About a mile beyond Villatown there was a sharp curve in the road. At this point Jim was almost thrown from his feet by the instantaneous application of the air-brakes. About a hundred yards beyond the curve, the train came to a standstill. Jim left the car and started up the track to ascertain the cause of such a sudden stop; but he had not gone far, when he was met by Hawkins coming from the engine.

"Where are you going?" asked the conductor, gruffly.

"To see what's the matter ahead," was the sullen reply.

"What business have you to leave your post?" exclaimed Hawkins, in a stern voice. "Go back, instantly, and signal No. 40! See that you are quick about it, too, for she's close behind us!"

Jim felt the hot blood mounting to his face, but he smothered his wrath with a great effort, and went back to get his lantern. Then he started down the track on a run. It was now raining hard, and a cold wind was blowing from the east that chilled him through and through; but, far from cooling his anger, it served only to fan it into flame. Presently he rounded the curve and came in sight of a cluster of shanties on the left of the track. In the windows of one of them bright lights were burning, sending cheering rays athwart the outer darkness, and suggesting the warmth and comfort to be found within. Moreover, there was a lighted transparency over the door, holding out the following luminous invitation to the wayfarer:

"TRY OUR HOT SPICED RUM."

This legend caught Jim's eye in a very unfortunate moment, when he was cold and miserable in body and greatly agitated in mind. Hawkins had aroused his ire. A hot drink would soothe him and enable him to regain his self control. It was but a step to the tavern. The express would not be due for several minutes yet, and he could get his drink and resume his duty again without anyone's being the wiser. The track would not be left unguarded for more than half a minute at the most, and even a fast express could cover but little ground in that time. Having effected this

compromise with his sense of duty, Jim abandoned his post and entered the tavern, leaving his lantern outside. As he stepped up to the bar and called for his drink, a jovial looking fellow, who was throwing dice with the bartender, invited him to try his luck at the game.

"Come, stranger!" he said, "while your drink is being mixed, I'll throw you whether you treat me, or I you."

"No thanks!" replied Jim curtly, "I haven't the time."

"Oh yes you have!" rejoined the man persuasively. "We can settle the question before your drink is half ready."

"Very well then," said Jim yielding with a show of reluctance, "make it one throw and I'll agree!"

One throw. It would not take ten seconds to decide such a chance. Besides, he might just as well get his drink at another's expense if he could. Such was the fatuous argument of the man upon whose punctilious performance of duty hung the lives of scores of his fellow-creatures. Urging the bartender to make all possible haste with the drinks, he took the dice-box in his hand and made a quick throw. His opponent looked the dice over slowly and drawled out,

"Three threes—a two—and a one! That makes twelve. I reckon I can do better than that."

Then he took the leather box from the brakeman and, picking up the cubes of ivory one by one, dropped them into it with marked deliberation. He was equally deliberate in making his throw, and in reckoning up its sum total.

"Two twos—a four—a three—and a one. Twelve again. We're tied. You'll have to try your luck once more, stranger."

By this time the drinks were already waiting on the bar. Jim made his second throw in feverish haste. It added up fifteen. Then, turning to his opponent, he said nervously:

"Be quick, will you! I haven't a second to spare."

But the man, having no means of knowing the real necessity of the case, and attributing his companion's urgency to mere irritability, inwardly resolved that he would not allow himself to be hurried in such a manner, and was even slower in his movements than before. His throw resulted in another tie. Jim uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"I'll pay for the drinks!" he cried, now thoroughly alarmed at the length of time he had been absent from his post. "I can't throw again: I must be off."

With these words he reached over and snatched his glass of steaming rum hastily from the bar; but, just as he touched it with his lips, a deep, rumbling sound smote upon his ears, and he staggered back pale and trembling. For to his practised hearing there was no mistaking its terrible significance. It meant the onrush of the express he had been sent back to signal. The glass of liquor fell from his nerveless hand and was shattered to fragments on the floor. The next instant he rushed headlong from the tavern and, seizing his lantern, waved it frantically in the air. It was too late. The ponderous locomotive had already passed him, and his signal was lost on the darkened windows of the cumbrous sleeping coaches as they glided swiftly by.

Shouting like a madman, still waving his lantern wildly above his head, he reached the track and started in pursuit of the fast-moving train, nor did he slacken his pace until it vanished from his sight round the curve. Then he experienced a strange revulsion of feeling.

"What a fool I am!" he cried with a hysterical laugh. "Twenty-four has undoubtedly gone ahead long ago, and is out of harm's way."

But even as he spoke, the short, gasping screams of a locomotive broke upon the stillness of the night quickly followed by a reverberating crash that sounded like the explosion of a distant magazine. Then he realized that a frightful catastrophe had happened, and that the blame of it rested upon his own head. That he would be called to a strict account for his criminal negligence he well knew, and a long term of imprisonment was the best he could expect. This thought filled him with selfish terror. His entire being was now absorbed in one idea—flight. Throwing his lantern into a clump of bushes, he turned his face eastward and plunged into a strip of dense forest-land that bordered the railroad.

All that night he pushed on, over hills and fields, through woods and swamps regardless of rain and wind, sustained by a fear that rendered him superior to fatigue. Yet, strangely

enough, he never once thought of the unhappy victims of his carelessness; for his ideas were all concentrated on his own wretched plight. As he stumbled on in the darkness, he kept repeating to himself in a sobbing voice: "Poor Jim! poor unfortunate lad! It's all up with you now! As long as you live you must skulk and hide and tramp and starve to keep yourself out o' jail, poor boy!"

Toward morning he approached the outskirts of a village, and the sight of the little human habitations aroused him to an acuter sense of his misery. Burying his face in his hands, he threw himself prone upon the ground and gave way to a fit of hysterical weeping. He felt himself henceforth an outcast from the society of his fellows: doomed to wander friendless and homeless through the world. From weeping he fell to moaning; and, while he lay in this state of utter wretchedness, the sun rose, breaking through the clouds with royal splendor, and gilding the roofs and tree-tops with liquid gold. Finally its warm rays struck upon the form of the prostrate man, arousing him to a new sense of danger.

"I must be off," he muttered, rising from the ground and shaking his shivering limbs. "It will never do to let these people find me here."

As the village was still wrapt in slumber, he thought he might venture to pass through it silently, with little risk of being seen; for to skirt it would take him far out of his way, and he was anxious to press on. So he crept stealthily forward and, keeping close in the shadow of the houses, skulked along its streets. Suddenly he was startled by the tolling of a church bell not far away. It reminded him that it was Christmas, and recalled to his memory the days of his childhood when, in company with his pious mother, he had never failed to respond to such a summons ringing out over the humble roofs of his native village.

"And I haven't been to Mass for five years back," he muttered regretfully.

Then he fell to thinking. The history of the past five years of his life rose up in his mind in a series of vivid pictures in which he could mark the various stages of spiritual

demoralization that had culminated in his downfall as distinctly as if they had been so many scenes in the tragedy. Neglect of prayers, with its logical sequence, neglect of Mass; sins unatoned for by penance; their frequent repetition with the gradual deadening of conscience that was the inevitable consequence of such transgressions, then the prayerless, irreligious, godless life of labor unhallowed by the glorious sense of duty well performed, and the consequent neglect of duty at a time when, if he had made it the guiding star of his life, the awful calamity that had blighted it would never have occurred. And drink! Yes, drink had played a leading part in the tragedy of his life.

Absorbed in these thoughts he approached a small, brick church with a tiny wooden cross rising above its bell-tower. Seized by a devout impulse to which he had long been a stranger, he cast aside his fears and boldly entered it. The Mass had just begun. Stationing himself in a rear pew, he fell upon his knees and joined in the sacrifice with all the ardor of a true penitent. The celebrant was a venerable, white-haired priest whose benevolent countenance seemed to hold out an invitation to the sinner to come to him and be absolved; and the short sermon that he preached added so much to this impression of his charity that Jim inwardly resolved to seek him out when Mass was ended, and make him the confidant of his sins and troubles.

The old priest was packing his vestments in a satchel, preparatory to journeying to a station chapel five miles off, when he knocked at the sacristy door.

"Come in!" he said cheerily.

Jim raised the latch and, with tears streaming down his haggard face, slowly entered. Just what took place between those two in that little room will never be known; but, when they came out together, it was observed that the young man's eyes sparkled with renewed hope, and that his bearing was resolute. The good priest conducted him to the rectory, where he accorded him a temporary asylum, and then, springing into a phaeton that stood in waiting near by, drove off rapidly to the distant chapel. At early Mass the next morning a solitary communicant knelt at the altar rail, and, at the close

of the celebration, left the church quickly and struck out into the highway with the determined step of one having some definite purpose to accomplish. Shortly before noon he came to a railroad crossing, and, leaving the highway, started up the track at a brisk walk. He had not gone far, however, when the clouds that had been gathering overhead during the morning, began to pour down torrents of rain and hail. But he heeded not the storm; or, if he heeded it at all, it was only to smile grimly and mutter to himself.

"I'm glad it storms so hard; for now it will be all the easier for me to give myself up. If the weather had kept fine, I might have been tempted to hide, and skulk, and starve again, and at that kind of business a man cannot keep from sin long. It is far wiser to accept the punishment I so richly deserve."

There was a certain kind of heroism in this resolve to surrender himself to justice which had an elevating effect upon his spirits so recently drooping beneath the crushing burden of despair. He pursued his way towards Boomville—where he intended to give himself up to the authorities—with an elastic step that carried him quickly over the ground, and a lightness of heart that surprised him considering the grave nature of his errand.

As he passed round a turn in the railroad, about three miles from the town, he was dismayed to find the tracks completely buried beneath a huge mass of earth and stones which had been washed down from a high embankment by the rain. Beyond this point there was another turn in the road; so that a train approaching from either direction would be completely shut off from sight of the obstruction until too late to avoid a collision.

What should he do?

He asked himself this question again and again, and his heart sank within him at the seeming hopelessness of the dilemma in which he was placed. For if he should decide to hasten back to protect the up-track, the down-track must necessarily be left unguarded, and vice versa. Which track should he protect? On which would a train first approach? While he was struggling with this terrible problem, on the

correct solution of which depended the preservation of many lives, an inspiration darted into his mind like a ray of light. His experience as a railroad man had informed him that an approaching train can be heard a long way off by kneeling down and applying an ear to one of the rails. He determined to resort to this expedient now.

First he tried the up-track and found it mute. Then, skirting the obstruction, he placed his ear to the down-track. That also was mute. Back and forth he ran from one track to the other until his strength was nearly spent, and he felt that he must soon give up from sheer exhaustion; when, listening at the down-track for perhaps the twentieth time, he heard the rails give out a faint metallic murmur. There could be no mistaking what that meant. A train was on its way from Boomville.

Leaping to his feet, he ran as fast as his breathless condition would admit in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, fully alive to the value of every yard he could gain in that race for life or death. Soon he reached the curve, and, speeding round it, came in sight of a long span of high trestle work that carried the railroad over a deep ravine. On arriving at its edge, he stood still for a moment hesitating; for to venture out upon that perilous span in the face of an approaching train was an undertaking from which the bravest man might well shrink. Yet he knew that it was necessary to cross it in order to place a safe distance between the train and the certain destruction upon which it was blindly rushing.

"It is a fearful risk," he said aloud, "and no one would blame me if I did not take it. Ah, Jim, my boy! but you *must* take it. You have sacrificed many lives by your past neglect, and it is your plain duty to save these lives now at whatever cost to yourself. God in His infinite mercy has given you this chance to prove your repentance and to atone for your grievous crime. You must not think of self now. If you can save lives by giving up your own life, you must do it. God demands it of you."

The glow of heroism spread over his resolute face as, commending himself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, he

summoned up what little strength remained in him and staggered out upon the ties. He could hear the rumbling of the train plainly now, and knew that it could not be far away.

"Courage, Jim! Courage, my boy!" he cried as he sped on. "You may yet reach the other side of the trestle before the train gets there. And even if you fail in that you have still a chance for life. You can signal the engineer and then drop down between the ties and hang from them with both hands until the cars pass over. But your signal must be seen, Jim. You must not try to save your miserable life before you are sure of that."

Fortunately he had not thrown away his red flag when he discarded his lantern and took to flight after the accident on that fatal Christmas eve. It was still in its accustomed place in his hip pocket. He drew it forth and unfolded it ready to wave at the oncoming train at its first appearance through the blinding storm. When he had reached a point midway across the trestle, a heavy cloud burst directly over his head, and such a torrent of rain descended that he could not distinguish objects fifty yards ahead. At the same moment a roaring sound, like that of an approaching whirlwind, stunned his hearing, and the train, rushing suddenly out of the darkness, swept down upon him.

They brought his mangled body from the ravine, where it had been hurled by the engine, and laid it reverently upon the floor of the baggage-car. Hither came Harry Brooks, the engineer, and Tom Hawkins, the conductor, to pay their respects to the corpse, for they now knew that the unknown had sacrificed his life in order that they and the passengers in their care might be saved from destruction.

"Why, it's Jim!" cried Brooks; "it's Jim Donnelly!"

At these words Hawkins became very pale. Kneeling down beside the corpse, he laid his hand tenderly upon its head, and said in a strange, soft voice:

"Poor fellow! His hair has turned almost white since we saw him last. How he must have suffered! This was an heroic expiation."

THE CONFRATERNITIES.

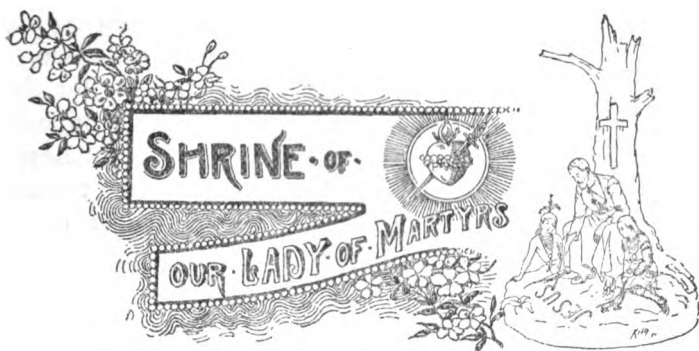
THE SODALITY.

With this issue the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS will cease to be an official organ of the Sodalities. Yet it will naturally look to the Sodalities of our Lady for special interest, sympathy and active aid in building up the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, also in the Cause of the Beatification of those Servants of God who have done so much to spread devotion to her, and established the first shrine in her honor in the Iroquois village at Auriesville. Sodalists will be particularly interested in the pilgrimages and will contribute more than any other class of the faithful to swell their numbers and enhance their splendor.

They will take special interest in the annals and works of Shrines all over the world, as most of these are the sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady. The Sodalists will doubtless, also, in the future as in the past, manifest active sympathy with those who are toiling among the heathen on our own Continent and in distant lands. The PILGRIM, which will now devote itself more especially to these works, will therefore be dear as ever to the members of our Lady's Sodalities ; nay, we trust that, with the extensive improvements it contemplates, it will commend itself to them more than ever.

For the past ten years the PILGRIM has, with God's help, done efficient work for the Sodalities. Witness the number of Sodalities aggregated through its agency. From 1886-1896 (included) 842 Diplomas of Aggregation have been issued through this office. In the year 1895, the PILGRIM recorded 96 aggregations. From January to November 1896 we issued 72 Diplomas ; and there are 30 new applications on the waiting list.

For the future the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and its *Supplement* will give all the items of interest regarding the Sodalities in the *Department of Interests of the Heart of Jesus*, or in special articles, as occasion may demand. Meanwhile the PILGRIM wishes the Sodalities a hearty Godspeed.



THE PILGRIM.

With this number the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS will cease to be the *Supplement of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. After eleven years of union with the latter, this periodical is henceforth to be devoted exclusively to the interests for which it was originally established. Founded in 1884, to promote the cause of the martyrs at Auriesville, it was conducted under the patronage of our Lady of Sorrows, by which title also the Shrine was called, which was erected on the site of their martyrdom in order to make it a place of pilgrimage. A year after its foundation, it was decided to enlarge it, and to devote a portion of it to the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer, partly because this latter needed it as a means of reaching thousands of Associates, and partly also because the two great works of devotion, the Cause and pilgrimages and the Apostleship of Prayer were considered to be so much alike in their objects.

Besides giving the annals of the Shrine, the PILGRIM has been for all that time the working or popular organ of the League, so much so that it could truly be called the *Supplement of the Messenger*, the official organ of the League. In this latter capacity, the *Messenger* has been supplanting it of late years. It has been gradually publishing all that Directors, Promoters and Associates can wish to know about League matters and other points of interest relating to our work, until it is now looked upon as the chief

League organ. Meanwhile, the other interests hitherto represented by the PILGRIM have been claiming so much more attention and, consequently, so much more space, that its entire number of pages will now barely suffice for them. Accordingly, the separation will be made at this opportune time, the *Messenger* being devoted exclusively to the League; the PILGRIM to our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, the Cause of the Martyrs who suffered there, and the object of their heroic zeal, the heathen missions of their day as well as of our own times.



There is no need to add here that this separation does not mean that the editing of the PILGRIM is to fall into other hands. Its former editors will still remain in charge of it, and of all that is connected with the Cause and the Shrine; so that, in reality, this separation will not in any way affect the conduct of the various interests represented by the *Messenger* and PILGRIM except to afford those in charge an opportunity of promoting them with much greater efficiency and with greater satisfaction to the subscribers to either or both of these periodicals. In future, therefore, the PILGRIM will not contain Points for the Council, News of Local Centres, the General Intention, Calendar of Intentions, nor Hints from Monthly Patrons. All these departments will be published in the *Messenger* only, and so arranged in connection with the departments at present conducted in the *Messenger*, as to form a *Supplement* which will go to every subscriber to the *Messenger* and which can be reprinted separately for those who may wish to take it alone, as many now take the PILGRIM only for its League departments. It will also be furnished in numbers for Centres of the League now taking several copies of the PILGRIM.



Our chief concern here is not with the *Messenger* or its *Supplement*; they will speak for themselves, and League Directors will readily enough attend to the changes to be made in them. The PILGRIM should naturally receive spe-

cial attention in its own pages, and we are, therefore, eager to explain to its readers how this change will affect them.

First of all, those who have been reading it for its chief object, *viz.*: the Cause of Our American martyrs, and the Interests of the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs erected on the site of their death, will continue to subscribe to it now that it is to be distinct from the *Messenger*, and to treat these different topics more thoroughly than ever before. This year, particularly, the requirements of the Cause of Father Jogues and his companions will be the occasion of our publishing many things that we could not hitherto prepare or publish. The renewal of interest in the history which was both made and written by him and his companions, warrant our confidence that many will subscribe to the *PILGRIM* now that it is to be devoted exclusively to these topics, and to add another department of much interest to Catholics nowadays, *viz.*: the missions undertaken and supported in every part of the world, in the present as well as in the past, for the propagation of truth and of the kingdom of Christ.

OCTOBER 18, 1896.

We owe it to our readers to tell of the pilgrimage that was made to the Shrine on October 18, the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. Perhaps we should have announced that such a pilgrimage was to take place, as many of them would surely have wished to take part in it. For wise reasons we judged it best to make no mention of it, impossible as it was to count on good weather at that season, or to provide proper accommodation for the number of pilgrims that would surely want to go to the Shrine. Three Masses were said at our Lady's altar that morning, and one the two following days, at all of which our readers and friends of the Shrine were earnestly recommended. Before the heavy rains of October 18, the pilgrims had fortunately finished the Stations and a visit to the Ravine. Besides the three priests, one pilgrim had come from Philadelphia, two from New York, one from Boston, another from Utica, some few from Fonda, and several sisters from St. Mary's Convent in Amsterdam, some of whom were visitors from cities as dis-

tant as Baltimore and St. Louis. In the evening Father Dolan of St. Cecilia's, Fonda, entertained the Fathers and the men of the party, who took part in erecting the Stations of the Cross in his church. This pilgrimage has already been fruitful in some great spiritual favors. We are still to pray that the great things asked for on those days be speedily granted to us.



By January 1, therefore, the *PILGRIM* will appear in its new cover, with its topics entirely chosen from sources connected with its original object. Devotion to our Lady, which was always one of its special objects, will henceforth be treated with a view to promoting devotion to her Sorrows. The progress of the Cause of Father Jogues and his companions, biographical sketches prepared from the sources which are to furnish the first information for the introduction of his Cause; the annals of the Shrine erected in his honor; the romantic incidents of the history of the early missions in which our earliest American martyrs took part; the history of the missions of our own day in every part of the world; these, with the usual verse and stories, together with notes of current interest on these topics, will make up the matter of the future *PILGRIM*.



We appeal to all the present readers of the *PILGRIM* to continue subscribing to it in its new form. We make this appeal all the more confidently, because we mean to devote the proceeds derived from it to the interests it promotes. We make it, encouraged by the many words of approval we have received from its subscribers since its first issue. We make it, fully convinced that it will interest every one of them, whether as a pious or as an historical magazine. As we write, the first volume of a reprint of the Jesuit relations comes to hand. It is one of a series of sixty volumes that are to be issued in the course of the next few years, and its appearance is exciting the greatest interest. The *PILGRIM* is to go over a similar field, with wider range and with much

higher motives. With most varied and authentic sources at its command, not merely about the French, but also our other early missions, with so many topics that naturally appeal to the piety and patriotism of every Catholic, with its subscription list already large, and its claims on the thousands who annually visit Auriesville not to speak of the thousands who are interested in, though they cannot visit the holy place, we feel sure that the PILGRIM will henceforth do more than ever to make its good work known and to support the Shrine and the Cause, in whose interest it has been established.



One object will not be lost sight of in the future conduct of the PILGRIM. To dispose fair-minded people more favorably toward our holy religion, nothing helps more than an impartial narrative of its great undertakings in behalf of civilization, and of the lives of the men and women whose heroism is clearly due to the influence of its teaching and precepts. This disposition is the first and the chief step to conversion; without it neither controversy, nor inquiry, nor even conviction, are of much benefit. How well the PILGRIM and its work have cultivated it in the past, is well known to its readers and to the friends of the Shrine; in the future, it is hoped to do even more for this object.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. McC., New York	\$1 00
M. L., Philadelphia	1 00
Anon., Parsons	5 00
Anon., per Rev. H. Woods, S. J., San Francisco,	2 50
A Friend, Chelsea, Mich.	1 00
Mrs. M., Tompkinsville, N. Y.	10 00
G. H., St. Paul, Minn.	1 00
B. McC., Troy, in thanksgiving	2 00
J. A. B., San Francisco	2 00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5 00

FOR THE CAUSE.

Mr. G., New York City.	\$10 00
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FOR THE CROWN.

Tucson, Arizona, two gold earrings, a scarf-pin, and a locket.	
A. D., Brooklyn a pair of gold earrings and a breast pin.	
J. A. B., San Francisco, a gold ring, and a pair of earrings.	

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For the Most Needy Mission.	
Anon., Parsons	\$10 00
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THE CAPTURE OF FATHER JOGUES.

FROM AN ACCOUNT BY FATHER BUTEUX IN 1652.

(Concluded.)

The contentment Father Jogues experienced in his sufferings and the thankfulness he felt to our Lord, both during the time of his captivity among the Iroquois and afterwards, can only be explained by himself. He did not tell me them, says Father Buteux, in so many words, but I gathered them from things which he let slip now and again through simplicity. The following will prove what I have just said: "I have always loved those who chastised me and kissed the rod of my masters; but I did this particularly among the Iroquois, where, after they had spared our lives, I did not cease to kiss, for many successive days, the posts of the theatre or scaffold on which we had suffered. The very sight of this place of delights was for me a subject of consolation, thankfulness and thanksgiving to our Lord for the favors he had bestowed upon me there."

His cleanness of soul and body, which he kept during a captivity of over a year, is not less admirable. I learned the greater part of his difficulties in all that time, and one of the most grievous in his judgment was that he once rejoiced when he believed that he would soon die and see the end of his labors. It is wonderful to hear what he did to avoid the least occasions of small sins and scandals, when among the Indians, or among the Hollanders. He did not wish either to ask or to take anything from those who were giving scandal, in order to make the savages see that we do not approve of anything contrary to the commandments of God.

Almighty God must have preserved him incessantly and have given him great courage to resist so repeatedly the attempts made to get him to attend certain superstitious feasts. In spite of all their efforts and even threats of death, he never relented nor dissembled in anything.

A certain Dutchman came one day into the cabin where Father Jogues was and made a coarse jest at his expense. The Father's zeal gave him the necessary strength, worn out

as he was by suffering, to find words to close the mouth of the insolent fellow and to show him up before the savages, who acknowledged that the French were not dissolute like the Dutch.

Attention must be called to the wisdom and heavenly prudence with which he conducted himself among the Iroquois. He understood so well how to take the upper hand when the glory of God called for it, and how to obey and submit to those who had charge of him, that the very savages were in admiration of him and said: "Truly it would have been a shame, Ondesonk, to have put you to death. You can play the master so well when you see fit, and the obedient child when what is commanded is reasonable."

He had gained such mastery over their minds, at least of those who followed reason, that they listened to him willingly and respected him. The principal chief of the country considered it an honor to be visited by him and tried to receive him in the best manner possible.

Before concluding, says Father Buteux, I must say a few words about his charity, which is the first of virtues and which appeared to great advantage in him on the occasion about to be mentioned:

Those who knew the natural activity of the Father, are aware that so agile was he that few Indians, even the Iroquois, could get ahead of him. Here is a proof. A certain Iroquois, having fallen ill, dreamed that he had to perform a bit of jugglery, one of the principal parts of which was to have Ondesonk hold his book as the French do when they are praying to God. The dream plays a too important part in this country not to be obeyed. They went in search of Father Jogues, showed him the importance of the matter and begged him to do what would redound to his honor, if the sick man recovered.

The Father laughed at the dream and refused flatly to go. They summoned him a second time, but in vain. Finally, they said that he would have to go and that they would take him there in spite of himself. He perceived that they were about to use force and gave them the slip. They pursued him, running as fast as they could, but without overtaking him.

It is evident that so fleet a runner could have made his escape from the Iroquois, even as his companions, the Hurons, escaped at the time of their defeat. Besides, there were plenty of opportunities of escape during the journey of about ninety miles from the place where they left their canoes until they reached the village. While on the march Father Jogues generally lagged behind the others, sometimes as much as half a mile, for hunger quickened their pace. Nothing would have been easier than for him to have retraced his steps to the abandoned canoes.

Often the thought of escape suggested itself to him, but never, not even in the beginning, did he consent to it, for he said to himself "this would be to shirk the Cross and abandon my flock. Could I ever have a better opportunity of serving my good Master and the Society? No, *malo mori quam evacuetur gloria Domini mei* (I would rather die than not glorify my Lord)."

The glory which our Lord gained both from his constancy and his charity, proved that it was not an idle thought of his own, but an inspiration from God. For besides his own spiritual advantage, he had the consolation of baptizing more than sixty persons, the greater part of whom are undoubtedly in heaven, as they were children who died after baptism. The occasion of these baptisms, or rather the adorable dispositions of Providence regarding them, are wonderful. I shall give only one instance, says the Chronicler.

Father Jogues was invited one day to go to another village where some games were to be held. He went with the intention of visiting some Christian prisoners there. During the games he felt inspired to enter a large cabin to see if there were any sick persons in it. Happily he found five little children in danger of death. As no one else was present, he took his time in baptizing them. When he returned after three days to this cabin, he found not one of these little innocents alive. They had already been admitted to the number of those who sing the praises of the Lamb forever.



POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL.

In the future, our Promoters will have to look for these points in the *Messenger Supplement*, where they will be combined with what is now published in the *Messenger* under the "Director's Review." This *Supplement*, as already announced, will replace the *PILGRIM* so far as the League is concerned, so that those who now take the *PILGRIM* for its League Notes, should henceforth take the *Messenger Supplement*. Of course, many take the *PILGRIM* for its principal objects, devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows and the Cause of the Martyrs of Auriesville. For such the *PILGRIM* will be issued as usual, only it cannot be expected that League Directors should supply it, since they will henceforth be interested in circulating the new *Supplement*. Our office will, therefore, be the principal bureau for the *PILGRIM*.



The simplest way for Promoters to deal with Associates who may be subscribers to any of our periodicals, would be to tell them to renew their subscription, or at least not to discontinue their subscriptions, until they shall have seen the first numbers for 1897. *The Messenger and Supplement* will be ready by December 15, in time even for the monthly councils that are held on the third Sunday of the month. The *PILGRIM* will be ready as usual for January 1, 1897.

One of the most important changes introduced this year is in the Intention and Treasury blanks. These, of course, are the very life and soul of our work. How extensively they are used may be judged from the totals of one year's summaries of Intentions published in our *Almanac* for 1897.

With a view to extending their use still further, we have decided so to arrange the blanks, that Promoters may distribute them more widely among their Associates, and take a more active part in collecting and summarizing them for their Local Directors or Secretaries, who will in the future enter the totals on blanks specially prepared for this purpose, before sending them to us. This arrangement will have the effect of multiplying the number of those who recommend particular intentions, of making Associates and Promoters depend directly upon their Local Directors and not on the Central Direction, and of rendering it more practicable for us to count and record in our *Calendars* and *Messenger* the total sent us from the various Centres.



December is a favorite month for Promoters. It begins with two special feasts of theirs—their Patron's, St. Francis Xavier's Day, December 3, and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, December 8. They should never forget that this is the patronal feast of the Church in the United States; so that anxious as they are for its welfare, and constantly laboring and praying as they do for its members, and for those not yet within its fold, they should make it a day of special devotions for the conversion of our country. In many League Centres Promoters' Receptions are held on this day, and preparation is made for them by *triduums* either for the Promoters, or for Promoters and Associates together. In large cities, it is commendable to hold these *triduums* in some central church and invite Promoters from all the Centres of the city. December is, besides the Advent month, the month of preparation for the coming of Christ, our Saviour and King. Like St. John the Baptist, Promoters should make it a month of earnest effort to advance the kingdom of God. Finally, if the first month of the new year be one of resolution, it is very proper that the last month of the old year be one of reparation. It is time to accomplish something before all the year runs by, and time to make up for lost hours and days by multiplying our energies and working for our own and others welfare.

THE PATRON OF THE APOSTLESHIP.

EVERY month has its patrons for Associates and the two special ones for Promoters, but in December we celebrate the feast of the patron of the Apostleship itself, St. Francis Xavier.

The question might suggest itself, why is he the special patron of the League at large? The answer is manifold. First, he was remarkable both for his apostolic zeal for souls and for his constant habit of prayer. These two qualities eminently fit him to be a model for all members of the Apostleship of Prayer.

But besides these there were many practices in the life of the Saint during his apostolic career in India that seem, in a measure, to anticipate the chief duties of Promoters and Associates of the League. When among the Paravas he wrote to his brethren in Rome an account of his method of acting. He tells how, in order to meet all the demands made upon his zeal, he was in the habit of sending round children whom he could trust in his place. "They went to the sick, assembled their families and neighbors, recited the *Creed* with them, and encouraged the sufferers to conceive a certain and well-grounded confidence of their restoration to health. Then after all this, they recited the prayers of the Church. To make my story short," says the Saint, "God was moved by the faith and piety of these children and of the others, and restored to a great number of sick persons health both of body and soul. . . . I have also charged these children to teach the rudiments of Christian doctrine to the ignorant in private houses, in the streets, and the crossways. As soon as I see that this has been well started in one village, I go on to another and give the same instructions and the same commission to the children, and so I go through in order the whole number of their villages."

Such unbounded confidence had the Saint in these, his faithful promoters, that he rarely began any great work without commending it to their innocent but powerful prayers. His dependence upon the prayers of children is the constant burden of his letters. Alive or dead, they must intercede

for him. He says most touchingly : " The prayers of the infants and children, whom I have baptized with my own hand, and whom God has called away to His mansions in heaven before they had lost their robe of innocence, are pleading for me." He numbered them at over one thousand about one year and a half after his arrival in Goa. " I pray to them over and over again," he says. " Tell all the children to remember to commend me to God in their prayers. Their prayers will be a defence and guard to me, with which I shall make light of the dangers of this land journey ;" or, as he puts it elsewhere, " with which I shall go with head erect and heart undaunted to confront all the terrors which Christians vie with one another to frighten me with."

To the prayers of these little ones he attributed most of the great miracles which God worked through him. Nor is it surprising that he should have been a miracle worker, since Christ has promised this power to those who have faith and confidence in Him. Worn out in body by the unceasing labors of the day he would spend the whole night prostrate in prayer, watchings, fastings, penances of all kinds, which with prayers were the weapons with which he overcame the enemy and gained for souls both temporal and spiritual favors. He had one mastering ambition, the noblest one of advancing the kingdom of God. To attain this, he used all his powers, natural and supernatural. His gentle demeanor, affable manners, wonderful adaptability to circumstances, his faculty of reading the hearts of others, his spirit of faith, his remarkable courage, his indomitable resolution, these joined to the means above mentioned, made him the peerless Apostle of his age.

No wonder, then, is it that the Apostleship of Prayer, founded on the feast day of the Saint, should have chosen him as its patron and model in apostolic endeavor. Directors, Promoters, Associates, all can find something to imitate in his zeal and habit of prayer, and all can take heart at his example of confidence.

NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES.

—St. Patrick's Centre, Thomsonville, Conn.—After two years of eager wishing and waiting, our Promoters have been received—forty-five in number—and have entered upon their work with new fervor. The ceremony was a very impressive one, and was conducted by one of the Fathers from the Head Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer, who preached a very instructive sermon, which did not fail to produce rich fruit in the hearts of his hearers. Their zeal has been re-animated and new members are being received daily. The list of subscribers to the PILGRIM has increased. All this is the effect of last Sunday's celebration. (Promoters' Reception).

—Manhattan College, New York City.—The list of Intentions and Treasury of Good Works, just received from Manhattan College, gives evidence of a flourishing and well conducted League Centre. It is a pleasure to see what the League contributes to Catholic education.

—St. Boniface's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.—We print the following as a specimen of a monthly report for October, 1896; 1st Degree, 630; 2d Degree, 720; 3d Degree, 557; number of new Associates received during the month, 13; number of *Decade Leaflets* distributed, 2,055. Such a monthly report is always an index by which we may judge not only of the numerical standing, but of the efficiency of the League organization.

—St. Joseph's School, Yonkers, N. Y.—On the First Friday of October we organized our Apostleship of Study. The children went to Communion and after Mass received their Badges and Certificates.

—St. Alphonsus' Centre, New Orleans, La.—It is a pleasure to me to report to you the remarkable progress our branch of the League is making. I knew it would succeed, but I did not imagine that our solemn opening on the coming First Friday would find us with a membership approaching 3,000, which was actually the case.

—St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.—The Local Centre here established began work October 4, of this year. It numbers 120 members—all students of the College—of whom eight are Promoters. They are deeply interested in the work, and I feel confident that it will be productive of great good.

—St. Francis de Sales' Centre, Herkimer, N. Y.—The League of the Sacred Heart was solemnly inaugurated in

our Church, Sunday, October 10, by the Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., of St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y. We started with thirty-three Promoters and 500 Associates. From this splendid beginning made in our small parish much and permanent good is promised.

—St. Gregory's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.—The League, which was established in this church in the beginning of September, is fast progressing. We have forty-one Promoters, and the membership is daily increasing. It is edifying to see the large number of Communicants on League Sunday. The attendance at the devotions on the First Friday has increased tenfold since the League was established.

—The Immaculate Conception, Boston, Mass.—The *triduum* given to the Promoters of this Centre, on the three days previous to Blessed Margaret Mary's day, was the first to which all the Promoters of League Centres in Boston and vicinity were invited. In spite of foul weather and several other attractions that had engaged their attention before the *triduum* was announced, the Promoters came in good numbers to the instructions which were meant exclusively for them. The League Directors of the city were all much interested in it; recommending them from the altar and exempting their Promoters from every other duty, in order that they might attend the exercises. Confessions were heard every afternoon and evening, and many availed themselves of this opportunity. The final exercises on Friday evening were for Promoters and Associates. A good proof of the results of the *triduum* is that similar ones have since been arranged for St. Francis Xavier's Centre, N. Y., and for the Gesù Centre, Philadelphia, whilst others have been asked for.

OBITUARY.

Prayers are asked for the souls of the following Promoters, lately deceased: Jane Coyne, St. Patrick's Centre, Elizabeth Doyle, St. Alphonsus' Centre; Elizabeth Bossong and Magdalene Lings, St. Brigid's Centre; and Annie Reinhart, the Nativity Centre, New York City; Mrs. M. Seymour and Miss M. Coulon, St. John's Centre, East Albany, N. Y.; Mary A. Lee and Cornelia Gardiner, St. Charles Centre, Grand Coteau, La.; Anna M. Mulhern Kane, St. Andrew's Centre, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Peter A. McKenna, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro, Mass.; Rev. E. M. Smith, C.M., St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary A. Cavanagh, St. Ignatius' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Rose Lynch, St. Elizabeth's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; also for Rev. J. T. Wagner, Director, Windsor, Ont.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

The Work of Teaching Christian Doctrine.

“**T**HE most divine of divine works,” said an ancient ecclesiastical writer, “is to co-operate with God for the salvation of souls.” Now, one of the most essential things for the salvation of souls is the teaching of the Christian doctrine—as necessary as faith itself, without which “it is impossible to please God”—for “faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.” Without Christian instruction, therefore, salvation is simply impossible.

Hence the Church has encouraged this work not only by salutary legislation, but also by granting indulgences to teachers and students of the Christian doctrine. Besides various very liberal partial indulgences, a plenary indulgence is granted to teachers and pupils on the feast of the Nativity, on Easter Sunday, and on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, on the usual conditions, provided they have diligently attended the catechism classes during the year.

But if ever there was a time when the importance of this work has reached its highest point, it is now, and here in our own country. Now, when infidelity, indifference and irreligion are rampant, when faith and morals are beset with the greatest dangers on all sides, our young people, on entering upon the stage of life, need to be well equipped with solid religious instruction and practical piety, in order to withstand successfully the assaults which they are sure to encounter. In our country where secular education is in the ascendancy, where religion is being slowly but surely eliminated from life, and religious indifference is, with the same pace, taking its place, the work of Christian instruction becomes of paramount importance. The religious instinct which has saved our forefathers from apostacy is fast dying out. Nothing but a thorough and rational knowledge of our holy religion can save the present and the coming generations. We can no longer content ourselves with the knowledge of those things that are barely necessary to lead a Christian life.

We sincerely trust, then, that this General Intention, which comes to us so timely, with the sanction of the Holy Father, will awaken the zeal of our readers and stimulate them to contribute whatever they can, by word and deed, in public and in private, to the work of Christian instruction.

Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in particular for—

THE WORK OF TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

General Communion of Reparation—*Sunday, December 20.

Particular Intentions presented by the American Associates.

(Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions).

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap—*Apostleship*. (D—*Degrees*, Pr—*Promoters*, C. R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H. H.—*Holy Hour*); A. C.—*Archconfraternity*; S.—*Sodality*; B. M. *Bona Mors*; A. I.—*Apostolic Indulgence*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*; S. S.—*St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society*; B. I.—*Bridgettine Indulgence*.

1. T. *BB. Edmund Campion and Comp.* MM. (S. J., 1581).—Virtue of justice; Directors' Intentions.
2. W. *St. Bibiana*, V.M. (363).—Fortitude; 173,147 thanksgivings.
3. Th. *St. Francis Xavier*, Apostle of the Indies (S. J., 1552).—Pray for the Indies; 50,111 in affliction.—H. H.
4. F. First Friday.—*St. Peter Chrys.* Bp.D. (450).—Despise worldliness; 85,573 dead Associates.—1st D., A. C.
5. S. *St. Sabbas*, Ab. (531).—*BB. Jerome and Comp.*, S. J., MM. (1623).—Temperance; 48,089 League Centres.
6. S. 2d of Advent.—*St. Nicholas*, Bp. (314).—Respect children; 46,502 First Communions.
7. M. Vigil.—*St. Ambrose*, Bp.D. (Milan, 397).—Crush human respect; 134,601 departed souls.
8. T. *Immaculate Conception*.—(Of precept).—Love of purity; 157,755 employment, means.—1st D., A. I., A. C., S., B. M.
9. W. *St. Leocadia*, V.M. (304).—Holy fear; 82,101 clergy.
10. Th. *Holy House of Loretto* (1204).—*St. Melchisedech*, P. (314).—Love the God-Man; 132,818 children.—H. H.
11. F. *St. Damasus*, P. (384).—Zeal for the Church; 176,089 young persons.
12. S. *Our Lady of Guadalupe* (Mexico, 1531).—Love of Mary; 88,488 families.
13. S. 3d of Advent.—*St. Lucy*, V.M.—(363).—Humility; 92,448 perseverance.—Pr.
14. M. *St. Spiridion*, Bp. (347).—Pity sinners; 37,505 reconciliations.
15. T. Octave of Immaculate Conception.—*St. Christina*, V. (Slave, 200).—Reparation; 100,519 spiritual favors.
16. W. *Ember Day*.—*St. Eusebius*, Bp. M. (370).—Pray for Bishops; 93,489 temporal favors.
17. Th. *St. Lazarus*, Bp. (Raised to life by Chr. st.)—Rise from falls; 86,895 conversions.—H. H.
18. F. *Ember Day*.—*Expectation B. V. M.*—Hope; 76,762 schools.
19. S. *Ember Day*.—*St. Nemesis*, M. (253).—Love the Eucharist; 46,900 sick, infirm.
20. S. 4th of Advent.—*St. Eugene*, Priest, M. (362).—Pray for Priests; 32,854 Missions, retreats.—C. R.
21. M. *St. Thomas*, Ap.—Pray for infidels; 27,030 pious works, societies.—A. I., B. M.
22. T. *St. Flavian*, M. (362).—Spirit of faith; 35,325 parishes.
23. W. *St. Victoria*, V.M. (253).—Trust in God; 135,473 sinners.
24. Th. Vigil.—*Christmas Eve*.—*SS. Irmine and Adele*, VV. (740).—Prepare for Christ; 110,501 intemperate.—H. H.
25. F. *Christmas*.—*Nativity of our Lord* (Of precept).—Renewal of spirit; 70,134 parents.—A. I., A. C., S., B. M.
26. S. *St. Stephen*, First Martyr (35).—Pray for enemies; 275,599 religious.
27. S. Within Octave of Christmas.—*St. John* (101).—Love the Sacred Heart; 50,528 seminarists, novices.—Pr., A. I., A. C., B. M.
28. M. *Holy Innocents*, MM.—Pray for little ones; 37,04 superiors.
29. T. *St. Thomas à Becket*, Bp.M. (1170).—Zeal for the right; 42,361 vocations.
30. W. *St. Sabinus*, M. (301).—Generosity; 133,183 special, various.
31. Th. *St. Sylvester I.*, P. (335).—Gratitude; *Messenger Readers*.—H. H.

Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the League must be sent in time to reach the office of the APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York, before the 1st of the month. They are also sent to the Shrine at Toulouse, France, where the Director-General of the League has Mass said for them daily, and they are then placed on the altar at La Salette and Lourdes.

AUG 26 1941

